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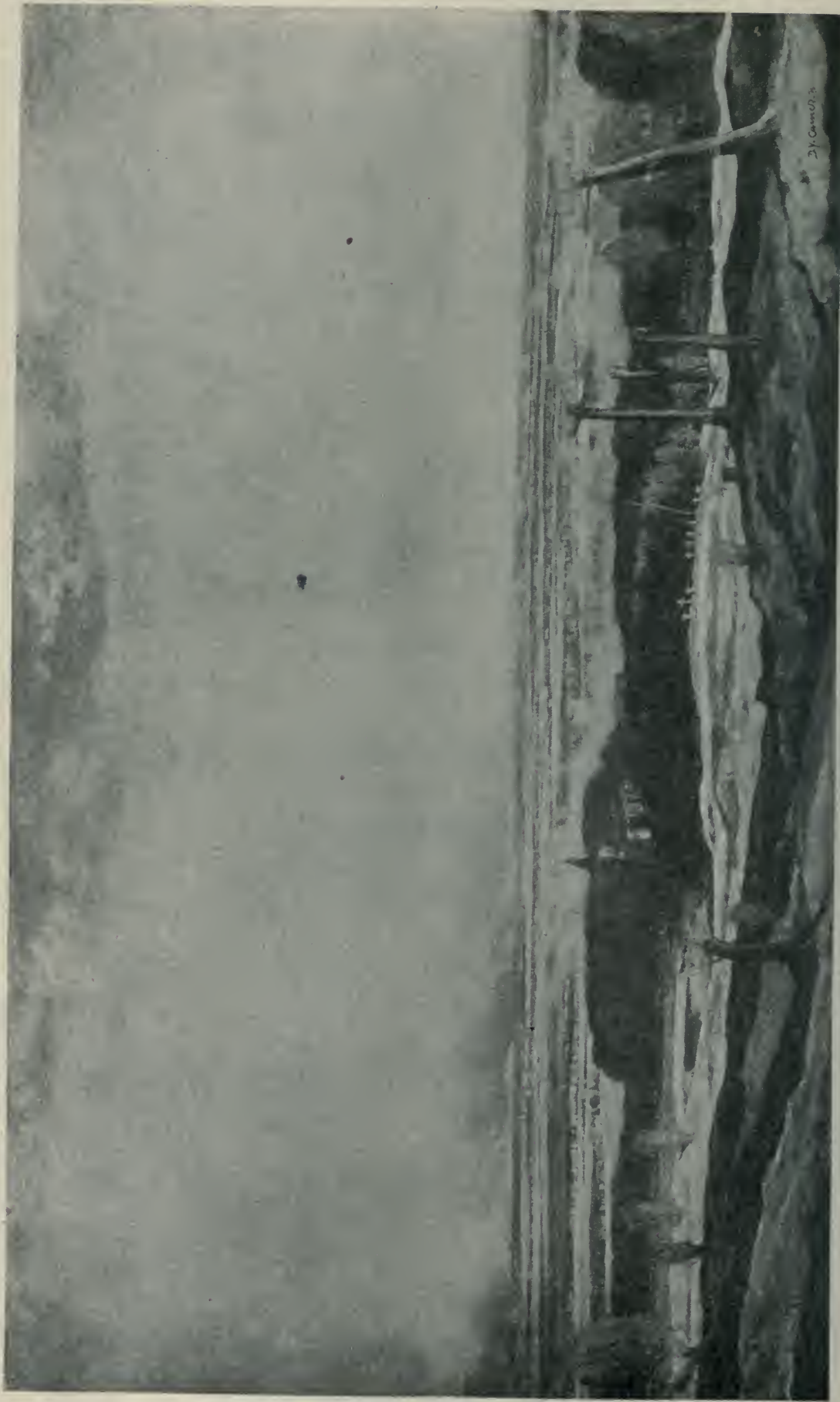
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FLANDERS, FROM KEMMEL  
From the Canadian War Memorial Painting by D. Y. Cameron





THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 1

## CANADIAN WAR PICTURES

BY BARKER FAIRLEY



THE Canadian War Pictures have now for the most part been prepared, collected, and exhibited. They have been seen in London and New York and are now in Canada where they are to be fittingly housed as a permanent possession. There is now no need to conjecture as to their nature; the pictures have been shown here, not in their entirety, but in what may be assumed to be a representative selection of the overseas portion of the work, and the time for appreciation has come. The purely Canadian section—paintings of Canadian subjects by Canadian artists—will be placed on exhibition in Toronto about the time this article is printed. So that for the moment we cannot consider them.

It can be said without hesitation that these aesthetic records of warfare are deeply engrossing. The net has been widely cast and the appeal will be wide too. There are popular pictures enough in the collection to attract the world at large—that has been demonstrated already—and

enough strenuous and subtle work to repay the careful study of the sociologist and the connoisseur. When the War Records Gallery comes to be erected it will be found to contain an unusual variety of styles, a most varied response of the human mind to the facts of war, and a rich historical document of perished and perishing phenomena associated with four of the most momentous years of our era. Taken as a whole it is bound to meet with wide approval and to establish itself as a source of national pride.

It is interesting to note that in point of style the collection belongs unmistakably to the second decade of the twentieth century. If other proof were lacking these pictures alone would serve to date the Great War to within two or three years of its exact chronology. If the War had come ten years earlier it is unlikely that Paul Nash's "Void", Wyndham Lewis's "Canadian Gunpit", or Nevins's "Roads to France" would have been executed in anything like their present form. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the first of these, one



Void  
From the War Memorial Painting by Lieut. Paul Nash

of the most significant of all war-pictures, could have been conceived at any earlier date. Quite early in the war it was noticed by one or two acute observers that the breath-taking experiments of the years immediately preceding, the cubism and the vorticism and what not that had seemed so outrageous and even inexplicable to an overwhelming majority of normal human beings, had received at least a partial justification in the actual experience of men, both in what they had before their eyes and in what they felt within themselves. This is but another instance of the connection, causal or otherwise, that is so frequently found to exist between what is apparently unrelated in a given period of civilization. It is disturbing to healthy pluralistic minds but it has to be faced, and, if possible, explained.

The facts in this case are that since the opening of the twentieth century

an unusually rapid development in experimental painting took place in which the dominant characteristic was a preoccupation with abstract form. It is quite plausible to explain this movement as a natural reaction from the realistic traditions of the nineteenth century, a mere swing of the pendulum, which would correct itself in due time, and probably prove not unhealthy as a means of counter-acting the deadening tradition of the "story-picture". This explanation would have been accepted as exhaustive by the great majority of those interested anywhere from nine to five years ago. But it was noted that the results of these experiments had a quality entirely different from the formal design of traditional art. They were less abstract by a degree or two, less exclusively intellectual; the mood they expressed was less collected, less clarified; it was sufficiently tepid and confused to be called an emotion. It





A Canadian Gunpit  
From the War Memorial Painting by Lieut. P. Wyndham Lewis

was the difference in kind between Bach and Chopin.

Then came the war and with it a partial confirmation in experience of the three-parts abstractions of the modernists, now chaotic, now geometrical. Was there some common cause behind Cubism and Prussianism, behind the morbid visions of an artist in a back-attic and the game of chess played by the military manoeuvrist on horse-back? One shrinks from any association of artistic and creative impulses with the forces of death and destruction. And yet there is an association somewhere. It may be hard to trace out and perhaps it will never be done in this particular case. It is enough to remember this organic-seeming relation between aesthetic extravagances and the forms and experience of war in considering

the meaning and significance of the more advanced of the war pictures. It is not merely a matter of likes and dislikes; there is in these pictures a strain of what seems to have spread itself, however thinly, over the whole of our minds.

A wide popularity will not be expected for such pictures as "Void". Men do not live with line and colour as they live with words. They are not willing as a rule to wait for the meaning of line and colour to reveal itself. It must speak at a glance or it is rejected. It is different with poetry, which expresses itself in a medium which is in universal use. Word-combinations are puzzled over daily by millions of mankind, whether as prose or verse, and one has not to go far to discover poems which are memorized and sung wholesale with-





Copse, Evening

From the War Memorial Painting by Lieut. A. Y. Jackson

out being more than vaguely understood. Something like this might be hoped for on behalf of Nash's picture. The number of those who can find ready spiritual values in the collision of lines of composition is a small one, as is also the number of those who can interpret the tone and texture of colour spaces in terms of human adventure. It is perhaps necessary to do both of these things in order to grasp the full meaning of Nash's work. But there are intermediate stages. One might—after a first general inspection—begin close up and examine the data of the picture, the tangible objects in it, the shattered trees, the implements, the men, and then with these clearly seen and retained in the memory withdraw a little, losing, it may be, the minor details from view, and reflect upon the lines and tone of the whole, remembering that the artist has painted with his ears and nose as well as with

his eyes. The collision of lines in this Ishmael of linear composition is deafening. Each crashes upon its neighbour; there is no safe circuit, no escape. The numbing tones of the picture, uninviting as they are, mitigate somewhat the disruptiveness of the whole; they relieve the sense like a dentist's freezing-mixture.

After this admittedly difficult study with its violent synthesis of repeated impressions under shell-fire, it is not difficult to realize the intention of Wyndham Lewis in his "Canadian Gunpit", in which nothing is introduced that does not strengthen the feeling of some deliberate, inexorable, metallic enterprise. The massive piling of the composition, the strong, unperturbed colour, the slight dehumanizing of the human figures, all contribute to a single effect. The point of view is not as with Nash a strictly human one; it is rather the point of view of the gun. Nash tells





For What?

From the Memorial Painting by F. H. Varley

what it means to be under shell-fire; Wyndham Lewis what it is like to be a gun in a gunpit. Hence the geometrical, impersonal handling and its justification.

With the help of these two pictures, one depicting the assault of the machine upon man, the other its subordinating of him to itself, Turnbull's aeroplaning studies explain themselves very readily. They stand somewhere between the two, but nearer to Wyndham Lewis. Nevins's more ambitious pictures of airships and transports are on similar lines but for all their wide reputation they are somehow disappointing. There can be no doubt that Turnbull has seen his pictures in the air; with Nevins's big air-fight one is not so sure. And his reliance on parallel lines and repetitions to express the endless roads and traffic is not a little facile when compared with Wyndham Lewis, who

has felt the energy of the machine, not merely watched it, and has converted his sense of that energy into a strenuous artistic pattern.

It is not to be expected that human perceptions will so completely modify themselves as to feel as much at home with these abnormal studies as they do with the sight of a back-garden from a sitting-room window. It would take more than five years of war to do that. All one can do is to point out that the abnormal subject and the abnormal treatment of it come in quite legitimately in this case and that these pictures are probably among the few vivid and authentic records of an abnormal something that once happened and left its mark on the world. Historians of the future may ultimately come back to Roberts's grotesque and disturbing nightmare "The First German Gas Attack at Ypres" as their only convincing docu-



ment of what actually happened on April 22nd, 1915. Stranger things have come to pass.

If the whole collection were made up of such strenuous psychological studies it would never have been able to number its visitors in thousands in a city of half a million. There is, however, no lack of work that is representative of more purely visual experience. The large battle canvases of Weirter, Jack, and Forbes, and popular subjects such as "Canada's Answer" are an indispensable part of the memorial. They are necessary as a source of satisfaction to that large section of the public which, having little or no pictorial interests, is yet willing to look at pictures for an hour, provided the act of perception is taken off its hands, so to speak, and transformed into a sort of spoon-feeding. When one recalls the retardation that English art has suffered at the hands of the so-called and by no means miscalled Royal Academy tradition it is impossible to feel wholly charitable towards these laborious and bulky canvases, which serve their admittedly useful purpose but also put all smaller canvases at an unfair disadvantage. It requires a distinct effort of the mind to turn from one of the large death-or-glory pictures to A. Y. Jackson's modest "Gas Attack near Liévin" and to realize that the latter is smaller only in a purely spacial sense, not smaller in intention or treatment.

Certain of the larger pictures undoubtedly justified their dimensions. "The Gunpit" would have suffered if it had been at all reduced. D. Y. Cameron's "Flanders from Kemmel" and Harold Gilman's "Halifax Harbour", both quite large, form a most distinguished pair. D. Y. Cameron has worked his way into the front rank of English landscape painters; Canada already possesses in his "October" a splendid example of his work. It is interesting to note that he has quietly and masterfully compressed his vast Flanders panorama into one of his characteristic com-

positions in broken horizontal lines and rich russet-gray tones. Like Peter de Wint he knows the earth better than the sky and builds his landscapes as solidly as anyone now painting. Gilman's picture belongs to a younger generation; it is a fascinating example of methodical enterprise. The whole of this spacious, sunlit picture with its town and hills, its camouflaged ships, and the long reach of the harbour is built up on as careful a principle as a novel of Flaubert's. The brush-work is based on a sort of geometrical study of lines and spaces. The influence of the abstract movement in modern painting is seen here at work, not in the general lines of the composition, which are kept in accurate perspective, but in the interpretation of local textures. This novel picture is conspicuously successful and a great deal can be learned from it.

Again, the various decorative pictures cannot be criticized on the ground of size. Moira's "Canadian Foresters in Windsor Park" is a breezy, if not very strenuous, composition. It is among the best of those paintings in the collection that are sure of popularity. His hospital triptych has a colour quality that is tender without sentimentality; it is not one of the great things in the collection, but it is tactful and that is no mean virtue. Sims's "Sacrifice" is much more courageous in its handling of realistic detail and strikes a deeper note. We must wait to see what Augustus John has done before we pronounce it the best of its class.

But none of these large pictures are in the strict sense of the word war-pictures. They are often peace-pictures with war motives introduced. Sometimes there is only a camouflaged vessel to strike the note of war; this is the case in Gilman's picture. D. Y. Cameron has smoke in the distance, crosses and broken trees in the foreground, but for the rest he has done no more than pursue his vocation as a landscape painter. A war record in artistic form might be expected to





Halifax Harbour—Evening  
From the War Memorial Painting by Harold Gilman

convey either the peculiar and perishable facts of war or the peculiar and perishable emotions which these evoked in the hearts of men. Nash and Roberts have expressed the emotional reaction of war on their own natures, but they have done so at the expense of general intelligibility. Their work is esoteric and will probably remain so. It will speak to a few only. There is but one painter in the whole group who has succeeded in conveying an intense human emotion concerning warfare in a manner that does not break outright with traditional forms of expression. That man is F. H. Varley.

Varley's "For What?" and "Some day the People shall Return" are a thing apart in the collection. It is not to be wondered at that they attracted attention in England, though it is not easy to see why they should have been described, as they were in a London daily, as ultra-modernist. They are executed in an impersonal way, neither laboured nor mannered; they are not the product of a passing fashion. They will never become widely popular, but neither will they ever be

appropriated by a clique. As time goes by they will simply be found standing where they now stand—in the forefront of Canadian paintings.

They are both graveyard pictures, one military, the other civilian. In "For What?" a soldier grave-digger is seen resting from his work for a moment. He stands erect and thoughtful against a rain-curtained sky with the whole of Flanders at his back. As one approaches, the eye travels along the two rows of little white crosses to a tip-cart stuck in the mud. It contains portions of dead bodies, half-covered by a gray cloth. The cart is reflected in the foul water of a little shell-hole in the foreground. The restraint of this picture, given the subject and the artist's feeling for it, is admirable. The tip-cart and its contents are neither concealed nor obtruded. They are well below the sky-line and seem half-absorbed already by the vast country-side that is patiently waiting for them. The olive-green colouring falls in well with the mood of elegy.

The other picture, slightly larger, is one of a group of shattered headstones. Varley has here hit on a



theme that will bear a lot of thinking about. It epitomizes the clash of war with man's most ancient piety. No other picture in the exhibition searches life and history quite as deeply. "For What?" is gentler and more human, nearer to the moods in which poetry ranges. The other, (cannot it be given a more compact name, say, "Headstones", or something shorter still?), true to an art which has it in it to be more impersonal than literature is far more objective and monumental. It is as if the very stones were outraged after man had died from the earth. And this austerity is carried out in every line and colour of the picture. Its meaning is clear before it has been seen in any detail. In "For What?" the man is seen before the corpses and the mood of the whole is not instantaneously transmitted. Here, however, the forbidding grays of the tumbled headstones, the flinty landscape beyond, the weight of the inky sky, the fierce arrangement of abruptly terminated straight lines about a yawning hole, speak at once with a voice of fate.

The only other artist who appears to have worked on lines at all resembling Varley's is Maurice Cullen in such a picture as "Dead Horse and Rider in a Trench". Both are Canadian artists. They did not find all their austerity overseas for they have worked on different lines from the men of purely European associations. They must have taken some of it with them from Canada where one of the most tragic-minded of modern artists, Tom Thomson, has already had his brief day. How to explain the presence of a tragic artistic tradition in Canada where there is nothing to correspond in the mentality of the people—though there is in the landscape—may be left to the social theorist; it is quite perplexing.

It may be doubted whether any of the artists yet discussed have worked on the lines that were contemplated for them. There was a great service to be rendered in the strict recording

in terms of artistic truth of the detailed appearance of war. This called for work that was topographical, detailed, cumulative, and sometimes dangerous. Few of the artists have been willing to tackle their work in this exacting spirit; too many of them devoted themselves to gallery pictures with one eye on the public. A. Y. Jackson is a distinguished exception. He has probably painted a larger number of pictures than anyone else and has not allowed himself a single really large canvas. What he has set himself chiefly to record is the character of the devastated country of wire and trenches and ruins. His work is detached and excessively scrupulous. His subtle keying and habitual understatement stand in the way of popularity or even of easy appeal. But to some it is a great pleasure to be able to study at such length the work of a painter who conceals so much masculine strength behind great formal delicacy. The combination is a rare one.

The war-worn chalky terrain of his "Cité Jean D'Arc—Hill 70 in the Distance", is very impressive in its obvious truthfulness. It conveys the sense of a real battle panorama and yet the effect is achieved with extreme reticence. His "Houses in Ypres" is a record of a different sort; it tells more about Ypres as a town than many a larger picture. Jackson has scrupulously isolated his impressions in most of his pictures, only now and then allowing himself to collect his observations into something more synthetic and typical. "Riaumont" contains the suggestion of a fine composite front-line landscape, but it is only in his "Copse—Evening" that topography seems to matter little and the summed-up impression everything. This must be one of the most enduring pictures in the collection. It stands in point of technique somewhere between the extremists and the moderates, avoiding the pitfalls of the former and the timidities of the latter. Its content is as slight as possible; a bumpy succession of knolls



and tree-stumps, a few figures, and some early search-lights across a not yet darkened sky. The design is simple and the tints are cooler than usual. There is no excitement in it; it owes its success to other factors. Its glacial light and desolate prospect are somehow reconciled with a phosphorescent beauty and almost a fascination that yet in no way detracts from the grimness of the conception. This makes it an unusual picture in which the art is happy and the treatment uncompromising. It seems to depict a world undergoing some subtle chemical change.

One comes away from this exhibition with the conviction that for the artists it has been a test of temperament rather than of technique. The great successes were not scored by the great names, but—one felt it instinctively—by the men of character. It is good that it should be so and for Canadians it is gratifying that the work of native artists should have contributed so much to the worth of the enterprise. When the home contributions are added from Canadian camps and harbours their work will also bulk more largely than it already does.

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## WHEN HURT COMES

By AMY COMPBELL

WHEN hurt comes from  
One whom I love,  
While I pray wistfully  
This to remove—

Comes there the consciousness,  
With victory won,  
Some of Love's sweetness  
Somehow has gone.

Gone the dear glamour  
Once lingering there,  
When in the heart  
Love turns to prayer.

# THE OLD INDIAN

By ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

We walked one morning in the long ago  
To see the ancient Indian's camping-place  
Where he had spent so many summer days  
In quietness, companioned by the trees  
And blue lake water lapping wooded shores,  
And dreams of deeds and prowess in the past.  
The path we took meandered forest aisles,  
Long vistas vanishing in traceried green,  
Winding across a fairy-trodden glade  
Where wild, red roses bloomed for our delight  
And stalwart grew a gnarled old apple tree.  
We loitered through sunned meadows million-flowered,  
To pick the golden-rod or watch a hawk  
Wheeling across the sky with sleepy wing,  
Seeing the wild hare feeding furtive-eyed  
Vanish amid the fern-leaved undergrowth.

We found the Indian stretched upon the plank  
Serving as bed and only resting-place,  
While o'er his head the overturned canoe  
Fashioned the roof and shelter from the rain.  
Wizened and gaunt he was and poorly clad,  
With weather-beaten face whose dignity  
Was deepened by the length of lonely years  
And solitude in the blue Laurentian hills.  
Well I remember how your joyousness  
And eager, shy, expectant wonderment  
Recalled to those dim eyes remote, dim days,  
The glory, the sweet perishable gleam  
That whiten with warm magic all the past;  
And how your soft voice reassured his heart,  
Emboldening him to speak of old exploits,  
The times he lured the fish with lighted torch  
And speared them in the shadow-haunted streams,  
Or trailed the restless caribou far north  
Amid a wilderness of mighty breadth  
Where Manitou for immemorial years  
Held sway upon the silent mountain tops.  
And last he spoke of summer idleness,  
When those long, langorous, indolent hours  
Passed leisurely as some deep-laden barge  
Floats seaward down a sluggish, oozing stream.  
We took our leave, followed the homeward path,  
But often after came to hear the tales  
He told with guttural voice, in monotone,  
Until the summer winged her southward way  
And autumn in tan mantle red inwrought,  
Wrapped round the hills her vivid, gorgeous folds.  
To-day your letter tells me he is gone  
To join the company of braves and chiefs  
Who held the land before our forbears came.  
And so I wrote these lines commemorative  
Of that momentous morning long ago.



# THE CARTIER MEMORIAL

BY L. A. M. LOVEKIN



SIX years ago the foundation of a national monument in honour of the memory of Sir George Etienne Cartier, patriot and statesman, was laid, at the foot of Mount Royal, by Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, G.C.M.G., Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and, in the absence of the Governor-General, Administrator of the Dominion. The ceremony was performed with the adjuncts of State. It was not until Saturday, September 6th, 1919, that his Majesty the King, by touching an electric button, at Balmoral Castle, three thousand miles away, exposed to the eyes of the public the completed and imposing structure erected as a memorial of this great Canadian.

The long delay has been due to the war. Canadians have made a fitting offering to the memory of one whose name, as the message from the King declared, "will ever be closely associated with the consolidation, progress and prosperity of the Dominion". And the ceremony was specially marked by the "unseen presence" of his Majesty, "with banner and with music, with soldier and with priest", and a gathering of citizens representing all that is great and good in the Dominion. The demonstration was a fitting expression of a nation's homage.

Sir George Cartier was one of those rare men, never apparently more rare than in the present age, who suddenly appear in the public arena and turn the balance of events at moments of trial and difficulty in the life of nations. Such we have seen in our own

recent times in the persons of a Lloyd George, a Clemenceau, a Foch. Such seventy years ago was Cartier in Canada. The salvation or the destruction of an era, it has been said, depended on his choice of a path. Rather perhaps should it be said of an epoch.

George Etienne Cartier was born of old and sterling French stock on September 6th, 1814, at St. Antoine-on-the-Richelieu, Verchères, son of Jacques Cartier and Marguerite (Paradis) Cartier. The family originally came to Quebec in the seventeenth century from Prulier, where dwelt one Pierre Cartier. Family tradition asserted that this was a brother of Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo, the explorer of the St. Lawrence. In 1740 (*circa*) Jacques Cartier, son of Pierre, emigrated to Canada, his sons later on settling on the Richelieu. In the old homestead the future statesman was born and his early years were spent, but, as soon as he was old enough, he was sent to Montreal College, the far-famed institution so ably conducted by the Sulpicians. Under the watchful care of these "scientific teachers" the youthful mind of the boy was turned into the channel it was thought his faculties were most inclined to, and he acquired a knowledge of philosophy, classics and rhetoric, acquitting himself with high distinction on leaving the college. His first step in professional life was an entrance to the study of the law, and on his admission to the bar he became associated with Mr. Edouard Rodier of Montreal. The period was one seething



with political excitement, and the atmosphere was charged with moral explosives. The events of 1837 were close at hand. It chanced that Mr. Rodier was a brilliant speaker and a very popular champion of the people's rights, both in the Legislature and on the platform. He was also a leader of the historic "Sons of Liberty", and it was but natural that Cartier, young and impressionable, should have passed through what Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, in his speech on laying the foundation stone termed "*un rêve épique*". But the dreamer was, at heart, of loyal life, moderate in opinion and the friend and upholder of order. Cartier became, however, one of the insurgent organization and who, to-day, looking back at the events of the period, can say that he and his associates had no provocation? Mr. De Celles has, in his instructive biography of Cartier summed up the situation in the following words: "Cartier commenced with antagonism to a 'party' an insignificant minority which, having laid their hands on the government, used it for their special ends and profit, and denied to French-Canadians all the privileges and rights of British subjects. But as soon as self-government was granted to Lower Canada no more loyal upholder of the British Constitution than Cartier could be met in North America." It may safely be asserted that no British freeman, living in the "land which freemen till", would have calmly submitted to treatment of the unfair and unequal nature meted out to the Lower Canadians. Cartier, as already stated, became a leading member of the "Sons of Liberty" and composed the *Marseillaise* of the agitators: "*Avant tout je suis Canadien*". At the time, when feeling was at fever heat, it may have appeared to many to have bordered on the treasonable. To-day the burden of the song is inscribed on the monument, erected by the public in honour of the agitator who wrote it, and an approving touch of the King's finger has laid it bare to meet

the eye of all who pass by, that they who run may read.

Time passed on and right was done and then Sir George was seen playing another part as a citizen and political leader. The famous "annexation manifesto" of 1849 was published bearing the signature of a great number of people who had not been "Sons of Liberty" or branded as "rebels". One lived to be Premier of the Dominion and deliver his apologism on the floor of the Senate. In the front rank of those who opposed the disloyal band was Sir George Etienne Cartier, and a carefully-worded and wisely framed counter statement was issued. From that period Cartier's whole life was devoted to the "making of Canada", and advancing her interests beneath the inspiration and protection of British institutions and the British flag.

Not until the year 1848 did Cartier enter public life. Elected to represent his native county he went to Parliament as a supporter of the Lafontaine-Baldwin administration and took his seat in time to witness the destruction of the Parliament House at Montreal and the outrageous attack on the Earl of Elgin. He held the portfolio of Provincial Secretary, in the MacNab-Morin Government (1855) and, a little later, that of Attorney-General (Lower Canada) in the Taché-Macdonald administration (1856). The strong political tension of the period and remarkable party complications, brought the Cartier-Macdonald Cabinet into existence in 1858. As the First Minister of the Province of Canada, Cartier exhibited all his great powers, tact and skill as a statesman. His attention as Attorney-General East had been largely devoted to law reform and he has to be credited with the codification of the Civil Laws of Lower Canada and the decentralization of the Superior Courts. This was a long stride in the direction of facilitating legal procedure. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick has expressed the opinion that it also contributed to moral culture





The Cartier Monument at Montreal

Scene at the unveiling by King George, who pressed a button at Balmoral Castle. By direct electric connection the huge flag that veiled the monument was caused to fall

and that Cartier's work in legal reformation alone merited a statue. The vexed question of representation by population was also cautiously dealt with by him in a conciliatory spirit. Confederation, however, removed the vexed matter from the arena of discussion. Transportation was also a matter of national economy

to which he gave great attention. To promote this he contended earnestly for the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway, the Atlantic line to Portland and the construction of the Victoria Bridge. He also brought about extension and improvement in the educational machinery of Quebec. Normal Schools were established and





The house at St. Antoine-on-the-Richelieu in which George Etienne Cartier was born

the Council of Public Instruction. He detected weaknesses, and, perhaps, injustices in the Criminal Law as it existed and under his supervision it was materially modified, for the better. The municipal law so important to the well-being of the community was also made more comprehensive. But his field of action was much wider. The encouragement of ocean navigation, without which Canadian commerce was shackled, canalizations, the dredging of the St. Lawrence, the ultimate acquisition of the Northwest, and the Provinces of Manitoba and British Columbia, the construction of the Intercolonial Railway and the establishment of our military system all bear the stamp of Sir George Cartier's efforts and add to the debt Canadians owe him. The abolition of the system of Seigneurial Tenure was also a great reform in which he bore a leading part.

But his greatest work was what he accomplished in connection with Confederation. The main features of that event belong to the history of the

country and are familiar to all, but the immensity of the work and the seemingly insurmountable obstacles which stood in the way of its accomplishment at the time cannot be fully imagined by those of the present generation. The records of the period, indeed, scarcely convey a clear idea of the vastness and complexity of the scheme as it presented itself at the critical period when it assumed practicable form and ceased to be an academic question only. But Confederation was accomplished and Canadians have, in great degree, to thank Sir George Cartier for the accomplishment. Political friend and opponent alike concede that without the efforts and hearty co-operation of the great Quebec leader of his people there would have been no Confederation and without Confederation there would be no Dominion of Canada, at least as we have it to-day. "I have no hesitation in saying that without Cartier there could have been no Confederation and therefore Canada owes him a debt which can never be re-





Sir George Etienne Cartier

From a photograph taken while he was Prime Minister  
of Canada

paid," wrote Sir Charles Tupper, one of Cartier's colleagues during the Confederation crisis. And Sir John Macdonald, after referring to Cartier's courage made a similar assertion.\*

The closing years of Sir George Cartier's life afford a striking example of the value of "the sickly food of popular applause" and were shrouded by a veil of sadness. In

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\*It is to be regretted that at the time the Dominion of Canada came into existence there should have been a serious "sin" of omission or lack of judgment in the distribution of those fitting recognitions of the services of the statesmen who had brought about the great achievement. Sir George was greatly hurt by being created a Companion of the Bath only, while a higher class in the order was given Sir John Macdonald. What bid fair to cause unpleasant friction was happily averted by Sir Charles Tupper, while visiting the Duke of Buckingham, the British Minister who succeeded the Earl of Carnarvon who had so greatly aided in the passage of the British North America Act through Parliament. He told the new Minister that Cartier was as powerful in Quebec as John A. Macdonald was in Ontario and that the French-Canadian leader was entitled to as much consideration at the hands of the Crown. Sir Charles has recorded the fact that the Queen was consulted and declared her sympathy but could do nothing at the moment as there was no vacancy in the roll of Knights Commander of the Bath. Sir Charles suggested that the difficulty could be settled by recommending Cartier for a baronetcy. This was done and the breach was healed. Sir Charles has added to his note "Cartier had a lovable personality, was a man of great ability and influence in Parliament where his loss was keenly felt."





Sir George Etienne Cartier and his two daughters  
From a photograph taken when hoop skirts were in fashion

1872 a general Parliamentary election was held; certain provincial proceedings of a political character had caused *Le Parti National* to be brought into existence. An unusual bitterness was fanned into flame and, to the astonishment and shame of a great number, Sir George Cartier met a crushing defeat in East Montreal, a comparatively unknown candidate,

—now well known as Sir Louis Jette, —winning the day. It was not the mere loss of a seat which constituted the force of the blow. The defeated candidate was elected within a few days elsewhere and offers of seats were numerous. But after the great services he had rendered his countrymen the sting of ingratitude added force to the blow, which was doubtless felt



the more as it fell on a sick man. And Sir George was very ill, as it proved, unto death. It may be said that his opponents throughout the election contest brought infamy on themselves and disgrace on the constituency, and this many of the leaders afterwards admitted. The iron seems to have entered into the soul of the mortified statesman though he bore a bold front, and declared that his fight was far from being finished. But his dauntless heart beat too high. He neither knew or felt how near the Angel of Death had been to him for some time. He left for England in search of specialist treatment for his malady, strong in the determination of returning to renew his work in Canada, the country he loved so well, and the last letter he penned indicated that this purpose inspired him to the end. But, on the morning of May 21, 1873, he passed away. The stately column was broken, the silver voice silent.

From all sides expressions of regret sympathy and eulogy were poured on the survivors. Queen Victoria sent a personal condolence to Lady Cartier. In due time came messages from all parts of the Empire. In London the press was especially emphatic in its expressions of appreciation of the services of the deceased statesman. Miss Josephine Cartier, writing to a relation said: "The London newspapers are full of eulogies of my father for here, where even able men often live

and die in obscurity, in this old England so haughty and proud the greatest men treated him as their equal, and rendered justice to his qualities".

In Canada all public honour was paid. Parliament voted the money for a monument as well as a public funeral and now the unveiling of the National Monument in Montreal by the King is a fitting and crowning act.

The scene in the House of Commons when Sir John Macdonald announced the sad news was very affecting. It may not be generally known that he was at heart, despite his cold exterior and self control, very sensitive and emotional. On this occasion he fairly broke down, and this was hardly to be wondered at. Not until the following day was he able to express his feelings in words; this he did in an eloquent eulogy. He summed up his declaration in the following words: "After the political feelings of the present day have faded away the sterling merits of Sir George Cartier's services, the real service he performed in joining with the English-speaking inhabitants of the country in working up the great problem of Confederation, will be seen in its true light. . . . I do not know of any statesman who has held office in Canada for very many years who, whilst holding that position has conferred the same great benefit on his country. The deceased statesman was an honour to his country, to his race and to his province."\*

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\*There has never been any marked difference of opinion in party ranks as to the greatness of Sir George's public service. The writer has heard Sir Wilfrid Laurier say that no one did greater service in his own field than Cartier unless it was La Fontaine. And to come to another generation it is pleasing to read the following words written by Sir Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, who was but a boy ten years old when Sir George Cartier died. "For what French-Canadians are indebted to Sir George Cartier, Canadians of every nationality are equally indebted. He taught them self-reliance and the duty of mutual respect and regard. He exposed the futility of the contention that it was impossible to make of Canada a great nation because Lower Canada was chiefly French and Catholic, Upper Canada English and Protestant, and the Maritime Provinces a mixture of all. The range of his vision extended far beyond the boundaries of Lower Canada and he was fond of asking his fellow-countrymen whether they desired to limit the influence of their race to the narrow boundaries of their own Province. The name of Cartier will live as long as this Dominion endures and of its survival until time shall be no more. There will be no cessation, so long as the spirit of patriotism, zeal, of devotion, of persistent energy and of conciliation, which characterized him remains implanted in the hearts of his countrymen." ("Sir George Etienne Cartier": his life and times by John Boyd).





Mlle Hortense Cartier

who came from France to witness the unveiling of her father's monument

Close upon forty years after Sir George's death a meeting was held in Montreal to consider the question of a public memorial such as has now been erected. A Cartier Centenary Committee was formed, Mr. E. W. Villeneuve being made President. The successful consummation of the scheme

may be largely credited to him. He has worked enthusiastically and wholeheartedly and public thanks are due to him. Competition was thrown open to all who chose to submit plans, the prize being awarded to Mr. G.W. Hill. That gentleman has designed a monument bold and impressive in its conception and artistic in its execution. It is an effective synopsis in bronze and stone, of the history of Canada during the period in which Sir George Cartier laboured for her advancement "In erecting this monument"—said, in effect, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick on laying the corner-stone—"you trace a page of our national history, but instead of inscribing the story on the flying sheets reserved for the student, you engrave on marble and expose it for the perusal of all, old and young".

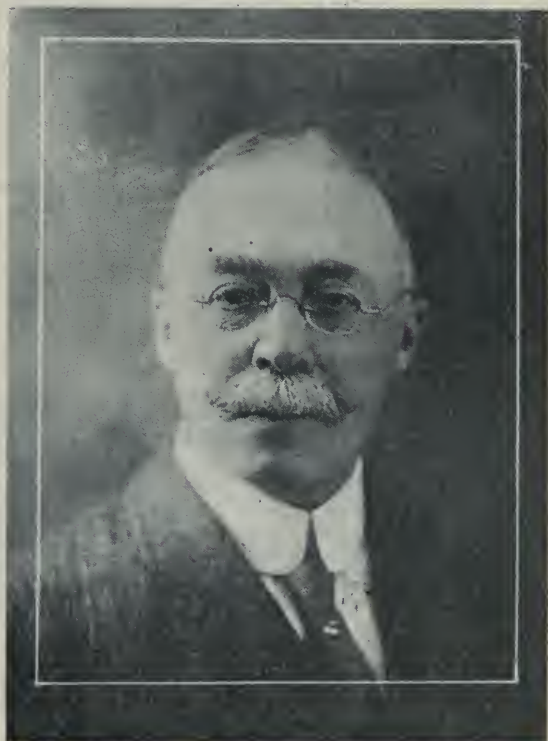
The memorial consists of a column one hundred feet in height with a base of grey marble. It is surmounted by a figure representing Renown, crowning the effigy of Sir George whose figure is exceedingly life-like. Around the central figure and base are four statues representing the first provinces which entered Confederation, Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. A scroll unites these with the inscription "*O Canada mon pays mes amours*", a song written by Sir George and first sung by him in 1835 at the inauguration of the St. John Baptiste Society, of which he was the secretary. He was a close friend of Duvernay the founder and others connected with it. It is a familiar story that he also sang it in the presence of King Edward VII., on a passage up the St. Lawrence, when he visited Canada as Prince of Wales in 1860. At the base of the monument, below the statues representing the banner provinces, is the following extract from a speech Sir George delivered at the time Confederation was looming large on the political horizon, and expressing his own deeply-rooted sentiments: "We are of different races not for strife, but to work together for the common welfare." This is a text which many in our own times



may study with profit and govern themselves accordingly. To the rear of the monument are five figures, similar in size to the others, representing the Provinces which have come into the federation since 1867 and these are linked with a scroll inscribed with the words, "The defence of the flag is one of the bases of Confederation", from a speech delivered by Sir George at a provincial Conference held at Halifax in 1864. It reflects his military instinct and it may be noted here that, at the time of his death, he was Minister of Militia. His policy as regards military matters was a little ahead of his time in many respects, and did not always meet with popular approval. Time has vindicated his forethought and policy alike. The figure of a soldier, at the rear of the pedestal, defending the flag is appropriate, especially at the present time. To the right and left of the base are groups of figures representing Education and Legislation, subjects of especial attention and development by Cartier during his ministerial terms. The first consist of three figures, typifying the imparting of instruction to the young. Legislation is also represented by three figures. The central represents Law, holding the symbolic sword in the right hand, while the left rests on a book in which Genius inscribes the laws compiled by the genius of the statesman whose memory is perpetuated by the structure. A child's figure is represented as pleading for consideration, symbolic of correction. Four large lions have yet to be placed in position at the approaches to the monument. The figures were all cast at Brussels where Mr. Hill has his studio. The magnitude of the monument may be imagined when it is noted that the figures weigh in all twenty-seven tons. It was at first feared that the Germans would seize these works of art. For four years a portion remained hidden in, or near, Brussels only being brought to light and shipped after the armistice. The statue of the soldier and the balance of the work only ar-

rived in Canada during the present summer. The mottoes on the structure have all been carefully selected and are singularly appropriate. Apart from those already quoted are Cartier's family motto: "*Franc sans Dol*" (frank without deceit). "*Le Canada doit etre un pays non de licence mais de liberté, et toutes les libertés doivent etre protégées par la loi*" (Canada must be a country not of licence but of liberty, and all liberties must be protected by law).

A study of the monument has led to the conclusion that some illusion might have been made upon it to the great work done by Cartier in the interests of transportation. He, as has been already pointed out, long grasped the importance of the subject and it is to be remembered it was he who proposed in the year 1872 the Canadian Pacific Railway project in the House of Commons adumbrating in a prophetic peroration things to come then little dreamt of, as he exclaimed, amid loud applause, "All aboard for the West!" And this was some years before a minister of the



Mr. E. W. Villeneuve  
Organizer of the Cartier Memorial Celebration



Crown advanced the theory that a transcontinental railway would only result in two streaks of rust across the continent and would not pay for the grease for its axle trees. The first and last speeches in Parliament delivered by Cartier were in support of a vigorous railway policy. He appreciated the importance of the subject as it bore on the issues of national development commercially, and settlement. It has been also suggested that yet another sentence would not be inappropriate. At the time Sir George met defeat in East Montreal in 1872 he was the recipient of a very sympathetic letter from the Earl of Dufferin, then Governor-General, a statesman of experience and acumen enough to fully appreciate the worth, patriotism and Imperial instinct of his minister and friend. In the course of that letter the following sentence occurs,

"The distinction you have won has not been merely personal for your name is indissolubly incorporated with the most eventful and most glorious epoch of your country's history, commencing as it does with your entrance into political life and culminating in that consolidation of the Provinces to which your genius, courage and great ability so materially contributed."

The unveiling of the monument was

one of impressive nature. The unseen action of the King lent a species of weirdness to the proceedings while the presence of his Viceroy and those best qualified to constitute a representative national meeting added a grandeur and pomp to the spectacle. The greatest in the land did honour to the memory of the statesman. It was more than a Dominion demonstration. It was an Empire tribute. From the heart of the Empire Lloyd George sent his homage and from South Africa, Australia, New Zealand came messages from General Smuts, Messrs. Hughes and Massey, statesmen all of the Imperial type of which Cartier was so grand an example. The voice of Church and State where they exist beneath the British flag was heard in unison.

And deeply touching was the presence of the surviving daughter of Sir George, who had travelled from her home in France to be present on the occasion, and the words she spoke, though few, reflected deep feeling: "When I see the ever-increasing prosperity of Canada I feel proud and happy to think it is largely due to my father's great abilities and untiring activity. This prosperity of Canada, *"son pays ses amours"*, we all know he clearly foresaw. Heaven be praised for having spared me and enabling me to witness this event."





# THE FREEZE-UP

BY HAMILTON M. LAING



TWO days there are in the life of a year in the North, big days, eventful, full of meaning, the birth and death of the kindlier season of summer, the entry and exit of the reign of King Sol. The first is the break-up, that day in April in which the relentless hand of the ice-fanged Boreas relaxes his grip on the land, when the streams run swiftly and chatter as they run, and the marshes gleam blue where the water ripples upon the ice, and the plainland throws off its white shroud. The second is the freeze-up, that day of November in which the land is locked again, when the face of earth and water turns to adamant and the woods settle into their winter silence. And these two times are as different in their significance as life from death or the beginning of things from the end.

What better vantage spot to watch the coming in of the ice king than my elm-clump that looks out across the Manitoba plainland, where the old elm patriarch commands the lake at his feet to westward, the oak and elm and poplar woods along the shore to southward, the winding marsh maze to eastward and off to northward the sandhill country. Each direction, in fact, presents a world in itself; each has to surrender itself to the will of the frost king; each has its own peculiar living things to face the winter problem in their several ways. The separate realms of marsh and wood and lake come together here at the elm-clump and it is a fit place to await the winter and watch the giant of the North working his will upon each of them.

The time of his coming is in the dull days of mid-November. Sometimes he arrives in bluster and sometimes in stealth, but the result is the same. When he rushes down to take the land by storm and assault there is a day of snowing and blowing out of the eastward or northward, the white-flecked world of gray grows whiter, and winter seems to have taken possession of the land.

The lake and the open water of the marshes resist; they struggle and wrestle with the giant hand that has been thrust out of the north to strangle them, and for a time their brown waters eat up the falling hosts. But the white rim grows wider and wider, and white little rafts of snow and ice go drifting across the water to fill the down-wind bays; the end is near. For in the night when the sky has cleared, the wind now weaker but straight from the north and reinforced with a thousand legions of frost-spears, marches stoutly across the land and takes possession. When the tardy sun peeps again over the knoll backing the marsh windings of brown and white, he finds the land and water locked tight. Out in mid-lake the patches of white ice and black ice tell of the struggle there in the night; the black areas denote the last bitier stand of the open water.

But when he comes by stealth there is a hush in the chill dusk; no moaning of bare woods or rattling of naked arms in the elms over my roof, but a cold hand like the hand of death reached out of the realm of Boreas and silently grips and holds tight upon this more southerly land. The chill night is a time of silence; time



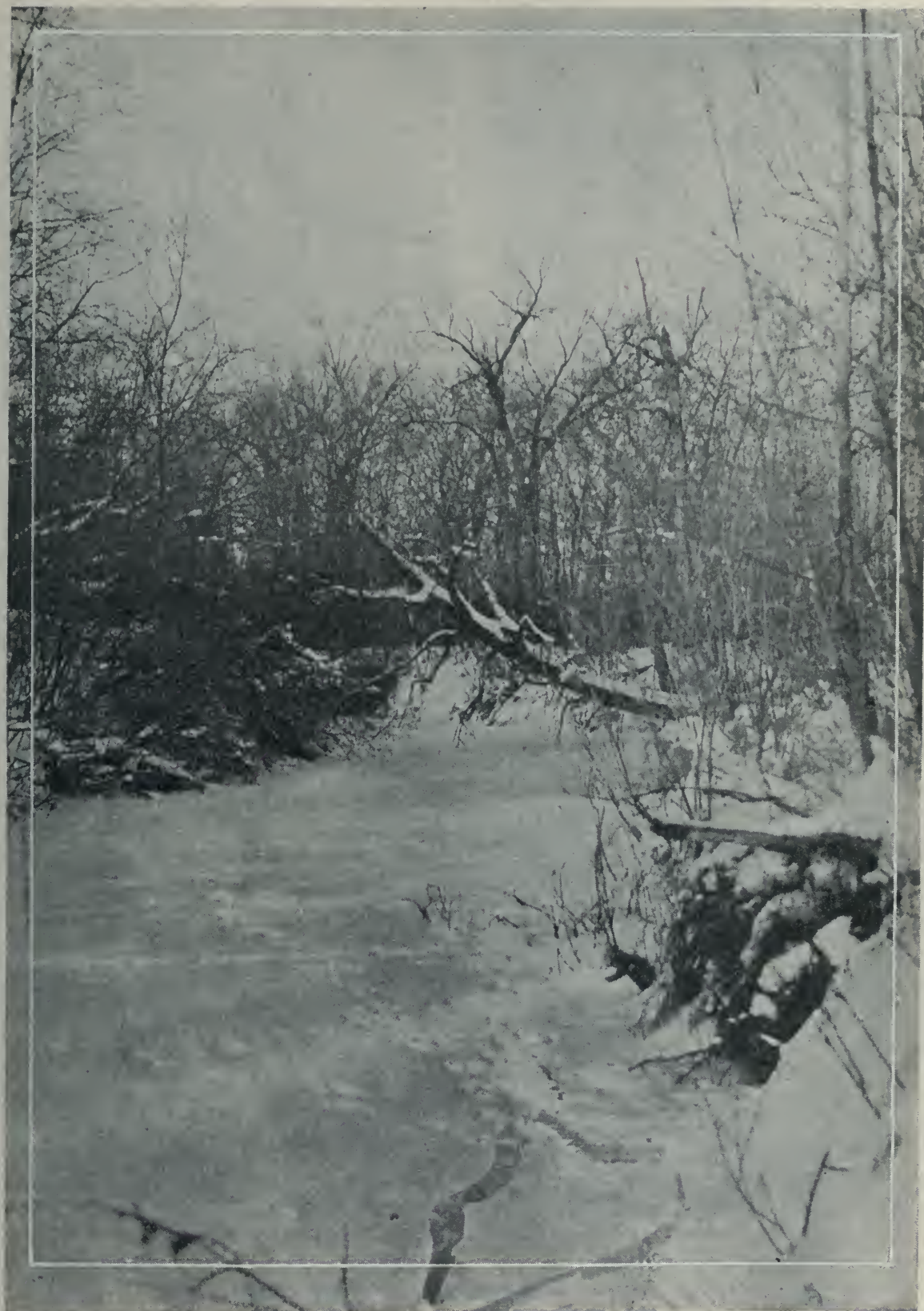


The first snow has come to the elm-clump

even seems to stand still, the world to become a void of hollow ringing stillness so dead that the coyote's keen yell travels on and on, and the soft hooting of the horned owl in the dis-

tant oaks booms out of the hush and fills earth and air strangely. Through the long night the cold hand of the North clutches tighter and tighter. The ice-rim at my landing—black ice,





It is the end of a season—the hard grip of the North

thin, needle-fanged, which at dusk when I went for water was but forty feet wide (and how it growled and cried as I thrust the canoe through it roughly to dip far out!)—now grows and grows wide, reaches out eager hands and builds its bridges towards mid-lake.





Bunny's early morning calling-card

The same story, too, is in the telling in the marshes and by morning the conquest of the water is complete. At sun-up Sol finds lake and marsh bridged and bound, gleaming darkly or shimmering and reflecting unevenly through the mirage of morning; they are in thrall for a season, and though sometimes the south wind comes up to the rescue and beats back the frost giant a march or two, destroying the new-formed ice-bridges and making general havoc of his works, such happens but rarely.

How variously is this momentous freeze-up time regarded by my neighbours, the wild denizens of these lands. To the winter residents of fur, or feather it is the coming into their

own kingdom; to the others, the tardy camp followers of the autumn, it is a command and no uncertain one to quit the northland. To the wood hares, muskrats, meadow mice, grouse and others the snow mantle means protection and warmth. The hare's white coat, out of place in the brown woods for two weeks or more, now fades into the blue shadows of the willow clumps; the muskrat in his high-heaped house finds a new warm roof to conserve the heat in his clammy apartment; to the meadow mice it is also a warm blanket that heaping upon the tangled grasses leaves a world of tunnels and runways below; and to the grouse the snow is a bed, a warm and dry one. To the mink and weasel and coyote the snow is neither here nor there, perhaps it is little to their liking, but the ice footing gives them liberty to prowl and hunt amongst the rush-clumps that all summer were beyond reach; and always at freeze-up there is much game to be hunted in these same patches.

Down in the timber the pine grosbeak whistles cheerily that winter has come, and he is glad of it. A fluffy whiskey jack (Canada jay) on pillage bent comes into camp and saucily jabbars that the change in the weather is quite to his liking; and the chickadee's notes take on a cheerier, more optimistic tone. Like some apples that are said to attain excellence only where they absorb a pinch of frost, so the black-cap's notes are only at their best when there is a sting in the air. But the very spirit of such fellows is best typified by the newly-arrived snowy owl, ghostly, silent, haunting the marsh, perching on rat-house or snow-capped hay-stack or willow-tuft, a presence as inscrutable as the North itself.

To the others the coming of the ice and snow is a warning, yea more, an order for forced marches into the southland. Now go the hardy ones among the migrants, the fellows fired with an unquenchable love of the North, and they leave it only because





The goose legions drag their long lines southwards against the drab sky

they must. Scarcely less freezable than the winter residents are the mallard, Canada goose, snow goose, whistling swan, rough-legged hawk or even the little horned lark. But these chaps face the spectre of starvation; not cold alone could turn them from

the North, their home-land. It is the white snow mantle that sends the last horned lark swirling off southward from the plowed fields, and the big, mouse-loving rough-legged hawk posts off through the evening. Mere cold both would scorn; but the weed-seeds



Great sand cranes flying away from the approaching winter

now are hidden beyond reach, and the mice and voles in the field and meadows know too well the value of keeping under their white roof. So the little lark and his big prowling neighbour alike say farewell. The geese and mallard ducks and swans, too, surrender only in the last trench. For days they haunt the last open water-hole, sit upon the ice by day and night and wait apparently in the hope that the south wind will come to their assistance. Even when the water is sealed they sometimes remain for a day or two, while the great whistling swans that come fluting out of the north fresh from some lake scarce known to Boreas himself takes a look down at the ice-sheet and swing on slowly southward. Occasionally they too drop down to take their place upon the chill expanse.

That these web-footed ones do not freeze their feet on such a perch is one of the wonders of nature's ways. Flat-footed and thin-footed are they all and one might be forgiven for thinking that thirty degrees of frost would stiffen their toes and webs in a few moments. Yet frost-bite or chilblains seem not in their catalogue of fleshly

ills. The geese during their last foraging expedition upon the wheat-fields stamp about in the snow without suffering harm and the mallards at times do the same. Similarly they can stand upon the ice and keep their feet from harm. But when they go to sleep they resort to a trick peculiarly their own. They cuddle down upon the ice, but draw up their feet, bending them forward, and bury them beneath the overlapping side feathers. The feet thus housed are snug; but often in the morning when the goose or duck rises, he is forced to leave some of his feathers fast in the ice—a tribute to the warmth of his body as well as to the heroism of his ways.

How late is the coming of these mid-November days. Indeed the day now is but a morning and an evening; noon-day is but a position of the sun, a potentiality rather than a tangible reality. Yet how full of incident are these twilight periods. There was a shouting of deep-throated Canada geese in the night; they were passing low and calling inquiringly down to the lake and listening in spells for reply of comrades there. Their awakening sounded and faded again,



and the gentle whispering of snow-flakes upon my canvas roof told me the reason for their journeying thus through the darkness. Now at gray dawn—it is really a late rising—when I thrust out my head turtle-wise through the tent-flap to see the new day in its white dress, it is to note instantly that in the night I have had other and lowlier visitors. The little hare that left me when the shrubbery behind my wood-pile became naked, now has returned under cover of night to renew tacit acquaintance. His patterned tracks are at the very door. Though I have a misgiving that he came to interview the tuft of sheaf-oats left by a recent visitor who drove a horse, I like to think that my hare came on this chill night to see me, and that he is the selfsame bunny that

once in a kindlier season as I lay abed priming myself with the dawn chorus of a June morning, came into my tent and sniffed about and wiggled his little nose inquisitively at me. Another visitor has been near too; about the chopping-log are little pads in twos and twos where a long-tailed weasel has been at his hunting.

Down at the landing there are other tracks. Close at the water's edge—though now beneath the sheet of snow, the distinction between sand-rim and ice is lost—are the twin foot-pads of a mink where he skipped along the shore. Farther up at the edge of the grass are many more tracks, broad, webbed, three-toed: a goose has been wandering there. Only one story can be built about such evidence: a shot-wounded unfortunate



A snow goose left behind to face the winter



has come ashore to seek sustenance for his miserable body from the grass and withered vegetation. At the creaking of my pail-handle he shows himself and from the point of the willows a few yards distant he springs into the air and heading lakeward again flies feebly out across the snow-covered ice-sheet. Cold, cheerless, terrible prospect!

The picture of the freeze-up is in the making to-day; its story is being written plain. The center of interest is in mid-lake and all other details are incidentals merely to the play there. A mile from shore across the white ice-field hangs a slight hazy cloud-bank, the black water smokes below and sends up its steaming contributions to hold the vapour above. This is where the deeper water, still warm with the potential heat of the kinder season, defies the North and resists stubbornly. Dark strings and lines of dots at intervals may be seen speeding above or through the haze for a moment and then settling again into the dark water—ducks: the rear-guard of the hardy ones of the tribe. Most probably these are bluebills; for like the mallards these cold-loving chaps hold to the North as long as they can find an open water-hole in which they can dive for their pond-weed food and incidentally keep warm. For however much it may make us shudder to contemplate naked feet in icy water, it must be admitted that at least it is warmer than out in the air where the temperature is actually freezing; so perhaps the ducks and geese and muskrats and such others as stay immersed in stinging weather, after all have the best of it.

There is more to seen at the black water-hole in the distance. On the ice are dotted groups, big white dots, small white dots, and big and small black dots and blotches with a single one of each here and there alone; and to one who has watched the lake long at this critical time, the story is very plain. The big white objects grouped are whistling swans, resting while en

route for more southerly waters, or awaiting more happy weather; the smaller and scattered white objects are snow geese, strays, cripples, unfortunates, victims of gunners, left behind when their noisy legions streamed away southward but yesterday. The big, black-dotted strings—there are three or four of them—are Canada gray geese; like the swans, they too are waiting in hope of better things. The lonely, big black dots are unfortunates among the gray geese; the close-packed rank of small dark dots denotes a stubborn mallard score, mostly drakes, also bent on staying till the last; and the scattered solitary things of small stature are duck cripples, the lame and halt, also sufferers on account of men who make poor shooting. For it is the law that the lame and halt shall sit apart. Ah, this much of the tale of the water-hole may be guessed easily to-day; the rest will be a dreadful reality on the morrow.

At about nine a. m. by the clock, or when the low sun to south-eastward is warming the heavy sky guns begin to boom to southward from the big marsh beyond the woods. Two double guns firing quickly at intervals and intermittent strings of hurrying ducks speeding from behind the timber toward mid-lake tell with force and eloquence what is happening there. The deep-water marsh lying warmly muffled in its rush and reed-brakes always staves off the hand of winter as long as the lake does; and here the mallards had made bivouac and rendezvous. In the night and in the first hour of gray light of morning, they came down, hundreds of them, out of the freezing North and settled here to rest. Yet even here, surrounded by an ice-field, they have been denied sanctuary; for two shooters from the lodge on the lake-rim, primed with the cupidity that loves a bag of freeze-up mallards—(always fat and well fleshed, the very cream of the season)—have pushed their metal duck punt across the ice and invaded the heart of the stronghold.



Again and again the four-fold reports rattle from behind the timber. Some of the flocks, but half wise to the way of gunners and bent on holding to the open water, circle about and return foolishly to be fired at again. Others go out to the lake; but the greater number take up their journeying again, and resolutely whiffle off into the gray southern sky.

A moving thing heading toward mid-lake swings over the brown marsh grass to northward. A glance is sufficient to realize its part in the freeze-up picture. A spoonbill duck is skimming along low; though his wings move more rapidly than is usual even with his swift kind, his progress is slow; he droops a trifle in the rear; his beak is more elevated than he commonly carries it, and feebleness is written in every motion of his fluttering progress. Poor fellow! He, too, is an unfortunate; he has been cured and recovered the use of his wings since he was stricken with his leaden missile—but too late. His strength will not carry him off with the others into the southern sky. He is but shoving back a day or two the clutches that are reaching for him.

What a death's harvesting is this time of the freeze-up! What a slaying of the weak and unfit, a lopping off of the fools and weaklings and unfortunates—Nature's inexorable way, heartless yet sternly benign. Only the strong and the sane go off boring into that gray sky above the southerly ice-rim. The birds that have tarried too long or that lack the instinct to go journeying—and from tree sparrows to crows there are many such yearly in any neighborhood—now suffer the extreme penalty and perish miserably. To-day there are scores throughout the land—sparrows, meadowlarks, blackbirds, doves, snipe and sandpipers, no race or tribe seemingly immune to the failing—many that sit about here or there, hungry, cold-racked, awaiting a wretched end. Many there are, too, younglings, that suffer for the short-comings of their parents. In the black water-hole are

some young ducks and grebes and coots. Their foolish parents erred and hatched them so late in the season that now their half-fledged wings are useless and they must stay to pay the penalty they so little deserve. Verily the freeze-up is a weeding-out of the unfit; those that err and stray from the path of their fathers must perish.

At noon when the wood-pile is growing steadily in response to the camp-axe—provident foresight against the long hours of evening—when the two chickadees are merriest about the tent-door, and a nuthatch in the big elm—surely the very last one of his tribe in the North—is calling crankily in response to a forsaken tree sparrow, there is a whirr and flutter of wings across the way and visitors have arrived. In an elm-tip are nearly a dozen pinnated grouse. Even such grass lovers change their ways with the freeze-up. Now at mid-day they are perchers; for it is warmer up in the light than down in the snow-laden cover. They, too, are laggards; their tribe, breaking most grouse traditions, have already moved south into the Dakotas; but these, my neighbours, are the hardy, tenacious ones of the breed, and their presence here in the elm-top is a challenge to Boreas to do his worst. Only much snow and continued cold will be able to rout these hot-blooded chaps.

The November day now is short, the cloudy afternoon little better than a twilight, and night comes early. But like the morning, the evening is a stirring time with the wild things. First go the roughlegged hawks—great blackish fellows, cruelly indifferent to wind or weather; they hunt as they journey and post off slowly, serenely southward. Then later when the yellow sun-patch is burning feebly in the south-west, the mallards pick up and follow. It is always an event, their leave-taking; at intervals from the water-hole in the big marsh or from the lake there rises a pattering of webbed feet and a rushing of whiffling wings, and a detachment half a hundred strong rises and bears away

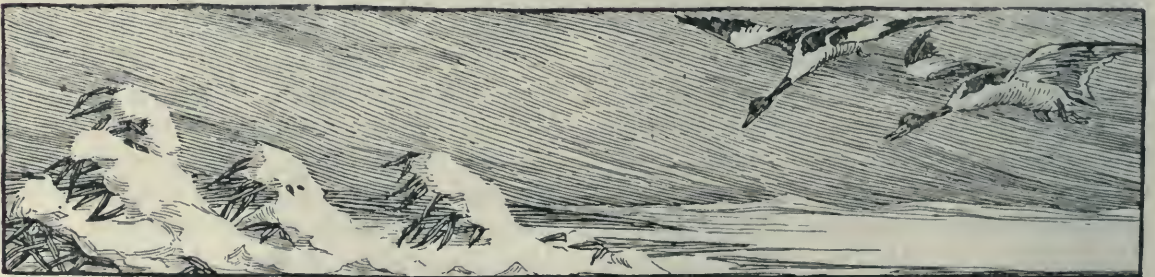


on the course they know so well. Sometimes they circle a time or two as though loath to leave, and many turn again and settle with their lagging comrades. Who gives the word? Who leads those whiffling lines as they stream off across the lake-rim, flying abreast in sinuous rank with wings all in tune? No man can tell; but the freeze-up companies are the pick of the species; the big green-head drakes predominate—in fact whole detachments at times show but a mere sprinkling of brown duck wives—and these strong and wise ones fanning off into the darkness know well their destination. Each flock follows the same course as the preceding; one could readily believe it was all prearranged; and there is music and mystery in the singing and whispering of their sharp wings as they steer off and fade into the dull sky. It is their farewell.

There is a hush in the darkness as of things ominous; it is the lull that follows the battle won, the surrender, the marching in of the powers of the North. It is the end of a season; and it is the end of things to-night for the unfit and unfortunate; for in the darkness the black water-hole will close. The coyotes that yell shrilly from the sandhills at dusk know it well, and every one of them turns his sharp nose lakeward; the restless weasel and mink know it too and are early abroad, each keen with the

blood-thirst. The snowy owl that perched all day on the white-capped hay-stack will find bigger game than mice on the frozen marsh to-night; and his horned brother of the oaks will leave his woods and make a killing out among the ice-bound rush-clumps. For to-night is the débacle, the shoreward march of the doomed.

And the new morning sees it in all its gruesomeness; the ice has become a veritable bridge of sighs. Dots upon the white lake-field from the vicinity of the former hole right to the shore, and patches of tremulous down and feathers near the rush-margins tell what has been in order during the hours of darkness as I slept up in the elms. Every patch of feathers tells of the mercifully cruel work of owl or mink or weasel or coyote. Here died a pintail duck, there a gadwall; here lies the half-eaten remains of a canvasback duck that made but sad picking for his murderer; and here died a gray goose and was carried away. Shoreward now is the prompting, each according to his strength. Birds but recently wounded and others that received their hurt from gunners early in the season, alike set out on their last journey, a funeral march where there are no mourners and no deceased, yet all are as dead; and to-night will bring the end. When the morning light next slants across the lake there will be no dots upon it—just a desolate expanse of ice.







NOVEMBER 11TH, 1918

From the Painting by J. E. Sampson







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# THE PENSIONERS

BY JOHN LAVENDER

T was China Macdonald who told me about *The Pensioners*. China is known in the official correspondence of the army as Maj. the Rev. John Macdonald, M.C., Senior Chaplain of the *n*th Canadian Division; but in the daily language of the Canadian Corps he is known as China. He is a tremendous person. It is difficult to realize that before the war he was merely a struggling curate in a small Ontario town; for he is famous now as the fighting padre of that Canadian infantry battalion which enjoys the pleasant nick-name of the "White Ghurkas".

Everyone agrees that he should have been a combatant officer. He had an unusual passion for going over the top with the first wave of the attack; and there are rumours—but whisper it not in Gath—that on more than one occasion he picked up a rifle and waged a war against the Hun on his own account. But I am concerned here, not in telling stories about China, but in telling a story China told me.

I was surprised when he asked me if I had read *The Pensioners*, for I had never suspected him of an interest in the new novels. I knew that the book had been very successful, for I had seen the advertisements announcing that it had reached ten editions. He urged me to read it, said that he felt a responsibility for it, that he was in fact a sort of sponsor or foster-parent to it.

China, as a patron of literature, rather amused me, and I am afraid

I indulged in some gentle ridicule. Then he told me the story.

After the first battle of the Somme China was sent back to Canada on three months' leave. He went back to the town of St. Kitts, where he had been curate, and stayed with the old rector for part of the time. The old man, China said, was a veritable Jeremiah. He was very pessimistic about the effect the war was having on religion and morals.

"The war," he said one afternoon over the tea-cups, "is bringing in its train not only physical and mental tribulations, but moral tribulations as well. I am repeatedly impressed by the weakening, the deterioration, of the moral fibre of the country since the war began."

In the old days China would have hesitated to disagree with the rector on any matter touching faith and morals. Even now he dissented only with great diffidence.

"Of course, sir," he said deferentially, "you know conditions in Canada better than I do. At the Front we get out of touch with things over here. But I do not feel alarmed about the morality of the country; in fact, I feel rather encouraged about it. There may be less attention paid to the ordinances of the Church; there may be less outward and formal piety. But there is a great deal more unselfishness, more brotherly kindness, more of the spirit of Christ himself. And my experience in France has taught me that the spirit of Christ is sometimes present where the outward appearance of Christianity is conspicuously absent."



The rector made impatient gestures.

"You do not get my meaning," he broke in. "I mean that the kingdom of the powers of evil is extending its borders. Actual sin is on the increase, and what is worse, there is a growing tendency everywhere to condone sin. I will give you an illustration of what I mean. There is living in this parish a young woman, the widow of an officer who was killed in Flanders, and the mother of a dear little child. She is living in open and unashamed sin with a returned officer who has been discharged from the army. It is a most distressing case. One would think that the woman, even if she had no respect for the memory of her dead husband, would at least think of the interests of her child. I ventured to remonstrate with the man about his conduct; but he turned on me with the foulest language, language so insulting that I could never again, I am afraid, bring myself to have anything to do with him."

China Macdonald asked for the man's name. He naturally felt a sort of parochial interest in any soldier who had gone wrong.

"Windermere," said the rector; then, with a start, he added, "You must know him; I think he was with your old battalion at the Front."

"Yes," replied China, "I know him well. I'm very much surprised by what you tell me. Windermere was one of the best officers in the battalion. I must go and see him. Will you tell me where he lives?"

Half-an-hour later China, who, once he had made up his mind to do a thing, never rested till he had done it, walked up to a frame cottage on a side-street in the outskirts of St. Kitts. It was such a cottage as might have belonged to a labourer; but it had about it a distinctive air of refinement. Flower-boxes and snow-white curtains garnished the windows; the garden was carefully tended and laid out with taste; the brass knocker on the front door shone like the stick-man's buttons at guard-mounting.

China's knock at the door was answered by a young man on crutches, dressed in shabby mufti. It was Windermere. For a moment the two men looked at each other without recognition. Then the light sprang into Windermere's eyes, and thrusting out his hand, he exclaimed heartily:

"The Padre, by God. I hardly knew you. Come in. Where the devil did you blow in from? By Jove, it's great to see you. I suppose you're back on leave."

The words tumbled out so fast that they carried with them just a suggestion of nervousness.

China was ushered into a sitting-room in which was burning a cheerful little grate fire. By the fire sat a girl dressed in black, relieved only by narrow white widow's collar and cuffs. Her face, at which China shot a searching glance, was beautiful in an unusual way: a fine forehead, such as one seldom sees in women, was only partially obscured by hair of the colour and texture of spun gold; the eyes were calm, but high-spirited; the mouth and chin were sensitive. Her hands were busy with some sewing, which she gathered up at China's entrance.

"Yvonne," said Windermere, "this is Major Macdonald. You have often heard me speak of him. He was the chaplain of the White Ghurkas. Mrs. Cadwallader," he explained, turning to China, "is keeping house for me. You must remember her husband; he was in the White Ghurkas, and died of wounds received in the same show as I was hit in."

China shook hands gravely. "Of course I remember your husband," he said; "I think I wrote to you at the time of his death telling you how much we all thought of him."

Mrs. Cadwallader acknowledged the receipt of the letter, which, she said, had been a great source of comfort to her at the time. Then, pleading the excuse of house-work, she withdrew, and left the two men to themselves.



For a few minutes after her departure, the conversation turned on those friendly inquiries usual with men who have not met within a period of time. But a trace of nervous volubility persisted in Windermere's manner; and even China was conscious of a sense of restraint, due mainly to a desire on his part to avoid treading on embarrassing ground.

At last, however, Windermere's innocent query as to where China was staying let the cat out of the bag.

"The rectory," said China succinctly.

Windermere smiled a wry smile. "I'm afraid you will have heard little good about us there. The rector and I are hardly on cordial terms. He tried to interfere in my domestic arrangements—said some very uncalled-for things about Mrs. Cadwallader—and I'm afraid I was rather rude to him. If he hadn't been an old man, I'd have been a damn sight ruder."

"Yes," admitted China, "the rector told me something about your—ah—disagreement." Then, with that directness which was one of his most engaging characteristics, he added, "I hope he was entirely in the wrong."

Windermere, sitting huddled in an easy chair with his crutches nursed beside him, paused before replying. He seemed to be debating within himself how much or how little he should say. But the pause was only momentary. Looking up at China's rough, impassive face, he began to speak, at first slowly and jerkily, then with gathering ease and vehemence:

"I'm not an authority on ethics, Padre. Your ideas are perhaps different from mine. You may consider that the rector was right. Perhaps he was. God knows it hasn't been easy for me to decide what I ought to do. There have been so many things to consider—practical as well as theoretical. No one knows better than I do that there are objections to my present course of action. The worst of it is that it is hard on Yvonne. She is avoided like a German spy by some of the pretended Christians of this

place. But we have made up our minds to do what we are doing, and our consciences are quite easy and clear about it.

"Let me tell you how we are situated. You will remember that poor old Cadwallader and I were both hit in the show at the Orchard. I was, I think, hit worse than he was; but with him gas gangrene set in, and he died at the clearing station. I was in the next bed to him, and before he died he gave me some messages and one thing and another to give to his wife. He made me promise to go and see her, and help her if I could. I think he was worried about her and the youngster; he had no private means, and he must have realized that the pension of a subaltern's widow would not see her very far. When I told him that I would see she was looked after, and that he was not to worry, he seemed more contented. Not long after that he went west.

"As soon as I was sent back to England, I wrote to her, sent her his messages, and told her about his death—how easy and peaceful it was, and that sort of thing. Then when I was transferred to hospital in Canada, I got leave and came out to St. Kitts to see her. I found her living in this cottage, which was the cheapest place she could rent. I asked her how she was getting along, and at first she swore up and down that she was getting along quite alright. But I knew from what Cadwallader had told me that she must be pretty hard-up. On questioning her more closely, I found that she was really being worried sick about making ends meet. She was behind in her payments to the tradesmen, and she was too proud to ask for help. I went around to the tradesmen, and paid off her arrears; and, greatly against her will, I made an arrangement with her landlord by which her rent bill was sent to me. I was still at that time on army pay; and being in hospital, I did not have much to spend my money on.

"When I came out of hospital, and was given my discharge from the



army, Yvonne asked me to come and stay here. I had no other place to go, for my people are all dead; so I came; and I have stayed on here ever since. Indeed, I haven't had much choice. As you can see, I'm not good for much. Some days I am better than on others; but I couldn't, unless my health improves very much, undertake a steady job. My pension is all I have to come and go on; and to tell you the sober truth, I do not think I could live on it. On the other hand, Yvonne and the youngster cannot live on their pension. The only way we can make ends meet is by pooling our resources and living under one roof. Even so, it's not all beer and skittles."

Silence fell between the two men. Windermere, his lower lip thrust out, ruminated apparently on the problems of existence; China Macdonald, his face still grave and impassive, turned over in his mind the various aspects of the situation which Windermere had unfolded. It was a situation in which he found the old familiar landmarks of little use.

It was China who broke the spell.

"Do you mind," he asked, "if I ask a question or two?"

"Not at all," said Windermere. Then with a grim smile, "Now that I'm in the confessional, I may as well go through with it."

China cannot have enjoyed the thrust about the confessional, but he was not to be turned aside.

"Do you mind," he went on, inexorable as a prosecuting counsel, "telling me what your feelings are towards Mrs. Cadwallader?"

Windermere looked him straight in the eye. "There is nothing I would not do," he said briefly, "to make her happy."

"Then," said China bluntly, "why not get married?"

Windermere looked at him in amazement, and then burst into discordant laughter.

"My dear old Padre, do you mean to tell me that you have been all these years in the army, and yet you do not know that when a soldier's widow

marries again, she loses her pension?

No, no, that is not the solution. Why, we should be on the street in a month. Thanks, old man, but I prefer the frying-pan to the fire."

China, a bit shame-faced, admitted having overlooked this aspect of the situation; but, unwilling to admit himself routed, he returned to the attack with a further question.

"Are you quite sure that there is nothing you could do to supplement your pension, so that you could assume the financial responsibility of your household?"

Windermere shook his head. "The trouble about that plan is that if you show any capacity for earning money, the Pensions Board is liable, I hear, to come along and reduce the amount of your pension. But if there is any way in which I could earn a living, I should be only too glad to hear about it. The doctors tell me that if I try office work I shall in all probability have a break-down, and manual labour is obviously out of the question."

China rose and stood before the fire-place. His great, rough figure seemed to dominate the room.

"I don't want you to think," he said, "that I don't appreciate fully the difficulties—the great difficulties—you have to face. If I had my way, chaps like you would be removed from the thought of want for the rest of their lives. But unfortunately I am not in control of the Canadian House of Commons; I am even debarred at present from expressing publicly my opinion of that body, or what it ought or ought not to do. We can only at present take things as we find them. And if I were in your position, I think I would strain every nerve—I would leave no stone unturned—I would move heaven and earth—to find some way of earning a competency. You owe it to Mrs. Cadwallader to do this; you owe it to her small child, who will some day grow up and be your judge. Remember, nothing is farther from my mind than to blame you. Had I been in your position, I dare say I would have done very much



what you have done. But I wouldn't stop there. I would not rest until I could snap my fingers at anything the Pension Board could do."

He stopped. Windermere drew a long breath, and seemed lost in reverie. He had often traversed this ground in thought before, but he had seen it with the eyes of a valetudinarian. Now he began to see it with the eyes of one of the most vigorous personalities in the Canadian Corps; he seemed in touch again with the spirit that had animated his old companions in the White Ghurkas.

"You are right," he said. "Never say die. What do you suggest?"

China was on the point of outlining various possibilities which occurred to him on the spur of the moment, when the door opened, and Mrs. Cadwallader came in to announce that the evening meal—"I can hardly call it dinner," she said—was ready, and that they would be glad if Major Macdonald would stay and partake of their humble fare.

China was immediately all apologies for having stayed so late, and was for taking his departure immediately. But Windermere would not hear of his going, professed that he would be deeply aggrieved if he did not stay; and China allowed himself to be persuaded, not without an inward tremour as to what the old rector would have to say when he found that his guest had been breaking bread in the house of sin.

The conversation at dinner flickered about the old days in France and Flanders. China Macdonald, who was always in good form at the dinner-table, recounted with gusto the later history of certain worthies in the White Ghurkas whom Windermere had known, but had lost track of; and Windermere threw light on one or two passages of battalion history with which China was imperfectly familiar. Mrs. Cadwallader listened at first in silence, and China thought that he detected in her a strain of antagonism, unexpressed and unformulated, toward himself;

but as the meal progressed, her manner became less reserved. China would have liked to discover what her attitude would be toward the suggestions he had made to Windermere; but the matter was too delicate for him to broach on his own initiative, and Windermere studiously avoided any reference to it. China, therefore, limited himself to mere table-talk, striving only to convey to Mrs. Cadwallader, in his blunt way, the impression that he was above all her friend and Windermere's.

It was not until he was taking his departure that China found an opportunity to pick up the threads of his conversation with Windermere where they had been dropped. Windermere walked out with him to the garden gate, moving slowly on his crutches; and China immediately plunged into his interrupted argument.

"A number of possible openings occur to me," he said, "none of them perhaps entirely satisfactory. You might be able to take a place as master in a boys' school. The hours there would not be long, and the holidays would be *déjà quelque chose*. Unfortunately, the pay would be poor. We might find something in the civil service that would suit you. Or perhaps you might set up in some sort of business, the oversight of which would not be too great a tax on you. These are just possibilities that occur to me. They'll have to be looked into more closely. But you may depend upon this, if any capital is necessary to start you up, it will be forthcoming, and if there is anything I can do, it will be done. I shall think things over to-night. I'll come around and see you to-morrow, and perhaps then I shall have some new ideas."

The two men gripped hands in the darkness, and parted.

When China returned to the rectory, he found the rector in the library. As he sat down in the leather armchair by the fireplace, where often in the old days before the war he had sat in fear and humility, his



manner had lost all trace of that of the curate of St. Kitts; it was rather the manner of the Senior Chaplain of the *n*th Canadian Division, that of a person set in authority.

"I have been at Windermere's," he announced abruptly. "He wants to marry Mrs. Cadwallader, but can't finance it. If she marries she loses her pension. His motives throughout have been of the best. He promised Mrs. Cadwallader's husband before he died to look after her. I want you to help me to find him something suitable to do, so that he can manage to get married."

The rector removed his spectacles, and placed them between the leaves of the book he was reading.

"It seems to me," he observed austere, "that the proper thing for Mr. Windermere to do is to get married first, and then ask for help afterwards."

"He is not asking for help," snapped China; "it is I who am insisting on his taking it. I don't regard him as at all in the wrong. What's wrong is our criminal pension arrangements. Here are two young people, one of whom has lost his health in the service of his country, a complete cripple, the other of whom has lost her husband and sole means of support; and their grateful country provides them with pittances on which neither of them can support a decent existence. They ought to be lapped in luxury for the rest of their lives. When I think of them, and when I compare them with the able-bodied war profiteers and their wives, whom one sees rolling about in opulent motor-cars, people to whom this war has meant nothing but gain, I confess I see red. The source of the unfortunate position in which Windermere and Mrs. Cadwallader find themselves does not lie in any fault of theirs; it lies in the shameful injustice of their treatment by the Government of this country. I am not able to change the laws of the land; but I intend to do what I can in this case to mitigate their pernicious effects."

"But," expostulated the rector, "the laws of the land have not compelled these two people to live together as though they were man and wife."

"That is precisely what they have done, and at the same time they have made it impossible for them to obtain the consecration of marriage by the Church. It is only by living together that they can pay their way; but if they marry, they lose half their source of livelihood, meagre as that is."

"I admit," said the rector, "that it is a difficult and unusual case. Perhaps I have been hasty in judging it. I am glad to discover that there are what the lawyers call extenuating circumstances. But I find it difficult to compromise with sin, wherever I meet it. What do you want me to do in the case?"

"To try and discover some means by which Windermere can earn a living. He is useless for manual labour, and he cannot stand long hours in an office or constant application."

"What education has he had?"

"He was a student at the law school when the war broke out."

"Then he must have had a fair schooling at least." The rector hesitated. "I should suggest that he should try writing. In my younger days, I used to obtain a very respectable addition to my income by writing occasional articles; and the market for such compositions is better to-day than it was then. Even if one has but average talent, one can always make money by writing boiler-plate; and if one has exceptional ability, there is always the chance of catching the public ear, and doing very well by oneself. They tell me that some publications nowadays pay fabulous prices for articles and stories. It is, of course, a precarious life; Sir Walter Scott used to say that literature was a good stick, but a poor crutch. But it might be worth while for your friend to try it. I could perhaps give him some letters of introduction to publishers and editors."



China, who knew how difficult it was for the old rector to make even this concession, and who had indeed almost despaired of enlisting the old man's assistance at all, thanked him heartily; and shortly afterwards the family gathered in the sitting-room of the rectory for evening prayers.

The next morning China Macdonald made his way through the town again to Windermere's cottage. In the front garden he found Mrs. Cadwallader cutting some flowers. She still wore black; but the morning sun shining on her fair hair and white skin, against the background of the rich colours of the garden, gave her a charming air. China admitted to himself the naturalness of Windermere's course of action.

As he came in the gateway, he wished her good morning, and asked for Windermere.

"He is in the kitchen," she said, laughing, "peeling the potatoes. Your visit last night has bucked him up wonderfully, and he is full of energy this morning." She shot a glance at the house, and then continued in a lower voice, "And I think you took the right line with him last night. He told me something of what you said. I would gladly do my share, even by taking in washing, if only we could get free of this wretched pension question. I begin to believe that pensions bring a curse with them. What do you think? But of course I dare not say anything like this to poor old Windy, for fear of upsetting him. He worries himself sick about things, as it is."

"I have great hopes," said China, "that we shall be able to find something that he can do. Has he ever done any writing?"

"I have done my best to get him to try writing some stories; and he has actually made one or two attempts, which I thought awfully good. But he tears up everything he writes—says it is dishwater, or bilge, or something like that—and won't make any effort to get it published."

"That's the artistic temperament,"

said China; and he made his way through to the kitchen.

Windermere looked up from his menial task as China entered. He was apparently in great good humour.

"Like all crocks," he laughed, "I am put on cook-house fatigue."

"Nonsense," retorted China, "you asked the sergeant-major to put you on this fatigue because you like it."

"Perhaps you're right. But what duty have you come to warn me for now? I can see in your eye the look of the orderly sergeant when he comes around and says, 'You're for guard to-night!'"

"You do me an injustice. I could never achieve the manner of an orderly sergeant. But I have one or two proposals which I should like you to think over. In the first place, have you ever done any writing?"

"Nothing to talk about."

"Why not try your hand at it?"

"What could I write about?"

"You could do some stuff about the war; there is quite a demand for that sort of thing."

"You forget that it is some time since I was at the war, and anything I could write would be hopelessly out of date."

"Well, then, write about the problems of demobilization and reconstruction."

"I don't know anything about them."

China lost his temper. "Then write about the pensions system," he snapped. "You know something about that."

Windermere paused in the midst of a potato. "By Jove, Padre," he exclaimed, "do you know, I think I could do something along that line."

"Write a novel," went on China, anxious to make hay while the sun shone. "I'll guarantee to find you a publisher, or else I'll help you to publish it on your own account."

But Windermere was not listening to him. With the potato knife in one hand and a half-peeled potato in the other, he was gazing out of the kitchen window as though he saw a vision.

This is the story that China MacDonald told me. He showed me also some newspaper clippings which he carried in his pocket-book. Some of them were book-reviews of *The Pensioners*; and all of these expressed curiosity as to the identity of the anonymous author, whom they hailed with one accord as a new luminary

in the literary firmament. Another was a cutting from the Social Column of the *St. Kitts Observer*. It bore the caption,

WINDERMERE—CADWALLADER.

When I returned these clippings to China, he replaced them in his pocket-book with scrupulous care.

## THE BRIDE

By CHRISTINE TURNER CURTIS

HOW you would love this windy field; these walls  
 Strung like gray globous beads; this crunching moss,  
 Where the keen upland breezes whisk across,  
 And that delicious way the landscape lolls

To southward! How your eager eyes would go  
 Skimming down to the little grassy bowl  
 Where lifts a satin roof-line, and a scroll,  
 Filmy and winding, of the apple-snow!

Then would you turn to me your rippling gaze,  
 And mirrored there would be, sun-silvered roof,  
 Plum tree and pond and garden—all the woof  
 We dreamed together in the careless days

Before war came and marked you for its own,  
 And snatched you up and hurried you away,  
 And left me in the empty bloom of May,  
 Here on these windy pasture lands, alone.



# MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

## CHAPTER IX



LIFE and the attraction of life! Always until we find another force as mighty, will the big cities take their toll. The young, the eager, the hope-driven are hers for the asking. Like some great, heedless foster-mother she gathers them all, wanted and unwanted; using what she can, supremely careless of the rest. There is always room, for there is always growth. Life pours into her because of the life she holds.

Back in the country places and little towns Nature sits with puckered brow and wonders why her children leave her. "Am I not beautiful and bountiful and very kind?" she muses. "Do I not give my sons and daughters fresh, untainted air and winds of morning? Do I not spread my skies with turquoise and pure gold, carpet my fields with emerald and bedew my grass with diamonds? Do I not bring forth plentifully, tempting my own with fruits and seedlings? Yet the young who should sow my seed and eat of my fruit desert me for a barren heritage. Under curtains of smoke they sit; when they walk their pathways are of stone. They breathe poison and drink strange waters. What I have given they squander; what I would still give they disdain!"

So, for a while, neglected Nature muses and then, if still ignored, turns to her own purposes and forgets. The trees leaf, the streams run and all the growing things push upward whether

one eye or a thousand be there to see. Only when left too long unhusbanded will Nature take her just revenge. Let man forsake her utterly and he finds himself forsaken. Life that will not live with her finds that without her there is no life. Left with no one but herself to care for Nature will go back to the old ways, the ways she loves the best—the tangled vine, the matted wood, the long lush grass—all the waste, the riot and the beauty of the wild. Then man in his man-made cities will hunger and, hungering, will turn to her begging to be taken back a son once more.

Such would be the logic of the case but it is logic which is never strictly tested. There are always those who stay behind. Our fields are sown, our harvests are brought in, our fruits are gathered. The city roars on, undisturbed, certain of being fed somehow, by some one. And still its hidden magic draws the young and the eager unto it—and always will!

So, with the passage of a few swift years, it is in the city that we look for David and, presently, for Rosme also. Frances and Miss Mattie and Angus Greig are of those who stay behind. . .

Mrs. Carr's boarding-house on Arbutus Street was both comfortable and select. That is to say, the house was comfortable and Mrs. Carr was select. She was a frosty person with a grim eye. Her aspect was calm, her mouth tight and her nose suspicious. Long ago there had been a Mr. Carr but he departed to a better world and



left no traces. Perhaps he realized that Mrs. Carr had been intended by the discerning fates to be the widowed keeper of a select boarding-house. Her eye alone had marked her out for this. It was a light, blue eye, slightly prominent. The unworthy, the dubious, the soiled, the insolvent shrank from that eye. If the angel who guarded Eden had had an eye like that he would not have needed a drawn sword. This is why the boarding-house was as select as it was comfortable. No doubtful Adam or sinning Eve ever got past Mrs. Carr. No shadiness of any kind had she ever tolerated, no bad debts, no strugglers. Even the attics were tenanted by young gentlemen students of unquestioned solvency.

It was through one of these young gentlemen that David Greig was introduced at Mrs. Carr's. David was now in his fourth university year and it happened that he was temporarily without a boarding-house owing to his last landlady having been sold out. David's friend explained this to Mrs. Carr and spoke warmly in his favour as a possible boarder. David was, he declared with enthusiasm, "A good old scout though a bit nutty".

"Nutty?" Mrs. Carr wished to know in what way the young man was nutty.

"Oh, a kind of quiet chap. Not much pep. But the best ever. Messes around a bit—makes things, you know."

"Makes things! In his room?"

"Certainly in his room. He couldn't make 'em on the front veranda, could he?"

Frost spread a film over the prominent blue eyes. Their owner was sorry to turn away any friend of Mr. Fish but it hardly seemed as if this particular friend were entirely suited to a select establishment.

"Better see him anyway!" Mr. Fish was young and persistent. "I'll trot him around to-night."

Trot him around he did and with them trotted Miss Mattie, who had come down to Toronto for this very

purpose. She had gently insisted on having a voice in the choosing of David's new boarding-house, having been completely horrified by the last one. Left to himself she felt sure he would settle down in the first room which displayed a card and whose landlady seemed to need the money. Miss Mattie felt much sympathy for people who needed money but she was determined that they should not acquire it at the expense of David's meals. She had inspected Mrs. Carr's from the outside and she had liked the appearance of its curtains. A house-keeper who kept her curtains crisp and white like that *in the city* must be of the right sort. Nor were grim eyes and frosty aspect sufficient to change this opinion, for these things may belong to accident while crisp curtains belong to character.

"You say that the landlady may object to David's scientific experiments?" she said when David's friend had reported. "Don't worry at all about that. I shall arrange it. A little tact is all that is necessary."

The preliminary sparring was brief, for almost at once Miss Mattie had expressed herself as satisfied and asked to be shown the rooms.

Mrs. Carr replied that there were no rooms. There was one room only. A vacancy of any kind was most unusual.

"Then we will look at that room," smiled Cousin Mattie.

"I am very particular——".

Miss Mattie waved her hand graciously. "That is why we wish to see the room." She said "If you will be so good——"

Mrs. Carr was so good. She did not seem able to be otherwise. Miss Mattie, in the pursuit of David's comfort, was something in the nature of an irresistible force. The vacant room was displayed and inspected. It was a large, light room built over the kitchen and looking out on the neatly kept back garden. Miss Mattie sniffed delicately and wondered if the smell of dinner would interfere with David's appetite.



David said that it would be a good thing if something interfered with it, but he had small hope. Besides, he liked the room. He liked the bowed window looking out on the prim garden. He liked the fat black cat which walked along the fence and he liked being over the kitchen best of all, "for", he said, "they'll be making such a racket themselves that they won't mind if I do hammer a bit."

"Hammer!" The horror in Mrs. Carr's voice might well have quenched the boldest, but it had no effect at all upon Miss Mattie.

"So tactless of you, Davy dear!" she murmured, fingering the sheets to test their quality. Then, waving the tactless one out of the room, she turned her whole attention to the matter of negotiation.

When the ladies emerged shortly afterwards Miss Mattie, bright eyed and calm, announced victory. The room was engaged, the rate of board settled, various little improvements arranged for; permission to replace the double-bed by a small single one and to add a large and solid table, such a table as would permit of a small amount of hammering without danger to the room's furniture. It was also stipulated that there should be no explosions.

How David's cousin Mattie managed this I do not know. If I did I shouldn't be so foolish as to tell it in a book. Manage it she did and without any visible scars of conflict. Mrs. Carr also seemed unharmed though somewhat dazed. Her light, blue eyes focused themselves upon her newest boarder with an inquiring stare. A stare under which the newest boarder blushed and wished to goodness Cousin Mattie had let him choose his own boarding-house!

Yet had he known it, David Greig need not have been embarrassed by any woman's scrutiny. Mrs. Carr would have needed to deny her sex altogether if she had not warmed a little toward the fine upstanding young man who blushed so easily. David had never possessed the beauty

of regular features, nor did he have it now but he had the fresh, clear skin of his boyhood without its freckles, and he had eyes gray and dark, with a sparkle like the gleam of sun on dark sea-water. Besides this there was already showing more than a hint of that power which we call personality — that marvel which, apart from any training or lack of it, singles a man out from all his million fellows. Some men have so little of it that they are lost indistinguishably in the mass, while for others it is as a two-edged sword forever dividing the way before them. Such men, whatever their trend, are likely to find themselves among the pathmakers of mankind.

But David was too young and too modest to think of path-making yet. He considered himself somewhat disappointed. He had made for himself no shining mark during his progress through school and university. He slipped through it all with an air of detachment which annoyed his masters exceedingly and was, to say the least, unusual in a university where nearly everyone was placed and ticketed. To the oft-repeated question, "What are you going to *be*?" David had never yet returned any more satisfactory reply than "Oh, let a fellow learn a little first".

"All very well, Greig," remarked a professor loftily. "Only don't cast about too long. Remember the dog and the shadow."

"Sensible dog!" murmured David, "I always have admired him."

The only one whose expectations he feared to disappoint was Angus, and Angus, fortunately, was gifted with patience and understanding. When, after some years of school life, he had come to him with a poor report and a shy statement "I don't want to study, I want to make things", Angus had pooh-poohed his small rebellion. He had pointed out that the study comes first, the making after. And with much insight he had tried to find out just what it was that David wanted to



make. But David couldn't tell him much except that he wanted to make "something new".

"You would like to be an inventor, David"? he asked gravely, and the boy's sudden blush told him that he had said the magic word.

The ambition had grown with David's growth but at the time of his initiation into the selectness of Mrs. Carr's establishment, it was known only to Angus and guessed at by Miss Mattie and Mr. William Carter Fish.

Mr. Fish was the friend who had introduced David to Mrs. Carr. He occupied the front attic and was known in the house and to his intimates outside as "Silly Billy" or "Fresh Fish". Mr. Fish had a warm heart and no head worth mentioning. Also he had the unique misfortune of looking like his name. "Fish" is hardly a name one would chose in any case but when it accompanies a wide and drooping mouth, inclined to open unexpectedly, and eyes a shade too far apart, its possession may well spell tragedy. Luckily, Billy was not built on tragic lines. The ragging of heartless students he took with equanimity. It was only when the equally heartless Fair participated that Billy was really hurt. For Billy adored the Fair. It was his occupation in life.

David, on the contrary, did not care for girls, neither did Billy care for "making things", hence each was free to bore the other to his heart's content. Friendship is a curious thing; there is a lot of good, healthy boredom connected with it. When Billy talked girls, David yawned and begged him to "come out of it". When David talked engines Billy closed his fishy eyes and frankly went to sleep. Or, if the exposition had been too impassioned to allow of slumber, he was always ready with some cooling remark such as "But you'll never be able to pull it off, old thing. Invention takes brains!"

David settled into the select atmosphere of Mrs. Carr's with scarcely a ripple. He was generally voted a nice young fellow. Miss Walker, a maiden

lady of independent means who occupied the left front and was known as "pancake" on account of her extreme flatness, called him "dear boy". Mr. Worsnop, right front, who was middle-aged and "something in gas", referred to him as "that nice young Greig, so modest and unassuming, exactly what I used to be at his age".

"Got over it nicely, hasn't he?" whispered Mr. Martin to the next-at-table.

Mr. Martin had the room behind Mr. Worsnop. He was a smart young man. At present he was only a stenographer but he hoped soon to be private secretary to Some one, and one of these days, given decent luck, he hoped to be Some one himself. It was his opinion that David was a "superior young ass". At least that is what he told Miss Sims who, with her friend Miss Weeks, roomed across the hall, and whose opinions (of other young men) Mr. Martin was trying to form.

"Is he?" said Miss Sims. She cast one glance at David under cover of her long, straight lashes and then she giggled.

"He is funny," agreed Mr. Martin. "I often feel like laughing when I look at him."

Miss Sims giggled again. Then she stopped giggling abruptly for the new boarder was looking her way and she had already possessed herself of the knowledge that he didn't admire giggles. Her room-mate, Miss Weeks, known as "Bunny" on account of an odd resemblance to a white rabbit, sighed openly and wished to goodness that old Icebox (Mrs. Carr) had seated Mr. Greig on her side of the table instead of in the far-off corner next to Pancake.

"She'll make him so sick with her 'dear boy' that he'll leave before any of the rest of us get a look in," she prophesied gloomily.

But David showed no signs of leaving. He didn't mind the "dear boy". He didn't mind anything very much. As a background, he found Mrs. Carr's very pleasant and interesting



and in the foreground there was always his work—the most fascinating work in the fascinating world. Under his shy diffidence burned an eager fire—to find and to make, to analyze, to assemble, to create. To make new things out of old, to find lost secrets, to trail strange clues!

“What more, Billy,” cried David glowing, “what more could a man possibly desire?—*nothing*.”

Mr. Fish, whose gentle slumbers over a text-book had been thus rudely interrupted, looked up with the amused tolerance of a seasoned worldling.

“What more?” he repeated, “what more?—Gadzooks—the infant asks *what more?*”

## CHAPTER X

David had been settled at Mrs. Carr's for almost a month when one morning he awoke with a tingling sense of the perfect rightness of everything. His first glance was for his work-table, a half hesitating glance as if he feared its solid proportions might have melted into nothing over night. The sight of it sent a warm glow curling along his spine. Any one who has ever made a new thing will understand this glow. It is known as the joy of creation and is, perhaps, humanity's tiny share of the great Glow of God when, having made the world, He “saw that it was good”.

David sat up and hugged his knees. Last night, working late, he had discovered something! It was a little thing, a tiny thing indeed, but what true inventor does not know the tremendous importance of the little? David knew very well that this small thing which he had found was as indispensable in the execution of his perfected scheme as the largest thing of all. More so indeed since it was the pivot on which the whole idea swung. Therefore he hugged his knees and felt extraordinarily happy.

He felt also very virtuous and this in spite of the fact that he had neglected every ordinary duty for the past week, lectures and letters home

included. Even meals had been forgotten; this to the cold astonishment of Mrs. Carr. Many and varied kinds of boarders had she known but a boarder who did not eat the meals he paid for was, to use the words of Mr. Fish, “a new one on her”. David wasn't sure whether he had had dinner last night or not but in any case, to judge by his present feelings, he would be able to even things up at breakfast. And in the meantime he would turn over and go to sleep again. But just as a reminder that no one sleeps to himself, a bang on the door was followed by the ungracefully hurried entrance of Mr. William Carter Fish. The disturber wore a green dressing-gown, which error of taste made him more startlingly like his name than ever, and, like Cinderella, had lost a slipper.

“Terribly narrow shave getting here!” panted he, “stepped on the squeaky board third step from top and old Icebox was out in a twinkling. Nearly had me spotted, by Jove! I don't believe that dashed woman ever sleeps! I could almost hear that frozen sherbet voice of hers, ‘No dressing-gowns allowed in the corridors, Mr. Fish, if you please!’”

“Well, you see she has to consider the rest of us,” said David—“oh, don't stint yourself, have another!” For in his agitation Mr. Fish had absent-mindedly appropriated a small handful of his host's best cigarettes.

“Thanks, I will. Say David, old thing, are you specially nice this morning?”

“I'm not sure,” said David cautiously. “It depends on what it is.”

“Oh, it's nothing much, something very pleasant, really. It's a girl. No,” hastily, as David disappeared into his pillow, “it's not the one you took last time. This one is much nicer. Girl you never saw before. Lovely creature. She wants to go to a show.”

The submerged David raised a hand “Take her,” he permitted graciously.

“Yes, but—you see I'm taking another girl. And this girl has to come



along—kind of a trailer. Staying there, duty to guest and all that. Now this other girl and me—well it's important. You'll know what I mean when I tell you it's Mary Fox I'm taking. Now this other girl——"

"Nothing doing! Besides, the last time you spoke of Mary Fox you said you and she were definitely off."

"Yes, I know. So we were. But Mary didn't really mean it. Any way she said she would go to the show to-night if she could bring along this little friend. The friend's a peach, really. She's a kind of remarkable girl. Just the kind you like."

"Ever met her?"

"No—o. But she's the kind you don't have to meet in order to appreciate."

"Thanks. That is the kind I like. I'll do my appreciating at a distance. What I want to get next to is my breakfast. Vanish! And go canny on the stairs. You'll make a scandal in this house, yet."

"No, but Greig—I say, David—you'll see a fellow through, won't you? You see I was so sure you would I just invited 'em. Don't you really want to meet a perfectly nice girl?"

Denial trembled on David's eyes and lips, but—after all he had earned a holiday. "What colour hair has she?" he asked thoughtfully.

"What kind do you like?"

"Red," said David, caught by the quickness of Billy's strategy.

"Well, that's what her's is. Red, brick-red! The reddest hair I ever saw—you have to wear green glasses as a protec——"

A well-aimed pillow smashed harmlessly against the door of his retreat but a suppressed "Och"! from outside showed that the insulter had not escaped quite unscathed. Some one, with boots, had trodden upon his Cinderella toes.

Then the door, jammed by the fallen pillow, was pushed slowly open and the person with boots squeezed through. He proved to be a young man in a gray tweed suit. A very spick and span young man and so

slender that he squeezed through easily.

"Come right in," said David, "don't mind me. I'm not up yet but the Kings of France always received in pajamas. Did you come in with the milk? What's the row?"

"Person in a green dressing-gown got it's foot stepped on. As for the milk, if it has as hard a time getting in as I had, no wonder it turns sour. Truth is I didn't intend to be here for an hour yet. Beastly trick of that gay lad Matheson! Got hold of my watch last night and saved some daylight on it. I *thought* there was something wrong with the sun, but then, suns are so erratic. I say, that landlady of yours is the coldest thing since last Christmas. I gather she doesn't approve of saving daylight?"

David groaned. "Between you and Silly Billy I'll be turned out of this house. And it's the only decent place I've struck in years. You're not a bit welcome."

"Oh, I don't mind that," cheerfully, "what I really want are your notes on the yesterday lecture of old Moses. I was, ahem, unfortunately among those unable to be present."

David sat up, "I, also, was unavoidably absent," he said gravely.

"You? no—really? Then I'm done! But you, of all people! Who was she?"

"She—wasn't."

"No? Oh well, I'm not curious."

"It wasn't a girl, stupid. I was working."

"Oh yes, I forgot, you do work occasionally. Queer idea! What do you work at anyway? Is it over there on that table?"

David was out of bed in an instant.

"Hands off!" He shouted and so urgent was the note of warning in his voice that the hands of the other halted in surprise above the queer-looking jumble on the work-table.

"Why so hasty, brother?" he chided. "Does it explode if it's touched?"

"No, but I do," grinned David. "Just you leave it alone like a good fellow. Take a cigarette, take a lot, take two."



Murray Willard laughed as he accepted the peace offering. He was not deeply interested in David's work. He was never deeply interested in anything which had not directly to do with Murray Willard. But his curiosity had been aroused by David's quite unusual perturbation.

"Keeping it dark, are you?" he inquired lightly. "Quite proper, too—as between friends."

David rumbled his hair. It was a trick he had when perplexed. He also blushed. Being a particularly generous person, the implication of ungenerosity embarrassed him. At the same time he did not intend to have his friendship used as a cracksman might use a jimmy. His firm mouth set itself. But he replied good-humouredly.

"When there is anything definite to show I may show it—as between friends."

The other shrugged his shoulders.

He had graceful shoulders and rather cultivated shrugging them.

Besides he knew that when David shut his lips question-askers might just as well close theirs.

"Oh, very well," he said, "but at your age, you know, you really ought to control your complexion. A blush like that is wasted on a mystery—unless it be a mystery in petticoats. And talking about petticoats, there's a rather good-looking one two doors down your hall. She's invisible this morning but I noticed her last time I called. Is this also a case of eyes off, or may one look?"

"Unless the lady herself objects, one may spend one's life in looking?"

"Hardly that. One might get eye-strain. But who is she, anyway?"

"There are two of her," said David laughing. "They room together. One is Miss Sims and one is Miss Weeks. Which did she look like?"

Willard reflected. "Like Miss Sims, I think," he decided. "Queer things names. They so often fit. Nobody knows why. This girl is tall and dusky, walks with an air common to

duchesses and millinery assistants. Her eyes are—er—'slumberous' is the word, I believe. Common of course, but quite effective in her way."

David, who was putting on his tie, had the mortification of seeing his own brilliant blush in the mirror. He hated hearing girls, nice girls, called common. He was also young enough to fear being dubbed a prig by others who were not so particular.

"Touched!" exclaimed Willard delightedly, noting the blush.

"I suppose I'm silly," said David, "but the way you talk of girls gives me a pain."

"Not touched!" decided Willard with a sigh. "As long as you defend the whole sex, my child, you are safe. I'll stay to breakfast and meet Miss Sims myself."

"Sorry, but I'm afraid you won't. Not I, but mine landlady protests. *Proper notice for all extra meals and no visitors allowed at any time for breakfast, Mr. Greig, if you please!*" It is a fiat. But if you are serious, I will ask Miss Sims if she would care to meet you. Something might be arranged."

"Heavens, no!" in genuine alarm. "She would suspect me of intentions at once. And one thing I never have is intentions. You see, I know her type. A fiver to a nickel she works in Drummonds?"

"She does," David was genuinely surprised. "She has a good position there. Head of the showroom or assistant head or something. Hats, you know. But I can't see how you guessed."

"The air, my son. All the Drummond girls have it. It is an asset of the store; kind of missing-heiress effect combined with a pity-your-ignorance-poor-thing attitude. It gets them every time. Even the hardened shopper with ideas of her own becomes quite docile under it."

"Well," said David politely, "will you please go home. I'm hungry."

"Kind and thoughtful host, consider me gone. But before I go let me

give you a real tid-bit. That pretty Mary Fox that Fresh Fish is taking around, said last night, in public, that you looked like me, only that I was—ahem! Modesty forbids me to proceed.”

They both laughed and went out into the hall together. It was coincidence of course that Miss Sims should be emerging from her room at just that moment. David she greeted with a dazzling smile.

“We’re all early this morning, Mr. Greig. I do hope I did not disturb you badly in the night.”

“Disturb me?” David repeated the words blankly, then, maddened into embarrassment by joyous pokes of the delighted Willard, “I—er—certainly not—not at all!”

“My cough,” explained Miss Sims serenely. “Poor Bunny had scarcely a moment of sleep, I’m sure, had you, Bunny?”

Miss Weeks who had joined them

on the stairs confirmed this with a languid nod.

David managed to murmur that it was too bad, but as most of his energy was occupied in propelling Mr. Murray Willard toward the front door, the ladies may well have found his sympathy perfunctory.

Not until they were safely landed on the front steps and with the door shut did he release a formidable hold of his visitor’s arm. And then he wished he hadn’t, for Murray, weak with mirth, collapsed upon the top step.

“Oh, gentle youth!” he murmured. “Oh, my young innocence—what a shock I got. David, David——” but further comment was cut short by a vigorous push which, the top step being slippery, proved entirely satisfactory.

David turned back to the house.

“That girl’s a fool,” he said to himself as he went in to breakfast.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE HARMONY OF SILENCE

By FLORENCE O’CONNOR

THERE is a subtler harmony than sound can know,  
 A harmony of light and colour taught  
 By Nature in her silences and distances,  
 The far-off mountain crowned with the snow,  
 Mist-draped and all in beauteous colours wrought,  
 The gray-blue trees, the brooklet’s brilliances;  
 A harmony of motion and repose,  
 The birches’ slender whiteness in the dawn,  
 Or green, drooped plumage by the riverside,  
 The dandelion and the swaying rose,  
 The winging bird and the shy, cropping fawn,  
 The tree-top winds through varying greens that glide,  
 The sky of sapphire and the rippling lawn—  
 These potent charms in Nature’s silent spell,  
 The rhapsodies of sky and hill and dell,  
 The loveliest ecstasies of sound excell.





THE OLD HOMESTEAD

Photograph by  
Edith S. Watson





# FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

## I

**I**N Ontario we have a Liberal party, a Conservative party, a Farmers' party, and a Labour party. New parties denounce the old political organizations with exceeding fervour and brand partisanship as the sin for which there is no forgiveness here or hereafter. But the farmers' organization will not permit its adherents to have even christian communion with any other group while the Labour party will have no dealing with a Labour Unionist who enters into fellowship with any other political body even if he adheres to the Labour platform. The thought intrudes that the new groups have a partisanship at least as exacting as the older organizations. Apparently the evils of partisanship lie in devotion to the cause to which one is opposed. This is not said in reproach but with simple devotion to historical truth and in grateful appreciation of the eccentricities of mankind. One who reads political speeches and discovers that where only two parties exist the triumph of either would ruin the country is disturbed at the prospect before a people who are menaced by four parties.

New and old parties.

## II

**T**HERE is much speculation over the votes of women in the Liquor Referendum. In the American States it is generally declared by politicians of long experience that woman suffrage multiplies the vote but that no appeal which is ineffective with male voters is influential with women. It is probably a mistake to think that in the past few women have influenced the votes of their husbands as it is a mistake to think that political differences prevail in many households. At any rate in the American States women are not regarded as a separate factor in public affairs even when what are described as "moral questions" have to be decided in the ballot boxes. In Australia the enfranchisement of women greatly strengthened the Labour party because the wives of the workers voted more freely than the women of other classes. This is not so true in many of the American States where 85 per cent. of the women go to the polls. In the rougher Western States women have been a conservative force in government. By equal suffrage the political influence of married men who constitute the most stable element of the population was doubled and the power of the less responsible elements diminished. In

Women in politics

Utah, one of the first of the American States to have equal suffrage, it is believed the leaders of the Mormon Church were behind the reform in confidence that they could count upon the support of women when the Church was threatened by hostile influences. Nowhere in the United States is it suggested that woman suffrage has produced evil political consequences and that probably will be the experience of Canada. It is apparent also that the bulk of women, despite a common expectation to the contrary, will cast their ballots. Whether or not the general opinion that a greater proportion of women than of men will vote for prohibition is sound may have been determined by the polling in the Referendum.

### III

#### Gratuities for soldiers

THE war has laid a mighty burden upon the nations. In Canada we only begin to realize the magnitude of the obligation. Before the war the national debt was \$333,600,000. It is now \$2,000,000,000. We have to raise an annual revenue of \$400,000,000 as against \$170,000,000. It may be that the situation is not desperate, but it is more serious than the country seems to understand.

Whether we like it or not, we must all work harder, spend less, submit to taxation with equanimity, and avoid controversies which divide classes, produce sectional feeling, decrease production and impede progress. For there is salvation only in greater production and in co-operation between employers and workers, between field and factory, and between governments and people. At the risk of misunderstanding one ventures to suggest that pre-war political quarrels have no profitable relation to the immediate situation and that we can do nothing wiser than to neglect the controversies which the war provoked.

We are told very often that we must have patience with the soldiers. Sometimes perhaps the soldiers feel that they must have patience with us. They made sacrifices such as we cannot understand. They have memories from which they can never escape. At a great price they saved free institutions, and we may not forget. Ingratitude to soldiers is written in the history of every country except perhaps that of the United States and it is natural that the armies of the Great War should resolve to exact decent recognition of their services and sacrifices. In Canada, one believes, there will be no ingratitude, no denial of full compensation for disabilities, no refusal of any appropriation necessary to re-establishment, no neglect of widows and orphans. The bill may be heavy, but it must be paid with grace and gratitude.

Already \$75,000,000 have been paid in gratuities and the total under existing regulations may reach \$125,000,000. The estimate for separation allowances is \$106,000,000. For transportation the expenditure has been \$1,250,000. To settle soldiers on the land over \$32,000,000 have been appropriated. In all, loans have been made by the Soldier Settlement Board to 10,739 veterans, or an average allowance of \$3,040. For agricultural training 34,315 applications have been received and 25,549 have been approved. The annual charge for



pensions will be \$78,000,000. There are heavy expenditures for re-education, which probably will have to be increased.

Over the demand of the Great War Veterans for further gratuities of \$1,000 for all soldiers who saw service in Canada only, of \$1,500 for all who saw service in England only, and of \$2,000 for all who saw service in the trenches there has been much excited controversy. Those who oppose estimate the total amount required to meet the demand at \$954,554,000; those who favour at \$250,000,000. Probably the first estimate is excessive and certainly the second is inadequate. The veterans are not united in support of the full demand, but unquestionably there is strong and general support for further consideration.

Something yet  
for the veterans

There is grave disparity in the treatment accorded to soldiers who adopt farming and those who elect to follow other callings. But many of those whose businesses were destroyed or who had just entered the university in training for the professions find themselves in a very difficult position. They have lost four or five years of the natural period of training. They will be thirty years of age or even older before they can complete their courses. They are not equipped for any avocation at which they can earn a livelihood. Surely many of these must have generous consideration if they are not to go through life handicapped and penalized for heroic services to the State which they defended.

No such acute problem exists in the United States, where at most the soldiers were withdrawn for only two years from their chosen studies and pursuits. In many of its phases the problem may be difficult, but it is impossible to think that the obligation of the State to soldiers in this difficult situation has been fulfilled by the pensions, gratuities and bonuses which have been granted. The country cannot be and will not be required to provide additional gratuities of \$1,000,000,000, but there is something yet to be done before equal treatment will be extended to all classes of veterans, and one can only believe that the Government has the disposition and will have the resource to discover the solution which equity requires and justice demands. There may have been intemperate writing and speaking in the agitation for additional gratuities, but a movement in which there is a principle of justice may not be defeated, although it may be injured, by intemperate advocacy.

#### IV

**I**T cannot be doubted that the National Industrial Conference produced a better understanding between employers and workers in Canada. Upon vital questions discussed there was no agreement, and alike among the leaders of Labour and the leaders of Industry were differences which were not expressed in the resolutions submitted. It is said that too many questions were left unsettled and that too many Commissions of Inquiry were suggested. But in this the Conference revealed its wisdom.

The  
Industrial  
Conference

Take, for example, the demand of the Labour delegates for an eight-hour day. It was admitted as the debate proceeded that a universal eight-hour day for Canada was im-

practicable. To farming, fishing and lumbering the shorter day could not be wisely applied. Possibly there are also groups of industries to which the immediate application of an eight-hour day would be disastrous. In the Bill before the British Parliament to establish the forty-four-hour week farmers, seamen and domestic servants are exempted. Power, too, is taken by agreement with employers and workers to vary its application to other industries, or the Board of Trade may take independent action to establish a shorter day or extend hours of work as conditions may seem to require.

It was not too clearly demonstrated that with the shorter day production is generally maintained. Nor were the Labour delegates pronounced in opposition to over-time and higher wages. It was declared by employers with practical experience that in certain industries where the eight-hour day was satisfactory to employers the workers opposed reduction and even petitioned to have the nine- or ten-hour day with over-time restored. There was force also in the contention of employers that for many industries the eight-hour day would be a doubtful regulation unless a like regulation were also applied to competing industries in the United States. Under all the circumstances, therefore, and since the eight-hour day now prevails in forty-three per cent. of the industries of Canada the Conference could not easily go farther than to recommend investigation in order to determine how the shorter day would affect industries in which a longer day now obtains and what, if any, could not be wisely brought under an eight-hour regulation. Throughout the employers put the emphasis upon production while the Labour group insisted that production would not fall if hours and wages and working conditions were satisfactory.

There was also disagreement over the recognition of Labour Unions and collective bargaining. But here, too, there were significant concessions alike by employers and by the leaders of Labour. It was declared by Mr. Tom Moore on behalf of Labour that collective bargaining did not involve recognition of unions unless such recognition was expressly stipulated in the contract. On the other hand there was full concession by employers of the right of workers to bargain for wages and conditions of service. Practically employers agreed not to oppose the organization of Labour, nor to discriminate against unionists, but refused to bargain only with organized Labour or to establish the closed shop except where the workers or a decisive majority of the workers in a particular industry or group of industries were unionized.

## V

A struggle for  
the closed shop

THE issue over which the Conference divided constitutes the basis of conflict between the United States Steel Corporation and the American Federation of Labour. There is something in the contention that the employees of this Corporation constitute the aristocracy of Labour on this continent. The investigation by the Senate Committee at Washington has disproved or greatly discredited many of the charges of the strike leaders. There is no "slavery" among



the workers. There is no support for the allegations of "brutal treatment". There seems to be little if any intimidation although it is apparent that the Corporation does not encourage the formation of unions among its workers.

The pay sheets of the Corporation carry between 250,000 and 260,000 workmen. The lowest wage paid to unskilled labour is forty-two cents an hour for the first eight hours and time and a half for the last two hours or \$4.62 for a ten-hour day. A few boys receive as low as \$3 a day for light work in the various factories. One roller gets \$32.56 a day and many skilled men draw daily from \$29 to \$32. The general average wage in all the plants, exclusive of salaries to executive officers, administrators and selling agents, is \$6.27 a day or an average of \$5 for unskilled and of \$6.70 for skilled labour. Twenty-eight per cent., or 69,284 men, work twelve hours a day, 102,906 hours and the rest eight hours.

In 1914 in the manufacturing plants the wages averaged \$2.93 a day and in 1919 \$6.27; in the coal and coke plants in 1914 the wages were \$2.74 a day and in 1919 \$5.20. Thus in the manufacturing plants the increase was 114 per cent. and in the coal and coke plants 89.8 per cent. In the iron ore plants the increase was 107.3 per cent. and in the transportation services 85.3 per cent. In all the companies the increase was 108 per cent. To unskilled labour for the ten-hour day the advance was 130 per cent. and for the twelve-hour day 145 per cent. Some of the superintendents receive annual salaries of \$6,000 or \$7,000, although no doubt the chief officers of the Company draw very much larger amounts. The Corporation has expended \$32,000,000 in building houses for workmen, which they purchase on easy payments or rent at one per cent. on the investment. The property of the Corporation is valued at \$2,250,000,000. There is common stock of \$505,000,000, preferred stock of \$350,000,000 and bonds of \$600,000,000, and many of the employees are stockholders in the Corporation.

Big increases  
in wages

In face of the figures it is difficult to believe that the United States Steel Corporation deals ungenerously with Labour and yet easy to understand that the American Federation regards the Corporation as the very bulwark of the open shop in the United States. In his evidence before the Senate Committee Mr. Gary, Chairman of the Board, declared that there was no impediment to organization within the factories, and that the management was always ready to confer with committees of its own workmen. But he would not recognize the Federation of Labour or concede the right of outside agents to interfere between the Corporation and its employees.

This was very much the position of many employers at the Ottawa Conference. They offered no objection to plant councils. Indeed, they fully admitted the wisdom, the justice and the advantage of conference and co-operation with their employees. But they would not agree to confer only with Labour unions or to enter into any partnership with the official leaders of Labour to compel their employees to join unions or to discriminate against non-unionists.

# A DOG OF THE STREETS

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH



HE glass was brimmed with an amber liquid, refreshing to the throat and delightful to the soul; his lips were at the rim when the earthquake came; and Mateo woke to become conscious of a stiff toe being driven vigorously against his side.

He gulped the last drop of the dream-drink, scrambled into a sitting posture, and looked up into the pin-head eyes of Racca, the innkeeper.

Mateo had learned by long travail that when Racca's face was mottled, a wrathful condition of the innkeeper's soul was signified.

"*Carrambos!*" the innkeeper exclaimed in a hoarse monotone, and went on to say in a mixture of Mexican patois and bad Spanish: "Sleep! You do nothing but sleep! Listen!" He stopped. "The coughing Englishman, Marston, with the beautiful daughter, is here. He's in a hurry. He wants a man for his hacienda on the Quivino Road. I tell him—you. Watch out. If there's a chance to rob, watch for it; let me know, and I will tell José, see? Come!"

Mateo was fifty years old, bloated by much drink and long loafing; his head was bald; one leg was three inches shorter than the other; and his eyes were bleary; but he obeyed the command as if youth were still upon him.

He followed the rolling innkeeper through the dirty, greasy areas of the kitchen to the front of the inn, where, under the wide plaster arch, the Englishman sat in a drooping, lifeless attitude.

The tall gray-haired man shoved his glass from him, turned a thin face toward Mateo that was empty of all joy of living, gave him but a glance from dull eyes, and beckoned him to follow.

Mateo was willing. Racca nudged him with an elbow, and Mateo nodded. He had played in many a dark game with the innkeeper, with the thin, vile José and the oily Mendel. The Englishman was a "lunger", fighting for life against consumption; he had purchased, so rumour had it, the tumble-down hacienda, and was planning to live there with his daughter, who had followed him from their northern home to help him fight the grim battle. It was whispered abroad, also, that Marston had been an easy mark in his trading. He would be an easy mark for Racca's scheming. Mateo knew what he was to do.

He would have preferred to sleep until the heat lessened; only a foolish Englishman would walk the streets until the sun was far down. But Mateo shrugged his shoulders, and the dim sense of objection passed. He never really objected; scorn and blows and kicks since boyhood had taught him better.

As Mateo went down the street behind the stooping Englishman, the little *ninos*, beginning to appear for play, hailed him with taunts and nick-names, and he dropped his head and slunk on. All his life he had been a joke in Andres, the butt of fun and farce for old and young. In all the years he could remember, he



had never received a kind word or look. Racca alone tolerated him, for Racca could use him.

Marston halted at the bank, and sent Mateo for the horses. When he returned with them, he looked up, his bleary eyes expanded, and he gasped a little. On the steps of the bank stood the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. In her light riding-habit, the lithe, strong curves of her figure stood out; her hair was brown, bleached by wind and sun to a golden tinge in places; her eyes were brown, too. Mateo caught in them, as they rested upon him, an amused light, but a kindly one, and he stared steadily.

"Mateo!" Marston said sharply. "Ride behind!"

The ride through the rolling country, across the dry flats, by the peculiar earth formation known as *La Santita*, to the hacienda was quickly made.

There Mateo began to gather the information that would serve José and incidentally began for the first time to really live.

A few days passed, and in them Mateo learned much that was important. Marston had money. There was no doubt about that. He was rapidly making the old, neglected estate into an attractive place. On rides with Miss Marston down the Quivino Road, Mateo listened to her friendly chat, and went through the novel experience of being treated as a man.

Marston gave him an automatic revolver of high grade make, and taught him how to use it. Mateo forgot he was the "Dog" as he had been in Andres.

But he remembered.

One afternoon, while dozing in the corner of the ranch-house, he heard Marston say:

"I agreed to have the money here to-morrow morning for Morales. I agreed to pay cash for the land. I'm simply sick, and I'm going to send you in to the bank to get it. Mateo will go with you. Start back as soon

as you can after the heat. I shall worry until I see you, but I don't see any other way to get the money here now. I expected to be stronger before—"

Mateo heard her clear, cheery laughter interrupt her father. "Cheer up, pater, old top. You're getting better every day. Mateo and I will go and get back!"

Mateo was smiling to himself and thinking of the pleasure of the ride, when he was seized with a sudden trembling that made him sweat. Racca, José, and the others! It would mean death for him if he did not tell them of the opportunity at hand; he had been sent out there for a purpose—to be a spy! Mateo shook in the shadow of his corner. He was afraid, mortally afraid. He remembered the night that Savas had died—the fall of José's hand, the thud—and the wrenching and gagging of the dying man in the little room in which he had been trapped.

Mateo scrambled to his feet, whispering "*Jesus Maria!*"

Fifteen minutes later, with his very soul aquiver within him, he rode away from the corral with the girl. Only one thought was in his mind: to see Racca and tell him what was on foot.

She was cheerful and happy. She looked over as they rode along.

"Mateo, you don't seem very cheerful!"

"No, senorita, my life has been one of sorrow."

She smiled with amusement at the gloom in his voice.

"Weren't you ever in love?"

He shook his head.

"Well, I am," she answered, "in love with life! I'll race you to the ridge."

Matêo's heart chilled as he rode in answer to her challenge. She was beautiful—and there was José.

In a back room of the inn Mateo explained to Racca and José the girl's errand in Andres; and he listened as José, his lean face hardening with



greed and joy, planned how they should commit the robbery.

"Look you, Mateo! We shall hide by *La Santita*—in the mesquite! As you pass by, I and Mendel will appear. See that she does not shoot. These northern *senoritas* are often quick with the gun. You shall have something for your share. Don't fail us! If you do—" José's teeth clicked hollowly behind his lips, and he went through the pantomime that suggests the knife thrust.

Mateo shook and sweated and hung back. "By Mary, I will do it!" he swore.

José grinned as he saw the other's fear, and nodded. "Now go. Remember!"

Mateo slid out the back door and around to the street. All his life, game for the children, their shrill voices greeted him with laughter as he limped along, and a piece of decayed fruit landed flatly upon his back. He turned with a threat, but paled as a few of the youngsters started belligerently toward him, and hurried on.

"Hail, Mateo, the Brave!" a musical voice chanted laughingly, and he, glancing around, saw the smiling face of a girl through an aperture in the adobe wall. His head dropped at the mirth in her eyes.

A few steps brought him to the bank door, and there Miss Marston was waiting. She looked at him with pitying eyes.

"Why do they make so much fun of you, Mateo?"

"I am nothing, *senorita*, just a dog of the streets," he answered.

She smiled as she swung into the saddle. "Mr. Eason told me that you wouldn't be of much use in protecting me, but I think you would."

Mateo glanced up furtively at the bank window, and he saw the keen eyes of the American cashier looking at him anxiously. He was evidently worried if she were not.

The door opened, and Eason said, "Miss Marston, I think I had better go with you."

She looked back, and her eyes were tender. "I'm safe with Mateo."

"I shall ride out to-night, however, or earlier!" he said quietly.

"Do," she answered smiling; and Mateo, watching under his eyebrows, knew that there was love between the two, and he guessed more—perhaps she did not have the money; perhaps Eason was to bring it out. Mateo was nervous.

They rode slowly to the outskirts of the town, and the horses picked up their pace.

A few miles farther, and, as if with one glorious sweep of a gigantic wand, the bright day changed into a golden dusk of moonlight and shadow. Now and then the girl stopped, breathless with the beauty of the change; and often on a ridge she would pause long to call Mateo's attention to the mountains far in the distance, their silvery snowy tops weirdly wonderful in the far flung moonlight.

Mateo listened and looked in silence. He saw not the mountains but *La Santita*, rising like the figure of a robed saint, beyond them. José and his partner were hiding in the shadow of the mesquite thickets at its base. Mateo knew his life was safe, but he was worried for two reasons: perhaps, she did not have the money after all; perhaps Eason might decide to follow immediately.

Thinking of these things, Mateo suggested that they hurry on, and she reluctantly agreed.

*La Santita* rose higher and sharper in outline as they drew near, and suddenly the shadow of the towering rock fell upon them. They turned to take the downward trail to the flats, and the horses slowed up. Here was the place!

The blood was pounding through Mateo's weak body. He watched with strained eyes and taut nerves; perhaps—

Two figures darted from the bush. The horses reared. The girl exclaimed sharply, then screamed in a voice that went through Mateo like



the thrust of a knife, as she was dragged from her horse and thrown to the ground. Mateo watched her gasping struggle. She fought wildly at first, then gradually weakened. She spoke just once in a weak, spent, pleading voice: "Oh, Mateo, help me!"

They were using her roughly. The saliva in Mateo's mouth seemed to go acid. He stared at her. She was pinned on her face, and Mendel, José's partner, was binding her arms behind her.

José turned from the saddle-bags. His voice was harsh with threat. "The money isn't here! Where is it?"

Mateo cringed, and the horses he was holding shied as José stepped toward him. "I know not, José!"

"Search her!" José said angrily.

The girl answered faintly. "Don't touch me, you beasts! Let me go—I'll get the money if that is what you want!"

With one arm loosed, she drew from a fold in her skirt the package.

José seized it and laughed. "*Dios!* Here it is!" He shoved it into his shirt. "Now, hurry, put her on the horse," he snapped.

She caught his meaning. "You have the money—won't you let me go?"

José's lean face looked almost pleasant in the moonlight.

"You go!" he repeated in English, then said in Spanish: "We are going over the border to the Ralio Hills. From there we shall send Mateo to your father for money for you. If he does not send it—well, a rose was made for plucking; and you—are the rose!"

"You aren't so contemptible as that!"

He was bringing up her horse, but turned at her words, catching her meaning if he did not understand her words.

"Would you look at me? Am I handsome? No! not in your eyes! But I shall have if I want it—what Eason would have!"

The girl murmured as she moaned; and at the sound something clattered in Mateo's soul.

He said fearfully to José: "José, you have the money, let the girl—"

Hard against Mateo's teeth came José's hard fist, and Mateo staggered.

"Peace, dog," José said sharply.

Mateo felt a warmish, sweetish something on his lips, and he knew it was blood. The clattering in his soul grew louder. He hoped Eason would follow soon; then his hope died as fear entered. Eason would discover what had happened if he went to the ranch; but if he did, and José's party were overtaken—Mateo shook with dread; it would mean death for him.

His terrified thinking was broken by José's command.

They started away, breaking sharply from the main trail, and taking the one that crossed the arid alkali waste beyond the river.

The girl swayed weakly in the saddle, for she had undergone rough treatment; but José knew better than to force her to ride with him while her strength lasted.

Mateo rode behind. Only once did she turn to him, and then her faint words had shown no trace of anger, only a deep, dreadful pity—"Mateo, you poor, little coward!"

He had quivered at the scornful words and hung back until Mendel urged him on with a curse.

The dry powder began to drift up, and soon the girl called for water, but José did not stop. On they went, silent save for the low moans of the girl, the sound of hoofs on the soft trail, the creak of saddles, now and then the snort of a horse as he blew the clinging dust from his nostrils; around them the mighty spaces of the hushed southern night.

An hour passed, and the moanings of the girl grew into broken mutterings that almost seemed, and yet were not, the speech of delirium. Mateo heard her speak her father's name again and again with a love and yearning that made his small soul



sick within him. Before her might lie something that was worse than death, and the chances were, Mateo knew, that it might come, for José was infamous in more ways than one. Moreover, Mateo knew he would never dare to carry a message to the ranch, for the Englishman would kill him; if he did not, there was the American, feared throughout the section, who might even then be pressing on their trail.

The girl aroused herself and begged piteously for water.

"José!" Mateo called hesitatingly, "won't you give—"

José turned and said savagely: "Peace, you! There is none! Peace—or you sleep long!"

Mateo, already dumfounded at what he had heard himself say, for he had spoken before he thought, sank into quick silence.

Another hour passed—an hour of the same terrible desert silence and the girl's low talking to herself. She was drooping far over the saddle, and her hair had fallen like a veil about her. Mateo caught his breath as he watched her.

Soon the trail grew harder under foot; hills loomed sharply and suddenly. They climbed a ridge, and beyond it Mateo saw a small valley. In the centre a small spot gleamed like a pool of silver. His parched mouth opened in a murmur of joy—"Del Carto." It was the famous spring of which he had heard many tales.

The horses caught the scent of the water and hurried on. Soon it lay before them, down in a deep cut.

José and Mendel gave their reins to Mateo, and slid down to the pool.

Mateo stepped beside the girl's horse. "You shall soon have water, *senorita*," he said softly.

The girl lifted her sagging head; clear consciousness seemed to come to

her at the familiar sound of his voice; she stared at him with eyes that were bright and wide in the moonlight. In a tone that started the clattering again in Mateo's soul, she whispered:

"Mateo, oh, Mateo, Mateo, if you were only a man!"

"A man, *senorita*? I am a man," he answered in surprise.

Then he understood how she had used the English word. He looked up into her face, white in the moonlight, and he swore softly.

"I not a man!" he muttered slowly. Through the shrunken cells of his brain a flaming, cleaving word passed, that turned into a cry: the answer of the male to the cry of the hunted female, old as the jungle, deep as life.

His lips drew tight over his teeth; a warm something came from his lips again, from the re-opened bruise where José's fist had landed.

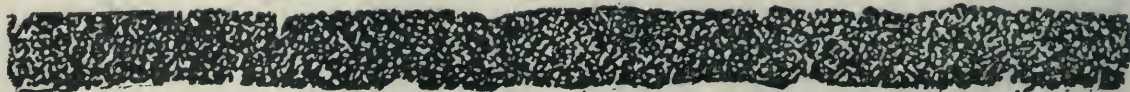
"I not a man!" he muttered, and something seemed to burst within him into roar and flame.

José and Mendel were drinking slowly, and therefore, wisely, stopping to rest, then drinking again; their thirst was great. José was sprawling in the spring's edge, as was Mendel. The two dark figures against the brightness of the silvery pool made two splendid targets, and the automatic was hair-triggered.

Mateo drew it from its holster. The dull barrel caught the moonlight and rested in a line on José's chest.

In that brief moment, that partook of eternity, the clattering in Mateo's soul died to a beautiful peace; he heard the girl's low gasp of great wonder and understanding; he ran his tongue across his battered lips; he did not tremble—he was a man!

With a sigh of some new, deep, rich content, he touched the trigger once—twice.





# RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

## OLD SOLDIERS

**I** HAVE many recollections of old soldiers. I commanded for about forty years the Governor-General's Body Guard, which formed the cavalry of the Toronto active militia, and commanded it at the Fenian Raid of 1866 at Fort Erie, and again in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885. On the 1st April, 1885, I had just finished my court, when I received telegraphic orders to turn out my corps for active service in the Northwest. I issued orders at once, and left Toronto with my Command three or four days later, and was away from Toronto for nearly four months. On our return the Corps was released from duty, and the next morning I took my seat on the Bench.

To my surprise I found that the barristers and officials of the Court had prepared a special reception for me. The Courtroom was decorated with flags, and with a quantity of flowers, very tastefully arranged around my seat and desk. Addresses were made by one of the barristers, and the Chief of Police, warmly welcoming me back to my duties, and I expressed my thanks in a short speech. I then began trying criminals in surroundings which I believe were very uncommon in a police court. Although it was somewhat embarrassing, I was nevertheless much pleased at the kindly feeling manifested by my friends.

The old soldiers and pensioners had an idea, which was well founded, that I had a friendly feeling for them. The old pensioners some years ago were all long service men, who had put in the best part of their lives in the army, and had generally followed the Colours all over the world. They were a very interesting class, and about pension day there was considerable fraternizing and jubilation, which often brought them before me for drunkenness.

I generally made any excuse I could for letting them off, for they had done no harm to anyone but themselves. On one occasion I told a fine looking old soldier that he was charged with being drunk, and asked him if he pleaded guilty or not guilty.

"Guilty, Colonel," he replied, "of course I was guilty. Why wouldn't I be guilty? Didn't I get my pansion yesterday? What would be the use of my toiling and slaving in the British Army all my life, all over the world, if I couldn't get drunk on pansion day?"

There was an earnest air of indignation in his manner, which amused me very much. I said: "You may go, but don't come here again before next pension day."

The methods used by these old soldiers to let me know they were soldiers were often very clever. They generally tried to give me a hint, that would not be understood by the crowd. Sometimes they would stand rigidly

at attention, and plead guilty, generally addressing me as Colonel, as in fact do most of my customers. I could detect the old soldier at once. Sometimes I would ask:

"Have you been here before?"

"Yes, Colonel."

"What was done with you?"

"I was admonished, sir." There could be no mistake then.

Sometimes they would give me a military salute, and sometimes a pretended soldier would salute to cause me to believe that he was a pensioner. I did not like fraud, and I could detect a bogus salute, and I would tell him that a man who could not salute better than he did, should not get drunk and I would fine him.

One fraudulent customer of that kind attempted to deceive me, so I said, "Were you ever in the army?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"In what regiment?" I said.

"In the 61st Hussars."

"Are you sure it was not the 51st Hussars?"

"No, sir, the 61st Hussars."

"In the British Army?"

"Yes, sir," and he told me he had served in it seven years.

"Well," said I, "I am quite interested in seeing you, for I never saw a man of that regiment before, there are only twenty-one regiments of light cavalry in the army, and I must be the only man who ever saw a man of the 61st Hussars. I shall keep you awhile as a curiosity." And I promptly fined him.

Another fraud of this type told me that he had belonged to the Dublin Refuses. He evidently had heard of Fusiliers, and was intending to mention them, but did not remember the name. He was fined.

Another man told me he was drunk but he had met an old friend whom he had not seen since they were on the "Rock" together. He knew, I would understand that they had served at Gibraltar. Of course under the circumstances, he got off without a fine.

Another old pensioner excused himself by saying he had met an old com-

rade that he had not seen for some time, and he had taken more than he should.

"Was he an old soldier?" I said.

"Yes, sir."

"Well you can go this time, but you take my advice, and keep away from old soldiers, they are a bad lot." He laughed and went off.

I would never allow litigants to come to discuss cases out of Court, or discuss anything at my house, and there were often attempts to gain my ear in various ways. People coming to my house to see me, were always told to wait in the vestibule, until I went to them. The moment I found it was about Police Court business I would open the door and show them out. One day a man summoned by another for some offence, came to my house to explain matters to me, but knowing my reputation for not talking over cases, he brought along with him another Irishman, an old soldier, a man of experience to aid him, and to endeavour to get me to discuss the case with him.

He began by telling me he had a summons. I asked to see it, and I pointed out to him that he was to be at the Police Court the next morning at 10 o'clock, and for him to be there, and I would hear all he had to say.

"Yes, sir," he said, "but I want to explain it so you will understand it."

"You can explain it in Court when the other side is present. I will not discuss a case with one man behind the other man's back."

The old soldier with a wise look that was most impressive, said:

"That seems the correct principle, Colonel."

"Of course it is," said I. "Now how would you like the other man to come here in half an hour, and tell me all about you behind your back? You must go," and I showed him out.

The old soldier turning to me as if we understood each other, said, "You are quite right, Colonel, that is the correct principle, not only 'in jurisdiction to yourself, but also in jurisprudence to others.'"



"Certainly," I said. "You understand it," and they went off.

One noted character who came before the Court thirty years ago was a big Irishwoman who stood nearly six feet in height and was strong and heavy. The Police had great trouble whenever they attempted to arrest her for drunkenness. One alone would rarely attempt it. She was often fined for drunkenness, and would serve her term in jail. Sometimes she would be arrested for vagrancy, for wandering about the streets without a settled home, and was several times fined for that. Then she rented a small house, and having friends who like herself appreciated stimulants, it happened that the house was the scene of drunken rows; and fighting and bad language could be heard, until the place became a nuisance. While a row was going on one night the Police came down and arrested everyone in it. The woman was sentenced to a fine or sixty days in jail, and before she left the dock to serve her sentence, she turned to Sergeant Ward in charge of the Police division, and said: "Sergeant Ward, dear, before I lave I want to spake to you. Ye have brought me here often, and had me sent down for being drunk. Then when I would not get drunk, you brought me in for being a vagrant and had me sent down for not having a home. Thin I get a house, but there is no plasing ye, and ye bring me up for keeping a disorderly house. Now, Sergeant dear, there is no place left for me, except a balloon, like a good fellow have a balloon for me when I come out". The Police were obliged to let her have her say before they could take her to the cells, for great bodies move slowly. Ward was often chaffed about the balloon. In those days when airships and aeroplanes were unknown, the joke was much more effective.

This reminds me of another story of the same type. An Irishman who was a member of the House of Commons for an English constituency, some years ago called on me, and I

asked him to sit on the Bench with me, and he afterwards told me a story brought to his mind, evidently by the fact that I was a Magistrate, and a Colonel of Militia. He said a friend of his who had been a Major of Militia, and was a Magistrate in Ireland, was one day trying his cases, when he had to send an Irishwoman, of the same type as the one I have just described, to prison for a term, when she addressed the Magistrate in these words:

"Well, Major, I want to say this to ye, that me feyther was hanged for murther, me husband was hanged for murther, me eldest son is sarving a term of penal servitude for life, for shooting a landlord, [note the fine distinction] and my two daughters are earning a disgraceful living in Dublin, but I thank the Good Lord, and the Holy blessed Virgin Mary, that there was none of my people was ever connected with the Militia."

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#### THE TEXAS CASE

IN JUNE, 1883, I was in Europe with my wife and two daughters. We were coming from Italy to England and had arrived at Heidelberg. At the Table d' Hote of the Hotel Victoria, two elderly ladies, and two young girls happened to be sitting exactly opposite to us, and we exchanged a few remarks. The next day, we went to Mayence, and at the Hotel in the evening we saw the same ladies again. The following morning we went on the steamer for Cologne and again found the same party. We spent the day together and I spent most of the time talking to the eldest lady, a nice looking gray-haired kindly woman. When we arrived at Cologne, we all went to the Hotel du Nord, and I and my family at once went out to see the Cathedral and walk a little about the city. After about two hours we returned to the hotel, and in the doorway, the elderly lady was standing, waiting evidently in distress, and she at once came to me and said, "I wish to speak to you



Col. Denison for a few minutes. I am in great trouble". We went to a retired corner of the writing-room and she said, "I am in the greatest distress. I have no friend or relative near me, and I have received a letter which has shocked me dreadfully". She had found it waiting for her at the Post Restante.

She handed me a letter which had been forwarded to her from her home in Devonshire. It was from her only son, who was living in a town in Texas. I read the letter very carefully. The young man who was about twenty-seven years of age told his mother, that he had got into an awful scrape. That he was interested with several partners in a mining claim, and another set of men had tried to jump their claim, and there had been a fight, and one of their opponents had been killed, and he and his partners had been arrested for the murder, that he was in jail and that the trial would come off in about two months. He said he had not done the killing himself, but he would be tried with the others, and he asked his mother to send him £200 to enable him to secure a lawyer, witnesses, etc.

After reading it carefully I said, "Now, Mrs. ——— if you wish me to advise you, you must not mind my asking you some searching questions?"

"Certainly not," she said.

I then said, "You have had some trouble with your son?"

"Yes," she replied, "I am sorry to say that I have".

"You have often had to supply him with money?"

I had told the old lady on the steamboat that I was the Police Magistrate of Toronto and like the majority of English people, she apparently thought that America was all one place, and had no idea that Texas was more than 1,000 miles from my home. So she said, "Do you know my son or anything of him?"

"No," I replied, "I know nothing of him, never heard of him, but has he not been more urgent of late, and have you not had to refuse him?"

"Yes, I could not send him more. He had been such a drain upon me, that it is the reason I am travelling here now. I have been appointed by the Court of Chancery to take the two young ladies who are with me, who are wards in Chancery, for a trip on the continent during their vacation, and I am paid for my services, which helps me to get along. I need not have done this but for my son's constant demands."

I then said, "Now I must say that this letter is to my mind what we call in Police Court circles a 'put up job'. I don't believe there has been any row, that any man has been killed, that any trial is to take place, or that any part of the letter is true, except that he wants you to send him £200".

"Oh! Colonel Denison! do you think any son could be so heartless as to play upon his mother's feelings so cruelly?"

I replied, "You know him, I do not, but I have told you candidly my opinion".

"What can I do?" she said.

I then advised her. I saw that she was so alarmed and so nervous, that I would have to tell her to do something. So I told her she could send him \$100, and that would be amply sufficient to retain a lawyer for preliminary work, and I said I would write by the mail that day to Toronto to the Chief of Police, and request him to write to the Chief of Police of the town in Texas, and ask him if a man of her son's name was there, and what he was doing, and if he was in any trouble. The lady did not want her son to know about the inquiry, and I said I could have it done quietly and I took her address in Devonshire, and gave her mine in London, and told her I would not be sailing for Canada for about six weeks, and I should get a reply in plenty of time for her to do more if necessary. I did not see the lady again.

I went on to London with my family and some four or five weeks elapsed, when I had a letter from Mrs.—written evidently in great anxiety,



telling me that she had received a cablegram from her son, saying, "If you want to save my life cable me £200 at once". I telegraphed to her, "Do nothing, till you hear from me, am writing". And I wrote and told her that the Canadian mail steamer had been reported that morning at Moville, and to give me another day or two.

The next day I received a short letter from Major Draper, our Chief of Police. He said he had lost no time, and had just received a letter from the Chief of Police of the Town in Texas, and had barely time to enclose it, and catch the English mail.

The letter from Texas from the Chief of Police, said in effect: "I have placed your man, he is a bar tender in a hotel here. I cannot find any trace of his having been in trouble here. If you want him wire me, and I can lay my hands on him at any time."

I enclosed both letters to the old lady and received a very grateful letter of thanks for my kindness which had saved her £200, but she would, I think, rather have lost the money, than have had such conclusive proof of the heartless cruelty of her son. In acknowledging her letter, I told her not to worry about him any more, that if he only used his ingenuity as skilfully in defrauding others, as he had used it in trying to defraud his mother, he would get along.

I have often thought over the extraordinary coincidence of this affair. It was so strange that she should have happened to meet perhaps the only man in that part of the country who would not only have understood the business, but who had the machinery at hand to discover the facts at once.

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#### THE DALTON IMITATORS

ON 27TH DECEMBER, 1892, a daylight robbery occurred which as *The Globe* said, "surpassed for reckless audacity, anything that had occurred in Toronto for many a year". A man named Ammon Davis had a jewelry

shop on Queen Street and at 8.10 a.m. he was opening the shop and getting the jewelry out of the safe, and putting it in the show case, while his boy was cleaning the window. Three men entered the shop and covering Davis and the boy, with revolvers, forced them into a room at the back and bound and gagged them carefully. One stood guard over the captives, while the other two rifled the safe of \$500 in cash, filled their jackets with jewelry and made off by the back door.

On the 17th January, 1893, the shop of Frederick Roberts was entered in the same way. Roberts, his apprentice, and a customer, were all gagged and bound and about \$1,000 worth of jewelry stolen and carried off. The robbers wore wraps about their faces which masked them, so that the police could not get any reasonable description of them.

On the 28th January, 1893, *The Toronto Empire* began a report of another outrage in these words: "Is this Toronto or is it Deadwood City?" and it gave an account of an attempted robbery of the Home Bank on Church Street. The cashier was in a cage, and the money was in it with him, when four men entered the bank and demanded the money. The cashier held up a chair in front of him and refused to give it up. Major Mason, another clerk, attacked one of the men, and was struck on the head and knocked to the floor. Another clerk escaped by a back door, ran upstairs to a law office, and telephoned to the detective department which was only about seventy-five yards away. The robbers became alarmed, ran out, separated and escaped. There was no clue, and the police got a very poor description of the robbers. The newspapers all had articles on the subject, some severe upon the detective department.

Public indignation was still more aroused two or three days later, when a box with a quantity of jewelry stolen from Davies's shop was found in a doorway alongside the shop, and



was taken to the detective department. It was discovered that every article had been tested with acid and proved not to be genuine. A note found in the box read:

"Here's your fake jewelry, Mr. Davis, we don't want it. They said we would not shoot, but they'll see if we wont. It was only the detectives getting around so quickly last time that saved them. They'll hear from us again. It may be in a few days, or perhaps not for some little time, that will depend, but we mean business". There was no signature to this.

The detectives at last got a clue which turned suspicion upon a man named Bennett and three others named Norris, and Wm. and Edward Archer. Their movements were carefully and secretly watched. From the nature of the case it was necessary to make the arrests as nearly as possible simultaneously, otherwise some of them would have escaped. One evening, knowing that Bennett was at home, Detective Duncan, accompanied by Constable Allan, went to his house. The door was opened by Bennett himself. The detective said,

"Do you live here now?"

"I do," said Bennett.

In reply to further questions Bennett stated that no others had been visiting him, and that he had no jewelry about the place.

"Well, I am going to take a look through the house anyway," said Duncan, and he produced his warrant. The officers entered the house, keeping a very close guard on Bennett. "I'll put on my coat and help you," he said. "No thank you," said Duncan "just stand where you are please," and the search began. His anxiety to

don his coat was soon explained. On a chair beside a bed lay his coat, and beside it a revolver loaded in every chamber. In his overcoat pocket was found a quantity of cord, identical in appearance with that which bound Ammon Davis, Frederick Roberts and the others, also some faded factory cotton similar to that which was used in gagging the victims. Four murderous slung shots and a mask of dark coloured texture were also found. For some time the search for jewelry was fruitless. On the table was a dish filled with bird seed. Running his fingers down through this the detective found a gold locket with Ammon Davis's ticket still on it. On emptying the contents of the dish, several other articles were found including a diamond ring. The detective took Bennett, his wife and baby to the station to prevent the news of the arrest spreading. A posse of officers shortly after went to the residence of Norris and arrested him. Detectives Mackie and McGrath made a careful search for jewelry, and found a loaded revolver, but could not find any jewelry until they began to search the bed in which a baby was sleeping. Mrs. Norris asked them not to waken the baby but they moved it and found in the bed tick exactly under where the baby had been lying, several articles of jewelry which had been stolen from Roberts. The two Archers were arrested about the same time.

Bennett seeing the game was up confessed and told the whole story and all the stolen property was recovered. I committed them for trial to the Quarter Sessions. Bennett was sent to the Penitentiary for fifteen years, Wm. Archer for ten years and Edward Archer for three years.

(To be continued)







FISHER LADS

Photograph by  
Edith S. Watson





# W. L. MACKENZIE KING

THE NEW LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY IN CANADA

BY NEWTON MACTAVISH

Let us be assured of this: the unrest in the world of industry to-day is no ephemeral and transitory affair; no mere aftermath of the hideous convulsion which has shaken existing society to its very foundations. It is the voice of a grief-stricken humanity crying for justice in the relations of industry. Let us be equally assured that the sword is not the instrument, and repression not the method, to stay this unrest. The truth is mightier than the sword, and in conference and co-operation between all the parties in interest, not in coercion of the others by any one, lies the only hope of an ultimate solution.—“The Four Parties to Industry,” by W. L. Mackenzie King.

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THE public eye of Canada rests to-day on Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King. Men there are in higher position. Political questions there are of supreme national importance. But no man or no question appeals to everybody's imagination so much as the youthful leader of the Liberal party.

After all, perhaps Mackenzie King should not be classed as youthful, for he has passed Sir William Osler's limit of usefulness and has entered the dubious realm of the middle-aged. He will be forty-five next month.

We acknowledge the dignity of years, because ever since he emerged into prominence eleven years ago, when he undertook the difficult task of organizing and administering the Department of Labour in the Laurier Government, youth has seemed to be his greatest foe. All along the line, men, even of his own party, have said that he is too young, and his best friends have had to live down the impression that he has been almost a political nursling. Even to-day, in all parts of the Dominion, and notwithstanding his two score years and five, you may hear expressed the opinion

that he is too young to be the leader of a great historical party—a party that for generations has been used to the leadership and lieutenancy of such grayheads as Brown and Mackenzie, Blake and Cartwright, Blair and Paterson, Fielding and Laurier. What fallacy! To disprove it one might make instance of Napoleon. One might make instance of Pitt. One might make instance of Gladstone. One might make the supreme instance of Wolfe. But in our own day and in our own country, one might make the fascinating instance of Beatty, a younger man than King, the President of the greatest transporting organization in the world.

Let it be understood, then, that Mackenzie King is not a young man. For he has passed the meridian. He is seasoned in affairs. He is by reason of his studies, by reason of his opportunities, by reason of his great endowments, by reason of his unusual experiences, equipped for the important role of statesman.

But what have been his experiences? To review them we must catch a glimpse of him at the age of twenty-one, emerging from the University of Toronto, a graduate in political science, with a noble fighting



tradition behind him and the whole world in front. He seems to have kept ever in his mind as an example the achievements of his grandfather, William Lyon Mackenzie, the founder of Liberalism in Canada, the leader of those advanced spirits who in 1837 went into rebellion in order to change the condition of irresponsible government then prevailing and to give to all the people the right to determine who should make their laws and who should administer them. His first venture was on the editorial staff of *The Globe*, Toronto, where he passed a year in discovering that, like his grandfather, who also had been a journalist, he had talents that could do things as well as merely record or comment on the things done by others. He had a *penchant* for social-labour problems, and, to further his ends, obtained a fellowship in political economy in the University of Chicago. Thither he went in the winter of 1896-97, after having acted as political correspondent for *The Globe* during the memorable campaign which ended in the downfall of Tupper and the ascendancy of Laurier. It was during this period, at Ottawa, that he wrote his first book, an admirable memoir of the Henry Albert Harper, entitled "The Secret of Heroism", which is a tribute to a noble character and a heroic deed. While at Chicago he took the degree of master of arts, and even in those days, for he was then in his first twenties, he wrote two theses, one on "Trades Union Organization in the United States", and the other on "The International Typographical Union: A Study in Trade Unionism". Both were published in *The Journal of Political Economy*. Between 1898 and 1900 he won a scholarship and fellowship at Harvard University, where for special studies of labour problems, as a post-graduate student, he received the degree of doctor of philosophy. He was for a time lecturer in political economy at Harvard. During that time a real crisis in his career occurred. He could remain at Harvard and become a useful and even

prominent university professor, or undertake for the Laurier Government in Canada some investigations of industrial conditions in the Dominion, investigations that were not only intensely attractive to one of his temperament and training but that promised also greater opportunities for usefulness and, most of all, a return to his native country. He decided to undertake the investigation, and that decision led by a direct line and seemingly fateful certainty to his eventful place in the Cabinet and his organization and administration of the new Department of Labour.

One of the first things Mackenzie King had to do after this great opportunity came was to get a seat in Parliament. When a new man is taken into the Cabinet it has been the practice of all Governments to find for him a seat in some safe constituency. But not thus with Mackenzie King. He chose North Waterloo, the constituency in which he was born, and in face of the fact that it was the stronghold of Joseph Seagram, a Conservative, whom it had sent to Parliament with a majority of 366, and against the advice of his friends at Ottawa and the opinion of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he entered the contest in the general elections of 1908 and won. For three years he administered with conspicuous ability the Department of Labour, but in 1911 he suffered defeat when the Laurier Government fell in the campaign for reciprocity in natural products with the United States.

Mackenzie King once more had to fall back upon his resources. And his resources were such that it was not long before the Rockefeller Foundation sent him out to investigate industrial conditions all over the world. As a result of former researches and knowledge acquired during this period we have his book "Industry and Humanity", in which is embodied his splendid conception of "the four parties to industry"—Labour, Capital, the Management, the Community. He was about a year on the staff of the Rockefeller Foundation when the war be-





Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King,  
who succeeds Sir Wilfrid Laurier as leader of the Liberal party in Canada

gan, and almost immediately he entered upon the most poignantly distressing period of his life. He easily could have joined the militia and obtained a comfortable post, for at his age he scarcely would have been permitted to go to the Front. Quite apart from that, however, we find a remarkable coincidence. Mackenzie King at this time was engaged, beside his other duties, in obtaining material for his book, which is a study of the ills that affect industrial life and which was undertaken in the same spirit in which the British Government thought well of having a special department established to study the problem of industrial reconstruction. At the same time Dr. Macdougall King was engaged in writing his book on "The

Battle with Tuberculosis and How to Win It", a work that has been taken by both the Canadian and American Governments for use in all their military hospitals. Here, then, were two brothers devoting their splendid energies to the task of ameliorating man's condition in life. But that is not all. Dr. King was himself a victim of tuberculosis. He had been on his back for two years, and during that time and afterwards he and his wife and twin sons were supported in large measure by the brother, Mackenzie King, who, quite apart from his own personal affairs, was engaged in assisting several of the largest war industries on this continent to adjust their industrial relations so as to ensure continuous and maximum output on

essential war materials. Mackenzie King also contributed to the foundation of joint boards of employers and employees and to the acceptance of policies helpful in the avoidance of lockouts and strikes in industries embracing coal, ship-building, steel, oil and electrical appliances. To give one instance of the result of a plan drafted by him, each man's output for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company was greater during the time the United States was at war than that of any other coal company in America. His plan served as the solution of a condition that had resulted in a tie-up of this important industry and also in a sort of civil war for almost two years.

During all these activities Mr. King passed a considerable portion of his time in Canada, for there were unusual demands of a private nature upon him. His father, who lived in Toronto, had become blind; and therefore the care of him as well as of the mother and sister fell in no small measure upon the son. The sister died a year after the war began, and that increased the immediate and personal responsibility of Mr. Mackenzie, as the father had no person but the mother to assist him in his blindness. A year later the father died, leaving the mother all alone and broken with the strain. The home in Toronto was closed, and then the son, a single man, living in apartments in Ottawa, took his mother there to live with him. For one year she was ill in bed, with a trained nurse in attendance, and at the end of that time she too died. These distressing events, coming one after the other, removed forever any

doubt there may have been in Mackenzie King's determination to consecrate his life to suffering humanity. All the time he was preparing himself, perhaps unconsciously, as he had been preparing ever since he first entered a university, for the opportunity that the leadership of the Liberal party offered. During the years 1900-07 he acted successfully as conciliator and mediator, representing the Government of Canada, in thirty-six different strikes in the Dominion. His record during the four years that he was Minister of Labour surely is unsurpassed either in variety of interest or extent of achievement.

This is, at least, in some measure, the record of the man who took the Liberal convention at Ottawa by storm in a speech that convinced the majority of the delegates from all parts of the Dominion that he was the man best equipped to lead them. Now that he has been returned to Parliament, to represent a constituency in Prince Edward Island, he will be not only leader of the Liberal party, but as well officially Leader of his Majesty's Loyal Opposition, a position to which a considerable salary is paid by Act of Parliament apart from the regular indemnity paid to members.

Hon. Mackenzie King possesses an engaging personality, a keen sense of justice and uprightness, a clean record, an abhorrence of sham and crookedness, a sympathetic outlook on mankind, an excellent platform style, a forceful attitude in debate, a logical mind, and indeed, all the finer qualities that fit him for the place rendered vacant by the death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.






# GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

## IV.—LOUIS JOSEPH PAPINEAU

NE of the most striking oratorical personalities that ever appeared in Canada was Louis Joseph Papineau, the famous Lower Canadian orator and statesman. With almost picturesque magnificence he flashed upon the luminous stage of history, and when his mission to a great race of people was ended he disappeared with almost mysterious suddenness from before the eyes of men.

At the sound of his name, Upper Canada has been wont to cry "Traitor", Lower Canada to exclaim "Patriot". His faults were not a few, his claims to renown many. And whether the laurel of a patriot be his glory, or the dark mask of a traitor be his shame, at least no discordant note is sounded in either Ontario or Quebec when he is proudly acclaimed as one of the very foremost orators of the land.

Papineau rises before the present age as one of those almost mythical, yet commanding characters whom Carlyle might well have included as a special type of hero in his peerless panorama of personalities, the justly famous "Heroes and Hero Worship". But the great Scottish soul-searcher did not know Papineau, and in consequence a refreshing fountain of knowledge remained forever sealed from human eyes. The world, however, is not forced to remain wholly disconsolate, for the biography of the illustrious French Canadian has been frequently and most effectively written. De Celles, for many years the

accomplished and versatile librarian of the Canadian Parliamentary library at Ottawa, has contributed to "The Makers of Canada" series of biographies a most sympathetic account of the triumphs and the misfortunes of this remarkable tribune of the elder of the Canadas. Other writers have done likewise. To recount, otherwise than with becoming brevity the fascinating vicissitudes of his career would therefore be repeating what already has seen light through the press, and is to be found in many libraries throughout the country.

It is pardonable to speak extravagantly of Papineau. He is one of our own countrymen. And while it never has been a Canadian characteristic to overload the men of the northern zone with praise, yet in the case of heroes, orators and poets even we in Canada make a fitting exception. When we read these words, written sixty years after Papineau had passed the meridian of his glory, "His name still shines resplendent, a star of the highest rank in the constellation of our Canadian celebrities" . . . "he is a legendary god" . . . "the people were hypnotized by his eloquence" . . . "for the educated as well as the masses, he is the prototype of eloquence" . . . "the term 'he is a Papineau', constitutes the highest praise which can be conferred on a master of the art of speaking" it seems that superlative language is all that remains to adequately describe his talents and his oratory.



LOUIS JOSEPH PAPINEAU  
A Great Canadian Orator

Papineau was born in Montreal in the month of October in that year of years, 1789. Reality may be willing to suffer an eclipse for a time while Romance indulges itself in the pastime of seeking an explanation of the stormy career of the Lower Canadian tribune in the fact that he was born in the very year in which the mighty French Revolution had its terrible,

yet inevitable, inauguration. His early years were without momentous incident. There were, no doubt, those who looked at the rather attractive boy with eyes that shone with the tenderness of affection or perhaps with the spirit of prophecy, and discerned in the trifling achievements of his youth events which unfalteringly foretold the shining laurels and the



glittering diadems mystically awaiting in the distance. Young Papineau made his way through school and college with unostentatious diligence. He studied carefully and yet perhaps aimlessly, with no certain or inviting goal as a motive or an inspiration. Manhood came upon him with something of a shock, and as it did so he felt the necessity of engaging in some useful occupation. But definite plans for a calling had not yet developed, when the voice of political life began to call to him in tones that were louder and more peremptory than all others. At the immature, but of course not unprecedented, age of twenty-five he entered the Parliament of Lower Canada. In that assembly, partly because of his natural gifts, and yet it cannot be denied in part because of that element in so many careers, which for want of a better name has been called opportunity, he at once leaped into provincial prominence. Being endowed with remarkable and indeed almost precocious gifts of speech, a legislative assembly furnished the very place, which hitherto had been lacking, to ensure for his brilliant talents their proper setting.

In Parliament Papineau at once created a profound impression. His oratory instantly dominated the Assembly. Eloquence such as his was unusual in that place and at that epoch. There are times when great representative assemblies of men are wholly without an orator. It is not with unkindness, but with regret, that the confession has to be made that many of the legislative bodies of this continent are in that pitiful predicament at present. Papineau's appearance was a surprise, and his triumph was instantaneous. Repeatedly he addressed the Assembly in tones which were rich and splendid, and with an effect that was electrifying. In his speeches were to be found not merely burning enthusiasm, gorgeous imagery, stately sentences, brilliant periods flaming rhetoric, poetic flashes, theatrical gestures, but there were also

historical information, political knowledge, and statesmanlike wisdom of an order far beyond his experience, and very much in advance of his years. These speeches and the profound knowledge which they disclosed gained for Papineau the confidence of the Legislature. Within a short time he was elected Speaker. He held that position for the ensuing five years, and of course while Speaker maintained the traditionary oratorical silence which was one of the gifts, or perhaps penalties, of the office. In the meantime he pursued many studies, the departments of history, literature and the physical sciences chiefly engrossing his attention. In this manner he wisely qualified himself to retain the reputation for knowledge and ability which he already had acquired. His fame as a statesman, which had been developing, was fast ripening, and this means much when it is remembered that Papineau was a man who was always renowned for his utterances rather than his actions. It is a fact, however, which depends not merely upon the testimony of De Celles, whose historical impartiality sometimes yields to his biographical idolatry, that by the year 1825, when Papineau had attained the age of thirty-six years, he had reached "the culminating point in his power; and his influence everywhere acknowledged by all classes held undisputed sway".

At this time Papineau was leader of a large and influential body of men who joined with him in a supreme and sincere struggle to remove political grievances and secure just government for the Province. The principal political problem which engaged his attention during this epoch was that involved in the attempt to transfer power from Executive officials to popular representatives. The struggle lasted many years, and during its stormy, and sometimes bloody, progress, occupied a large share of public attention in Canada.

In 1822, Papineau was sent to England by the Legislature to enter a



solemn protest against the oppressive rule of the irresponsible office-holding oligarchy of Quebec, and also to resist the advancement of a measure which was in contemplation for the union of the two Canadas upon terms not particularly advantageous to Quebec. In England, the resistance met with much favour, and so strongly were the statesmen of the Mother Country impressed with Papineau's eloquent remonstrances that the project of union was deferred and did not again cross the political arena until after the Rebellion of 1837 had been quelled. The protest against the dictatorial oppression, however, met with a different fate. It was duly entered, but it must be admitted that it was time rather than oratory which contributed most in removing that greatest of the grievances of Lower Canada. In England Papineau's eloquence deeply moved men whose expectations in the realm of oratory were not readily satisfied, whose standards of speech were justly high, and who were fresh from the Parliamentary halls which were still resounding with the triumphant thunders of Lyndhurst, Sheil, O'Connell, Grey, and Canning.

His work in the British Isles completed, Papineau returned to Canada. There, during the following ten years, his magnetic oratory continued, as it previously had done, to charm and inspire thousands in every part of his native Province. Nor were his speeches merely burning arraignments of the hated and menacing administration. They were freighted with truths, important in the science of government. They were eloquent revelations of political constructiveness. They picturesquely pointed out the shining pathway to the newer realization of a splendid destiny for the people of the whole of Eastern Canada. The record of these ten years abides in many places. History, legislation, the public documents enshrine it. It may be well to permit that record to escape further treatment from biography. Suffice it to

say that in the legislation and statesmanship displayed during this period as well, of course, as in the speeches which were delivered, Papineau easily ascended to a lofty place in the estimation of the people of Quebec.

And now the dark period in Papineau's life opens. In 1837 occurred the ill-fated, yet in some respects, essential, revolutions of Upper Canada. It was fathered by Mackenzie in the west, on the shores of Lake Ontario, but it spread rapidly from the muddy streets of Toronto to the rocky and historic battlements of Quebec. Even the children of Canada know by heart the story of this rebellion. Mackenzie's part was both more dangerous and more daring than that of Papineau, and this perhaps is the principal reason that Mackenzie has ever since reaped the larger share of the glory. It is for the essayist to relate incidents; the business of the historian is to justify them. Consequently the reader at this point need not be embarrassed with a deviation from narration to historical analysis. The rebellion was quelled; Mackenzie and Papineau both fled from Canada, and upon their precipitate departure the rebellion was brought to a speedy close. Papineau found his way to France, where he lay in retirement for nearly eight years—a period long enough then, as now, to permit a public man to be quite forgotten. Long before that period had elapsed, the spirit of severity had taken its customary departure, and all desire to punish the rebels had vanished from the minds of the authorities. In 1845 the exile returned to Canada. As was to be expected in a Province where feeling was at fever heat, and political warfare was never for a moment suspended, new and strange figures were occupying the centre of the arena. With much of his ancient enthusiasm, but crippled by prolonged absence, and lost opportunities, Papineau sought to gain his former ascendancy over his rivals.

During ten more years he struggled brilliantly in the face of a tide that



always seemed to be setting against him. If the pinnacle of his fame was reached before the rebellion, surely the crown of his genius was seen in those dark days, when, still the Papineau of other years, he contended in the uneven strife to resuscitate his shattered political fortunes. That contest belongs as much to romance as it does to biography. Much of it is shrouded in vague and uncertain shadows, and the more it is examined, the more mysterious does it become. This much, however, is incontestable. Those were the years during which Papineau kindled into a blaze of peerless splendour the very heart and soul of oratory. His eloquence was intended to overwhelm the irresponsible despots who carried on a corrupt administration of public affairs in Quebec. He could display eloquence and offer arguments, but he could not change votes. The reason for the stubbornness of his hearers was evident. They were controlled by the Executive of the Province. Their votes were pledged to their masters in advance of the discussions.

Papineau's speeches at this time were brilliant. They were masterly beyond anything his Province yet had known. Sometimes his speeches were inordinately lengthy. One which was made at this juncture occupied ten hours in its delivery. The physical as well as the mental resources of a man who could successfully perform this task are almost beyond comprehension. His oratorical efforts made men reflect upon the golden eloquence of the lofty-souled Massillon, and the reverberating tones of the thundering Mirabeau. But great as was the display of oratory, Papineau's efforts were doomed to a cruel disappointment. A new tribune who had learned his art at the master's feet, had made his stirring appearance in Lower Canada. The potent personality of the tempestuous, yet calculating, Lafontaine was flashing meteorically towards the zenith, and his ascending hopes were swiftly brightening in the Heavens. Papineau and Lafon-

taine engaged during some years in a powerful and deadly encounter. The contest resembled, as far as oratory was concerned, the struggle between Demosthenes and Aeschines, or the conflict between Hayne and Webster. The pure tones of the elder orator rang in all their silvery sweetness through a Province beautified beyond measure by nature and blighted needlessly by man.

And what a province it was! The very name "Quebec" called up richest images and treasured reminiscences. It had a more than romantic history. Rulers of royal blood had held sway in its executive mansions. Prelates familiar with the smiles of courts and sovereigns had touched the hearts of its peoples. History had vied with fancy to achieve immortality among its population. Nature's hand everywhere had left its permanent impressions. The greatest river in the world, rolling through nearly a thousand miles of its territory, and varying in its journey from silvery stretches of laughing waters to seething maelstroms of raging torrents, widened repeatedly as if by magic into giant lakes and miniature oceans. Fertile fields spread endlessly from sombre mountains in the south, round whose summits clustered ghostly legends, away to the northward, the haunt of the reindeer, the caribou, the snow-drift and the Pole. Artists had enriched their canvases with that Province's productions of imperishable loveliness. Poets had immortalized in rhythmic stanzas their inspired visions of its fadeless beauty and its heroic achievements. Orators had given enduring expression to its hopes and its inspirations. And this was the Province which imported governors had striven to outrage and humiliate. This was the fair and promising country which a generation of grasping politicians had conspired to impoverish and oppress. What wonder that bloodshed and rebellion were welcomed by despairing reformers to give this depressed land relief!



The struggle between the two great leaders which began after Papineau's return from France continued for a period of nearly ten years. Neither of the two eminent participants seemed to succeed. Then suddenly Papineau voluntarily withdrew from public life. The true reason for his abdication history has not been able to ascertain. Even the fact that the tasks in which public men engage may be assumed or relinquished at pleasure fails adequately to account for the withdrawal. Possibly the consciousness of the great and guilty part which he bore in the rebellion may have settled deeply in his soul. Being human, perhaps even a greater incentive was the recollection that he once had been a rebel. A grosser nature than his might not have cared, but his feelings were fine almost to the point of breaking. A giant error made by a man who feels oppresses with a weight which cannot be understood or appreciated by those who neither feel nor care.

Papineau's labours, however, had borne fruit. He had arrested the progress of the courtly system of irresponsible government, which had oppressed Lower Canada for more than a generation. But complete deliverance was yet afar. Other patriots were to fully free the Province from the grasp of strange governors, whose designs upon the country were neither well omened nor well meant. But if other patriots were to effect the emancipation their task was rendered immeasurably lighter because of influences which had gone before. And not the least among these influences which contributed to the freeing of Quebec from her taskmasters was the eloquence, and perhaps the exile, of Papineau.

Here, at the age of sixty-six, a time when the sun of many a life is still high above the horizon, the public greatness of Papineau ends, except that as long as a famous man still survives, he is of interest to the multitudes, and of importance to the race. For seventeen years after his retire-

ment from public life, he dwelt in a little village, which preserves in its name a memory of his greatness, and which is situated not far from the mighty metropolis of Montreal. Occasionally, and with almost oracular grandeur, he emerged from his mysterious seclusion, and spoke to the people whom he had served, and whom he still loved. Whenever he appeared in public, he lifted his eloquent voice as of yore, in a triumphant peal of encouragement for humanity. As Morley nobly says of Burke, "His hopes were undimmed to the last for mankind". Even though removed from the storms of political life, he was acclaimed as a tribune of the people; and during the years which elapsed between his retirement and the end, he was venerated as a prophet, and worshipped as an idol. He looked on with silent dignity and with almost sphinx-like inscrutability, but he spake no word, as the mighty achievement of Canadian Confederation unfolded its vast magnificence into being. It was the consummation of his unfulfilled, and perhaps even unconceived, desires; for it ended the reign of arrogant autocracy in his native Province, and sublimely and permanently enthroned the supreme sovereignty of the people. In Confederation a new and united destiny was about to open to two Provinces, warring within themselves, as well as warring against one another. Or was it the inevitable solving of the time-won problem, and perhaps made easier of solution by being baptized with a newer and more fanciful name?

In 1871, at the advanced age of eighty-two years, Papineau passed away even from his latest abode upon earth. The representative men of the new Dominion followed his remains to the grave. In addition to representative men, who wore top hats and frock coats, many thousands of the humble and common people, who understood that a great man was no more, moved likewise in the sad procession. A man, who, not without making serious mistakes, had served



his country with self-denial when greed and selfishness prevailed on every hand, was committed to the dust when Papineau's casket was lowered in the tomb. For a number of years he had been silent, although with occasional oracular intermissions. After he was gone, the silence continued, only then it became eternal.

In writing of this famous man, I am not unmindful of the fact that although in the estimation of some of his biographers he is a hero, in the judgment of others he is a superficial politician, a vain demagogue, a personal coward, and a traitor to his country. Dent, who outlined Papineau's career in his gallery of Nineteenth Century Canadians, loses no opportunity to attack his motives, his ability and his conduct, and his fame. The writer concludes his fierce assault by proclaiming him unworthy of anything more than the very scantiest historical consideration. Yet, of the many famous men, whose lineaments that gallery preserves, few have been accorded more extensive treatment than Papineau.

These pages, however, are not the place for a defence of his character and his motives. No opinion may be ventured regarding his political sincerity but will have its ardent supporters, and its implacable opponents. The undisputed portion of his career constitutes a sufficient foundation for the formation of an adequate notion of his genius as an orator. The outlines which I have given in these paragraphs are those which lie outside of the boundaries of dispute.

Such then are the conceded circumstances in this great man's public appearance upon the stage of national history. It remains to make a further reference to his connection with rebellion, and to conclude with an estimate of his oratorical claims to permanent recollection.

De Celles, in his life of Papineau, complains that this great Canadian has been accused erroneously of disloyalty to his country. If the full extent of the charge had been proved,

it might form some reason for excluding the illustrious Lower Canadian Cicero from a conspicuous place in the gallery of truly Canadian orators. The truth is that Papineau, although he trod daringly upon the crust of treason, was at heart no traitor. In 1837 he did suggest the construction of Quebec into an independent nation, freed from the authority of Great Britain. In doing so he did no more amid the political darkness of his surroundings than Howe years afterwards did in the glare of a more modern illumination when he proposed that Nova Scotia should become a State of the American Union.

Papineau cordially detested the cliques and unsympathetic rulers who sought to govern Canada by despotism, and who regarded the masses and their grievances as an aggregation of colonial cyphers, meriting if anything oppression and contempt. It was against this tyranny that Papineau revolted, and although the means have been condemned by a more recondite interpretation of history, nevertheless, as a result of the revolt, he gained for British America a measure of long-deferred, but absolutely indispensable, justice. History long since has forgiven Papineau for his rebellion, as it also forgave the daring and implacable Mackenzie, and crowned him with laurels in his later years. There was this difference between Papineau and Mackenzie, however, that Papineau, being a Frenchman, was always the idol of his country, even during the long and critical years of his banishment from Canada, while Mackenzie, having been born in the English-speaking portion of the country, where personal and political idolatry are comparatively unknown, was, by reason of his sometimes pacific, sometimes revolutionary, conduct, perpetually hovering between a scaffold and a throne. Both of these tempestuous men were great leaders, great national benefactors, true, although sometimes misguided, patriots, and as a result of their perhaps unwise, but surely, comprehensible



methods, Canada at last came to welcome a respite from political oppression, which, but for their courage, might have been denied to two fair provinces for years, if not for generations.

Papineau was fifty years of age at the time of the rebellion. It was not, however, that event which accorded him the conspicuous-celebrity which he has emphatically acquired in history. Long before the insurrection, and when he was yet in early life, he bounded almost meteorically forward into national eminence as a statesman and an orator. De Celles and others have ably treated of him as a statesman; it is reserved to this occasion to touch upon his merits as a prince of the public platform. Almost time enough has elapsed since his death in 1871, to rob him of his faults and emphasize his great and commanding qualities. History characterizes him as one of the few true orators of Canada. His portrait furnishes visible confirmation of the estimate of history. In appearance he had all the personal bearing of the orator. His face at once suggests the commanding character, inseparably associated with the man, whose vocal thunders are wont to burst over great assemblies of people. His whole aspect and manner were those of the man whose function it is to impress his fellow men. His features were refined and noble. His lips were habitually compressed, indicating supreme decision. His bright and searching eyes were keen and flashing. His forehead was high and intellectual. His countenance was open and imperious. He was tall, graceful in his movements, and dignified. He bore a slight facial resemblance to our pictorial conceptions of the younger Pitt, and his oratorical gestures and declamatory attitude were not unlike those of the great Sir

Wilfrid Laurier. He had a splendid, ringing voice, of great strength, full of deep vibrant tones, and yet richly resonant and musical. It resounded thunderously through the largest buildings of Lower Canada, and made the vaulted roofs echo with the reverberating sounds. His learning, for his circumstances, and considering his surroundings, was almost abnormal. He had a ready and polished wit, and a withering sarcasm. His language was ornate; his vocabulary copious; his memory retentive, and supplying him with an inexhaustible abundance of the appropriate words of his native tongue to use almost at will. He spoke with great rapidity, and with enthusiastic declamatory vehemence. Seldom has his Province or even Canada heard the equal of his finished and masterly eloquence.

I like to think of Papineau as a man whose soul was never severed from his country; that even when rebellion drove him afar, he was invisibly yet indissolubly bound to the land that gave him birth. This is where he loved in life to be left; and here it is that this imperfect estimate of his genius shall leave him. As vigour of limb is transmitted by blood so I sometimes think loyalty is capable of a not inferior transmission. A grandson of the great tribune, bearing in his veins some of Papineau's blood, and likewise some of his lofty spirit, perished on behalf of Freedom only a little while ago in Europe. Freedom blushes and blooms in Quebec to-day, while on other lands the fetters are securely rivetted. These manacles are being slowly broken apart. Soon the Nations shall be free. Then men who merit greatness shall receive it. Then those who fought for freedom shall, by freedom, be enthroned. Then shall Papineau be numbered with the truly great.



# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## MARY OLIVIER: A LIFE

By MAY SINCLAIR. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

**T**O have been the mistress of the man she loved, when she might have married him, and yet to reach the certainty that she was not sorry for it—that she never would go back on it—that it was pure and remorseless—that through it she had found reality, perfect happiness and God, is the climax of this chronicle.

In her discovery of perfect happiness Mary Olivier found:

"It had not come from other people or the things you thought it had come from, but from somewhere inside yourself. When you attached it to people and things, they ceased for that moment to be themselves, the space they then seemed to inhabit was not their own space; the time of the wonderful event was not their time. They became part of the kingdom of God within you.

"Not Richard. [Her lover.] He had become part of the kingdom of God without ceasing to be himself.

"That was because she had loved him more than herself. Loving him more than herself, she had let him go.

"Letting go had somehow done the trick."

Mary Olivier is not a product of environment, nor of heredity, but of her real self and her long struggle for reality, for the recognition of that absolutely "unmoral" beauty of life more than anything else.

The story is developed through each stage of her life, beginning in infancy and childhood, when her keen intuition was swerved from the real truths of life and God, and her logical ques-

tions evaded with answers in accordance to accepted superficial standards of society.

Quite in contrast to the character of Mary Olivier is that of her sweet, orthodox, supremely selfish mother, who demanded that all her children conform to her standards. She never wanted her only daughter to leave her.

And Mary Olivier never left her mother. Rather than marry and take her mother to live with Richard in London, where her mother would have been unhappy, she refused marriage. It would take infinitely more courage to be married and risk losing all the beautiful things than to take the "Thing-in-Itself" in all its freedom. That was her philosophy.

The story of Mary Olivier's life is a compelling one. It is replete with tense moments of emotion, passion and love of the beautiful. It is a story of a struggle for the recognition of the rights of these moments to the highest places; the struggle for the assertion of the true, natural self, and it is worked out, as Mary Olivier concludes, at the age of forty-five, with an "exquisite clearness and intensity".

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## LEADERS OF THE CANADIAN CHURCH

Edited by W. BERTAL HEENEY, B.A., B.D. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

**T**EARS and laughter, the grave and the gay, a fine seriousness and a delicious frivolity, combine to make this a most interesting book. If some philanthropic layman could be induced to place a copy in the hands of



every non-conforming minister it would serve admirably to build up interdenominational fraternity. Here is the Anglican church revealed through twenty of her sons—the ten subjects of the short biographies and the ten biographers. Obviously, it is from the atmosphere of the comment as well as from the fact commented upon that one gathers impressions. It is in what Archdeacon Raymond says of John Medley as well as in John Medley himself that one sees the Church of England. In a sense a church is on trial when she writes the life stories of her sons. Especially is this so when these stories are the stories of ten Bishops of the Church of England in Canada from the earliest to comparatively recent years. The story-teller must of necessity deal with men who were in the thick of the Clergy Reserves controversy. They must pass in review the cries and clamours of an educational controversy of no small import in the life of Ontario. They must make the comment they are moved to make by their fair-mindedness, their charity and their insight, or their prejudice, their partisanship and their blindness, as the case may be.

It is true that the author of one of the sketches speaks of the Clergy Reserves as being "settled by an Act of Parliament which was no less than a confiscation of property that had been given to the Church of England in Canada in lieu of the rights of collecting tithes for the maintenance of the Clergy", a comment not likely to be quite concurred in by some prominent Anglicans to-day. And there will probably be a half-amused and conscious tolerance of the title of the book with its delicately firm implication on the part of churchmen of other denominations.

But on the whole the Anglican church stands the test of these ten biographies well. There is a fine and ably justified enthusiasm for great men in them. In the stories racily and solemnly told there is an appeal that should reach all classes and indi-

viduals in Canadian society. It is an appeal based in the main on broad human grounds and very seldom on any partisanship of denominational or church party rivalry.

The individual reader will discriminate among the sketches for himself, led sometimes by a prior interest in the subject, sometimes by the inherent embroideries of romantic zest, sometimes by the merit and appeal of the biographer's style. After reading the book through at least two things will likely remain as impressions with most readers. The first is that these ten leaders of the Anglican Church in Canada were, taken all in all, great and "knowledgable" men, making great contributions to the worth of Canadian life. The second is that these ten Bishops, if caught in a group together, gathered from the different quarters of Canada, would be a fine-minded, merry company whose fellowship might be coveted by any human soul. So much then for Anglicanism.

The book is a fairly well-balanced report on the men under consideration. A question arises in the reader's mind concerning the treatment accorded Bishop Dumoulin. If its cleverness and lightness of touch bordering on flippancy had been companion to an additional fifteen or twenty pages of firmer handling in more serious mood the sketch would have been a more adequate portrayal of one who, if not the greatest, was not the least interesting among Canadian bishops in the Church of England.

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### BULL DOG CARNEY

By W A FRASER. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

THIS book bears within it the very obvious suggestion that it might have been written with an eye on the movies. It contains more action than passion. It hasn't any of the quiet depth of a good novel nor any of a good novel's humanness. In fact, the book is not a novel at all, as perhaps



Mr. Fraser would, if pressed, admit. The figures are so flat and artificial that they literally seem to flicker like bodyless shapes on the printed page. It is as if Mr. Fraser had lifted up into his book certain romantic elements of early Western life and dissociated them altogether from humanity. So that through his 306 pages we get no sense of reality, no reaction to life itself.

While this is strong adverse criticism of the book, it is made because the book and Mr. Fraser are not yet beyond criticism. Surely out of his experience Mr. Fraser could give to Canadian literature a real tale. Surely out of his acquaintance with the West he could recreate a real man or woman or two of those early days and through them register in legitimate and artistic fashion something of the romance, the strangeness, the allurements of those vital times. In this book he has not done it. He has not struck reality on half a dozen occasions. Of course, if the reader can tolerate or ignore an almost utter bankruptcy of power in creative description, a most careless and crass use of the English language, and a superabundance of stereotyped Westernese, for the sake of a manner of adventurous and redhandkerchiefed yarning, he can probably read the book through and with some enjoyment, but hardly otherwise.

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### OUR HOUSE

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY. Toronto:  
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THERE is something of the pleasure in this book that is offered by fine china, bright mahogany, and modern beamed ceilings. It is the pleasure of smooth and finished and successful artificiality. It is the pleasure of well studied interiors, of a bit of classic statuary set with a deliberating eye under the personal direction of the House Beautiful on the edge of a well-placed table by a fire, of books in properly arranged profusion of invitation on a library table. The au-

thor of "Our House" does not achieve (to honour him by putting him in good company for comparison) Sir Harry Johnson's vital urbanity as in "The Gray Dombey's". He has no Galsworthian paragraphs, nor are his pages tarred with the black and hasty ardours of a Wellsian brush. Yet, by some power, the book, slight as a tyro's tale, is quick and moving on occasion. There is a faint bouquet about it that is alike inviting and memorable.

The story is the story of Robert Roberts, born in a little town of good houses and fine trees far enough from New England to be different. Millington's delightful suspicions and self satisfactions born out of provincialism are delicately set in behind the developing character of Robert Roberts, who would be a college man and a writer. Business and money and golf and Millingtown seemed to him to make inadequate bids for the name of life. This implied criticism of Millingtown on the part of one of her sons troubled Millingtown. As it watches Robert Roberts go on in quest of his career, the town, in the persons of his father, his mother, his Aunt Jenny, the golf club devotees, and Jen, is in turn mystified, saddened, hurt, exasperated, amused and resigned. Mary Sharpe who lives in Millingtown, but is of New England, has certain disillusionments to offer to provincial persons. She becomes eventually the reality of life for Robert Roberts. Katherine Gray is his romance. In setting these two women over against one another with Robert Roberts between them and Millingtown and New York in the surroundings Professor Canby has made for himself an opportunity to study the workings of a young man's mind and heart in a certain possible and fairly plausible situation. That he has not exhausted the possibilities of analysis is obvious as the story proceeds to its conclusion. To say that he has suggested more than he can portray might be to leave him too complimented. It might mean that



he is more of the artist than he is. It is better to say a little different thing and still not an uncomplimentary thing, by putting it that he has indicated more than he can achieve, or, in other words, that he reveals his own inadequacy. Yet the recital has its moments of intensity, of insight. Personality is vivid at points.

"Our House" is not pre-eminently a vital book. But it is a pretty book, a pleasing book, a book that one can read twice, lured by nothing less or more than an atmosphere of finish, of good taste, of achieved pleasantness.

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### THE MONTHLY CHAPBOOK

London, W.C.: The Poetry Bookshop,  
35 Devonshire Street.

THIS is a commendable revival of *Poetry and Drama*, an admirable publication that was suspended during the time of war. Its form is different from the original, being decorative and the cover attractive. The present idea is to treat of one subject or class only in each number. Two numbers have been issued—July and August. The first contains twenty-three new poems by contemporary poets, and the second is devoted to "Decoration in the Theatre", by Albert Rutherford. Some of the well-known names among the twenty-three poets are: John Alford, Walter de la Mare, D. H. Lawrence, F. S. Flint, Siegfried Sassoon, Harold Monroe, T. Sturge Moore, Richard Addington, and W. H. Davies.

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—"Birds of Peasemarsch", by E. L. Marsh. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company). This book is an "all Canadian" production. The author, who is a Canadian well-known to bird-

lovers, has written a most entertaining book on Canadian birds. The Canadian publishers, who maintain that books for Canadians should be manufactured in Canada by Canadian labour, have printed and bound this book in Canada on paper made in Canada from type set in Canada.

—"Midas and Son", by Stephen McKenna. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart). A tragedy of wealth.

—"Flag and Fleet", by Col. William Wood. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada). Starting with the early man who escaped from or beset his enemies by using a log for transport rather than going by land, Col. Wood unfolds a progressive story through the age of the rowers, the sailing age, the age of iron and steel, to the time when Britain's power at sea proved to be the cause of Germany's defeat.

—"The Clutch of Circumstance", by Marjorie Benton Cooke. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart). A novel of secret service and international plotting.

—"The Shrieking Pit", by Arthur J. Rees. A novel of murder and mystery, in which there is a treatment of the criminal side of what has been termed "epileptic mania".

—"Ma Pettengill", by Harry Leon Wilson. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart). A breezy, humorous, moving novel by the author of "Ruggles of Red Gap".

—"All the Brothers were Valiant", by Ben Ames Williams. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada). A novel of adventure in mid-ocean, involving hidden treasure, mutineers, love and hatred.









THE SHRINE

From a Photograph by  
Edith S. Watson





THE

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## CHRIST AS POET

BY J. D. LOGAN

AUTHOR OF "COMEDY AND HUMOUR OF THE BIBLE", "THE FUNCTION OF THE BIBLE IN LITERATURE", ETC.



SAINT MATTHEW was the "Boswell" of Christ! For inventing and employing a metaphor that, by anachronism and anti-climax, signalizes the relations of Christ and His disciple, the Synoptic writer, in terms of modern literary history, I shall, no doubt, be enfiladed by all sorts of critics. If not accused of irreverence, I shall be charged with writing in very questionable taste. Or, taking the strictly literary point of view as being in good taste as well as being culturally worth while, I shall be told that I have employed an anachronism so audacious and anomalous as to make it unwarrantable and an anti-climax so impossible as to make it absurd. The anachronism, however, is only for pedagogical purposes, and is therefore valid; but it is valid the more because St. Matthew, in a literary way more than the other Synoptic writers and even St. John, displayed, in the etymological sense of the term, an

"enthusiasm" for the Master quite like Boswell's for Johnson, and "hung on" the Master's words—the *ipsissima verba*—and reported them with the same kind of stenographic and *verbatim* accuracy as did Boswell with Johnson's "talk". For St. Matthew, as for Boswell, what was written was done under the inspiration of an intense admiring affection and worship and must, therefore, be done with the mind as reverently accurate and veracious as the stylus or pen of the writer was finely pointed and his hand solicitous of legibility. At any rate, it is from the Gospel "according to Matthew" (whether that means actually written by St. Matthew or by another writer who made a "revised and enlarged edition" of Aramaic *Logia*, that is *Sayings* of Christ, compiled by St. Matthew)—it is from this Gospel, pre-eminently, that we shall discover the *Poet* in the mind and heart and speech of Christ.

To that pleasant adventure in literary psychology, I address this essay.



It is not, however, an essay in New Testament "Higher Criticism" or even in Literary Criticism as such. Rather, it is conceived as, to use Pater's term, an "Appreciation", belonging to the department of *belles-lettres*. Still, it will contain elements of literary history and criticism and, as I think, some novel orienting of the *differentiae* of prose (rhetorical and rhythmical) poetry, and *vers libre*. The aim of an essay, if it can have an extrinsic aim, is to show forth that the true Poet who is earth-born is kin to Him who was Poet as well as Prophet and Preacher; that on the genius and function of the authentic modern Poet is the imprimatur of Him who spake as never man spake.

In an "appreciation" of the genius of Christ, there can be no problems—no Synoptic Problems or other problems of New Testament Higher Criticism. Any one who has been a student of the Homeric Problem or of the Platonic Problem, or of Old Testament Problems in Higher Criticism, knows that the Synoptic Problem—the dates, authorship, genuineness and authenticity of the Gospels—are *sui generis*, so far as conclusiveness in these questions is concerned: the more one investigates, the more does one find the inquiry become fatuous and futile; one only gets farther and farther away from true knowledge, and even from justifiable opinion, and ends in hopeless confusion. But there are certain *a priori* principles which must be accepted before the text of the Matthæan Gospel can be employed as material or data from which to construe a literary appreciation of the poetic genius of Christ. First, paradoxically, the very death of Christ is proof that His epoch was rife with ideas or, rather, expectancies, of the fulfilment of the Messianic hopes expressed in the literature of the ancient Hebrews. The *a priori* probability is that the epoch of Christ, in which, as ardently wished for and expected, was to be fulfilled the hopes expressed in the beautiful, noble, and exalting proph-

ecies and psalms of the ancient Hebrews, should have a literature—the "Life" and "Sayings" of Jesus—quite as poetical, as beautiful in matter and form, as that of the anterior ages in Hebraic culture and civilization. The Literature of the Realization of Hope would be as lovely as that of Spiritual Desire and Hope.

Now, this *a priori* probability must have its own *a priori* grounds to make it more than merely antecedently plausible. The grounds are these two:—that the Christ or the Messiah, when He came, would necessarily, as the greatest Hebrew Prophet, Preacher, and Teacher, clothe His message—the greatest to be given to the world—in human speech not only consistent with spiritual dignity of the message, but made lovely or winning or compelling, or exalting by all the means of perfect human, that is Hebraic, rhetorical and poetical art; and that, secondly, Christ's message, orally given, should be reported in written speech by one who had so profound an enthusiasm for the matter and form of Christ's message, and who was himself such a student of the ancient Hebrew literature and so gifted in expressing himself poetically, that he would faithfully reproduce, in whatever language he wrote, whether Aramaic or Greek, an exact transcript of Christ's words. In short, the grounds for presuming, before investigation, that the gospel literature would be necessarily as beautiful, noble and exalting as the ancient Hebraic prophecies and psalms, that is to say, as poetical as the older scriptures or literature, are, first, that by racial genius, training, and realization of the spiritual dignity of His message, Christ would become, and express Himself as, a Poet; and that, secondly, amongst the Evangelists there should be one who, along with, to use our anachronism, a Boswellian enthusiasm for the mind and speech of Christ, possessed a fine sense of poetic beauty, and was able to employ it in what he wrote, whether in original composition or in faithful translation.



As to Christ Himself: inevitably—or at least more than probably—He would inherit the poetical gifts of His race, immemorially poetical both in thought and speech. Moreover, He was a scion of the “House of David”, and the poetical traditions of His remote ancestors would be, it is *a priori* probable, part of His home or family education. Further, conscious, as He was, from His childhood, even before that day when His mother, the Blessed Virgin, discovered the Child Jesus “disputing” with the Doctors in the Temple, and He answered her with, “Wist ye not that I must be about My Father’s business?”—conscious from earliest childhood that He had a special and paramount Mission, as Prophet, Priest and King, inevitably Christ would diligently acquaint Himself with the Hebrew Scriptures, especially the Messianic literature, the prophecies and the psalms; and thus, as it were, from childhood breathing the very breath of the poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures, would, when He Himself spoke, not only reproduce the thought or matter of the Hebraic prophets and lyrists but also clothe His own words in the very form of the great masters of prophetic and lyrical literature. Finally, it is highly probable, *a priori*—indeed it is altogether likely—that when Christ essayed explicitly to train His disciples and to teach the people, instinctively He would adopt the method of the great Hebraic teachers of morals, the great preachers and prophets of His race, who were also poets, or would be acute psychologist enough independently to apply a method of teaching and preaching that would impress the minds and imaginations of His disciples and the people who heard Him. That is to say, it is to be expected that Christ would deliver His message and doctrine in a form and manner that would compel what He said to impress the minds and hearts of His hearers so as to make it all as readily retained as it was attentively heard and received; and this form would, for the most part, naturally be gnomic, rhythmical

and poetical, after the manner of the heightened and impassioned expression of the Hebrew moralists, seers, prophets, and lyrists. In short, the *a priori* probability is that Christ, by inheritance of racial genius, by training in family tradition, by self-cultivation in “the classics” of ancient Hebrew literature, prophecy and poetry, and by pedagogical instinct or acumen, as well as by realizing the value of the traditional method of the great teachers of the Hebrew people, would necessarily become, and express Himself, as a Poet. Nature, racial history, education, and unique and holy spiritual office would combine to compel Christ to speak with the beauty and impassioned utterance which is the essential manner of the supreme Poet.

As to St. Matthew or the author of the Matthæan Gospel: internal evidences from the text go to prove that he was most passionately Hebraic in his sense of the Messianic character and function of Christ; that he was “a close student” of the Hebrew Scriptures, especially of the Messianic literature; that he had his mind and heart packed with “the beauties” of Hebraic prophecy and poetry; that more than any other of the Evangelists, not even excepting James, the so-called “brother” of Christ, and St. John (of the Apocalypse), both of whom had the imaginative gifts of poets, St. Matthew had a distinct sense of poetical beauty and form and the gift of poetical expression; and that more than any other of the Evangelists, he had an “enthusiasm” for the literary form, and for the *ipsissima verba*, of Christ’s discourses and sayings—an enthusiasm which, at any rate in impulse and degree, has its parallel in modern times in Boswell’s *verbatim* appreciations of the substance and form of Johnson’s utterances. The *a priori* probability is, therefore, that St. Matthew, or the author of the Matthæan Gospel, though writing in Greek, was, by racial genius, innate gift, scriptural erudition, and reverence for literary



form and for veracity, especially or peculiarly fitted to render, with the nicest and truest expression, both the matter and the manner—the poetic beauty—of Christ's discourses and "logia", which He spoke in the Aramaic tongue.

The probability of the validity of this view may be raised to the *nth* power, that is, to practical certainty, by the following considerations which I regard as conclusive. Of the sixty or sixty-five quotations in the Matthæan Gospel, taken from the Old Testament (and there are practically as many in this Gospel as in those of St. Mark and St. Luke combined), the greater majority are quotations by Christ, whereas the inconsiderable few by the author of the Matthæan Gospel are preceded by the formula, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the Lord through the prophet . . ." Now, the significant truths are these: if Christ quotes from the Old Testament, it must be that He does so faithfully; and if St. Matthew renders, as he does, the Old Testament quotations of Christ with more faithfulness to the Hebrew originals and with truer "transcript" of their poetical beauty than was done by the authors of the Septuagint, then the Gospel "according to Matthew" must contain, as far as is humanly possible, the authentic matter and form, the substance and poetical beauty, of Christ's discourses and sayings. To my mind this is a conclusive argument for the reasonable belief that in the Matthæan Greek Gospel we have, barring morphology, the nearest possible "exact transcript" of the matter and manner of Christ's original Aramaic thoughts and words. In this Greek Gospel we shall most vividly realize Christ as Prophet, Preacher—and Poet!

To see Christ as the actual creative Poet requires on the part of readers the ability to see and feel the literary beauty and charm of the Matthæan Gospel; and this cannot be done with nicety by any one who has not a knowledge of the formal structural

principles (such as parallelism, antithesis and climax) and the special laws of Hebrew poetry, and who has not the ability to read the Greek text of the Gospel and to discover in the "running" text, which gives it the appearance of prose, the parts that are poetical in form and those that are poetical in vision and imagery. These parts, which are not discoverable by the uninitiated even in the English versions (Douay or King James) of the New Testament, are, however, nicely disengaged and articulated in such "literary arrangements" of the English versions as Moulton's "Modern Readers' Bible", or Lindsay's "Literature of the New Testament", or in Moffatt's "New Translation of the New Testament". I may be able to assist the English reader to appreciate the latent as well as the actual poetical mind and speech of Christ by the following considerations.

Christ appears, by *implication*, as a Poet, by His employment of many quotations from the poetical literature of the Old Testament. I cannot here explain and illustrate the principles of Hebrew rhetorical prose and poetry. But to the English reader, who will miss the elements of metre and rhyme even in the "literary arrangements" of the quoted Hebraic poetry in the English translation, I may point out that the nearest modern approach to the formal structure of Hebrew poetry is what is known today as "*vers libre*" (free verse). Now, just as order is the first law of nature, so the order which is called rhythm, the rhythmical grouping of spoken or written words, is the first law of human speech. It is a psychological necessity. In impulse and aim, poetry is the conscious organizing of speech into rhythmical groupings, for its own sake or for the sake of the delight and joy in creating the beauty in it. In impulse and aim, prose is the conscious organizing of speech into practical groupings, which may be rhythmical and beautiful or haphazard and unrhythmical. Now, it all



depends on the *mood* of the speaker or writer, and whether he aims to communicate a practical idea or fact, or to awake a sentiment, excite an emotion, free the fancy or fire the imagination, how far forth prose shall be mere prose or the rhythmical prose which is essentially poetry. It is a fact, however, that, in obedience to the instinctive tendency of speech to be rhythmical, readers will impose rhythm on mere prose. So that the ideal of prose is not to get away from poetry but to approach it in rhythm or melodic flow.

It makes no difference, then, whether we take the "running" prose form of "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings, who publisheth peace, who saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth", or impose on these words the manner of "free verse", thus—

How beautiful  
Upon the mountains  
Are the feet  
Of him who bringeth good tidings,  
Who publisheth peace,  
Who saith unto Zion,  
Thy God reigneth—

the truth is that the impulse, the mood, the aim of the speaker or writer of them was poetical and the words are poetry; and it makes no difference whether they are regarded as rhythmical prose or "free verse", the truth is that they are in mood, in imagery, in rhythm and melody indubitably poetry. Moreover, I must point out that they are *Hebrew* poetry as such and not really rhythmical prose or even "free verse". For they were not composed in the prose mood, but in the poetic mood, and "free verse" is much more than rhythmical prose in irregular lines. The unit of "free verse" is not the line, but something akin to the strophe of the Greek choral odes; and its rhythm and melody are not artificial but natural—the inevitable rhythm and melody inherent in human speech, and "set free" by the composer of the verses. Still, as I said and hold, for the English reader "free verse" will

convey most approximately the beauty and charm of Hebrew poetry as we get it in the quotations from Christ's words as translated into our own tongue.

To see Christ *explicitly creative* as a Poet it is only necessary to observe His poet's eye for *colour* in nature, His love for and singular appreciation of the spiritual meaning of little *children* and of the heart of *woman*, His abundant use of picturesque *similes* and original *metaphors*, His immortal *parables*, His power of pathetic, almost tragic, *apostrophe*, the peculiarly oracular quality and form of His *maxims* of essential Christianity, and how almost constantly, or at least when not merely conversing or merely explaining, He casts His discourses and sayings, even with regard to the lowliest of things, into the *formal structure* of traditional Hebrew poetry. In short, we can readily observe Christ, as it were, at work exercising the sense and faculty of the Poet, employing the material of poetry, and applying the technical craftsmanship of the authentic poet who possesses the artistic conscience. It is easy briefly to illustrate all this.

In the perception of nature Christ's mind is richly pictorial; He has the poet's eye for colour; He knows the field flowers of His native land and loves their glorious beauty. Christ is a nature-colourist, a word-painter. A remarkable instance of this quality of His poetic genius is found in the familiar verses from Matthew, VI., 28-29:

Consider the lilies of the field, how  
they grow;  
They toil not, neither do they spin;  
And yet I say unto you,  
That not even Solomon in all his  
glory  
Was arrayed like one of these.

On the hills of Nazareth, where Christ spent His boyhood, grows a species of lily which travellers who botanized in the Holy Land tell us possesses a dark violet colour akin to royal purple, incomparably beautiful; also native to the same district is the



*anemone coronaria*, a species of wind-flower of gorgeous bloom. Either of these field flowers would make lasting impression on the sense and imagination of a boy naturally gifted with the poet's appreciation of colour or beauty in nature. Christ, like the poet, first draws on His past experience of colour in nature, and, next, attempts to wake in the imaginations of His audience His own appreciation of the beauty of flowers by an extraordinary double use of colour pictures; the colour beauty of flowers themselves outdoing the gorgeousness of King's raiment. In fancy the audience would form with the most vivid realization, two pictures of colour—the dewy, dark-violet of the lily and the glory of the royal robes. But the vividness, caused by the comparison, would be enhanced to Christ's audience by His use of a verbal form which does not appear in the English phrase, "was not arrayed"; for the Greek verbal form in the text of the Matthæan Gospel is in what is known as the "middle voice", and would cause in the minds of Christ's audience the picture of the great King selecting and "arraying himself" in the most gorgeously-coloured robes that the art of the dyer could produce. And yet, says Christ, who had the poet's eye for colour, which His audience had not, Solomon, with the aid of the toilers, spinners, weavers, and dyers, all of them the best in the land, could not apparel himself with the glory of colour with which God and nature have painted the little, lowly, unconcerned flowers of the field. It may be interesting to note, in this reference, that the only gems mentioned in the Gospels are pearls, and that these are mentioned only by Christ and only twice. I consider this as additional proof that Christ had a special eye for colour-beauty in nature; for while all other gems are artificially made beautiful, pearls come from Nature (the womb of the crustacean artificer), perfect in beauty of form and immaculately

lovely in sheen. Was it not pearls that Gray signalized as loveliest to the pictorial imagination when he wrote—

Full many a gem of purest ray  
serene,  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean  
bear?

Surely! And Christ anticipates Gray, in the possession of the poet's eye for beauty of colour in nature.

Christ's power to invent vivid, striking, picturesque similes and metaphors, as well as unique, compelling, illuminating parables, is another faculty and expression of His creative poetic genius. Only a poet could originate so vivid a metaphor as Christ's, "The *lamp* of the body is the eye", or so sublime a metaphor as Christ's, "But I say unto you, Swear . . . neither by heaven, for it is the throne of God; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool". Remarkably, even the slang of the underworld to-day has Christ's vivid metaphor, in the first instance, both as a noun and a verb, as when it is said, "I spotted him with my lamps", meaning, "I saw him, with my eyes", or "I lamped the cop", meaning, "I saw, with my eyes, the policeman". Christ's second metaphor is poetically sublime, because it pictures to the imagination the vastness of the universe and the infinite greatness of God and the littleness of man. It presents to the moral imagination, in a twinkling of vision, the Immensities and Eternities. Only a genuinely creative poet, too, could have invented the immortal parables of Christ or His allegories. Even such great moralists, poetically visioned, as they were, as Plato and Marcus Aurelius, had to take the compass of many pages to point the truth in parables and similitudes, and then failed to achieve what Christ accomplished with a few short sentences that are comprehensible by the mind of a child. It was impossible for Plato to convey truth so succinctly, so simply, and so impressively, in such short compass, as did Christ, for instance, in the parable of "The Pearl



of Great Price"; and no secular writer of fiction, ancient or modern, has achieved a Short Story as simple, concise and as dramatic and allegorically powerful over the heart and the imagination as Christ's tale of "The Prodigal Son"—the shortest and yet greatest short story in world literature.

Again: if I were asked to select the most humanly tender, and yet most poignantly pathetic, apostrophe, under the most simple and familiar similitude, in all literature, I should quote Christ's heart-broken apostrophe and lament over the Fate of the Holy City—

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered together thy children, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing—and *you* would not!

I need no more than remark the vividness and tenderness in the homely, familiar similitude, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings", and the folorn sorrow in the phrase, "and you would not", made more moving in the Greek text by the use of the plural person, conveying thus the idea that the whole people of Jerusalem were hardened in their hearts to reject Christ—His very own people, small and great, poor and rich, all against Him who came to them with the gospel of the Way of Life and the New Kingdom of God on earth. Rather, however, note the moving power of the pathetic *reiteration*, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem", if poignancy of heart-broken emotion is to be felt by the reader in Christ's apostrophe. It is a "cry" *de profundis*; and Christ once again turns to reiteration to utter a "cry" *de profundis*, as He did in utter loneliness and desolateness of soul and spirit, when he died, calling, in His last words from the Cross on Calvary, to an unanswering universe—

Eli, Eli, lema Sabaethani—My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?

It is to be noted, in this connection, that the word "sabaethani" is an Aramaic form, and, to the understanding reader, adds special poignancy to the tragic pathos of Christ's dying agony of spirit; for Aramaic was Christ's childhood speech, his mother-tongue; and now, dying, not the Hellenistic Greek of the day, but the speech that He learned, as a child, from His mother, the Blessed Virgin, comes to His tongue from the hidden, deep wells of His sub-conscious mind. Reverting, however, to the apostrophe to Jerusalem, it is plain that in poetic expression of humanly tender, poignantly moving emotion, Christ was a master of genuine pathos.

It is hardly necessary for me to elaborate what must be obvious and familiar to any one who knows the text of the Matthaean and the other gospels—namely, Christ's tender regard for children and His respect for and high sense of the beauty and nobility of the spirit of woman. But I must observe that the innate sense of the value of the Imperfect, the respect for weak and growing things, such as children, and the sensitive appreciation of the loveliness of the soul and spirit of woman, is a distinct mark of poetic faculty. It is a ready but valid induction that all poets have been inspired by these three—the winsome beauty of field flowers, the innocence and faith of childhood, and the spiritual graces of woman. Christ was inspired, as we saw, by the beauty of the lilies of the field; He gave beautiful and impressive expression of His love of children when He rebuked His disciples because they could not appreciate the spiritual meaning of the innocence and faith of the young, and uttered, for their salvation, this immortal poetic maxim—

Suffer little children to come unto me,  
For of such is the Kingdom of  
Heaven.

As to Christ's attitude to the heart and spirit of woman, I observe that it was poetic, ideally beautiful and tender.



His tender respect for woman, even for the sad Magdalenes, was unexampled; and His tender solicitude for His mother, which, while he was in agony on the Cross, He did not let cease, was a spiritual phenomenon by itself. Again: *Christ's own ideals were feminine*. As a man He lived a life inspired by love of the beautiful, the fine, the noble, the tender, the gentle, the kind, the forgiving, the helpful, the merciful, the pure and sweetly human in thought and deed. These are the qualities of womanhood that are born of the idealizing faculty, which is the faculty of love, which is, in turn, the faculty of creative imagination, which, in its turn, is the faculty of poetry.

Finally: we began by asserting that whenever Christ, in His sayings and discourses, was under inner compulsion to utter thoughts and express emotions centering about the paramount ideas of His person, or mission, or the meaning of His life and death, the *a priori* probability was that He would become the Poet as such. Investigation of the form and quality of His discourses and "logia", at any rate those in which He was concerned with spiritual matters of the very highest import or was delivering the principles, laws and maxims essential to the Christian life, Christ employed not only the imagery but also the very technical structure and special forms of Hebrew poetry; practised, that is, the art of the Poet as such. I shall briefly illustrate. First, for an example of Hebraic parallel relation, consider Matthew, VII., 6—

Give not that which is holy unto dogs,  
Neither cast ye your pearls before  
    swine,  
Lest they trample them under their  
    feet,  
And, turning upon you, rend you.

The English reader does not perceive the syntactical, that is, the logical, relation of these lines as they are in the text, because the first and fourth lines are in parallel relation for the thought, and the second and third lines in similar relation. We must re-

arrange the lines, logically in our thought, so as to follow the first with the fourth and the second with the third, in order to ascribe the appropriate actions respectively to the dogs and the swine. Thus—

Give not that which is holy unto dogs,  
Lest (the dogs) turning upon you,  
    rend you.  
Neither cast ye your pearls before  
    swine,  
Lest they (the swine) trample them  
    under their feet,

This form of poetic maxim is common in the Old Testament, particularly in *Ecclesiasticus* and *Ecclesiastes*, the so-called gnomic or wisdom literature of the Hebrews; and Christ must have been well acquainted with this literature, for not only are two of His parables enlargements of passages from *Ecclesiasticus*, but also Christ's so-called brother, St. James, is under many obligations to the same Old Testament book.

Or, consider Matthew VII. 7 and 8 as an instance of Hebraic Climax in poetry—

Ask and it shall be given unto you;  
Seek and ye shall find;  
Knock and it shall be opened unto  
    you.

For everyone that asketh, receiveth;  
And he that seeketh, findeth;  
And to him that knocketh, it shall be  
    opened.

Note how this gnomic wisdom poetry is composed of two triplet-stanzas, each a triplet with ascending climax—ask, seek, knock; and how each line corresponds with each, in one, two, three order in each stanza. The petition in the Lord's Prayer for material and spiritual necessities—daily bread, forgiveness of sins, and salvation from the tempter—show a similar triple climax. Indeed the Lord's Prayer is an outstanding example of the formal correspondence in structure, climax, and even rhythm, characteristic of Hebrew poetry, and technically employed by Christ.

For unique examples of Hebrew poetical antithesis in structure and



paradox in thought, and of climax with refrain, consider the following passages from Matthew X., 34-39:

For antithesis with paradox, consider this—

Think not that I came to send peace  
on earth:

I came not to send peace, but the  
sword.

For I came to set a man against his  
father,

And the daughter against her mother,  
And the daughter-in-law against her  
mother-in-law:

Yea, a man's enemies shall be his own  
household.

For climax, with refrain—

He that loveth his father or mother  
more than me,

Is not worthy of me.

He that loveth son or daughter more  
than me,

Is not worthy of me.

And he that taketh not up his cross  
and followeth me,

Is not worthy of me.

Here we have an ascending climax, in three couplets, closing, each, with the refrain: "He is not worthy of me". Then, like a coda in symphonic music, the thought of the two poems—the separating nature of Christianity, corresponding to the first theme in a symphony, and the absolute devotion required by Christ in the Christian life, corresponding to the second theme in a symphony—is "bound together" by this sublime antithetic quatrain, with paradox:

He that findeth his life,  
Shall lose it;  
And he that loseth his life for me,  
Shall find it.

Fittingly, I fancy, I may bring to a close these "appreciations" of Christ as Poet by a general orienting of the formal structure of Christ's poetical picture of the Day of Judgment in Heaven, a picture which, in vividness, impressiveness, solemnity and sublimity, surpasses anything, in rhetorical prose, or absolute poetry, imagined by Plato, Dante, or Milton. I mean that section from Matthew, XXV., 31-46, which begins, "And when the Son

of Man shall come in His glory, and all the Angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory; and all the nations shall be gathered before Him", and which closes with the judicial sentence of the Son of Man, as Almighty Judge, on the Righteous and the Wicked: "And these (the wicked) shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous, into everlasting life".

Christ's picture of the Day of Judgment divides into four parts: (1), the Introduction—the Son of Man on the throne of Heaven and the people of the nations assembled before the throne for judgment and sentencing; (2), the Judging, with Reasons and Responses and Replies (vss. 34-45); and the Passing of Sentence and Awards (vs. 46). The second part itself divides into two parallel sections, both of which are formally constructed according to the principles of Hebrew poetry. Each of these sections consists of a triplet-lined stanza, an announcing of the award, before the judge gives the reasons therefor and the responses are uttered.

The first three-line stanza reads as follows—

THEN shall the King say to them on  
His right:

Come ye blessed of My Father,  
Inherit the kingdom prepared for you  
from the foundation of the world.

This is followed by three stanzas, one, in ascending climax, stating the Judge's Reasons for the Award; the second, containing the Response of the Righteous; and the third, the Reply of the Judge, confirming His Award. The second three-line stanza reads as follows:

THEN shall He say to them on His  
left:

Depart from me ye accursed  
Into everlasting fire prepared for the  
devil and his angels.

This is followed, as above, by three stanzas—Reasons, Response, Reply. The picture concludes with a couplet of Happy Award and Awful Doom.

The whole is indubitably both a highly artistic example of poetical architecture and a vividly impressive example of poetical imagery, while, at the same time, it exemplifies Christ's supreme mastery of all the technical principles and special devices of Hebrew poetry.

Whoever disparages, contemns, or denies the high office of the true poet, he may be answered by pointing to Christ the Poet; and whoever con-

tems or denies the validity of the epithet, "divine poesy", may be silenced by recalling the poetry of Christ the Divine Artist. Finally, to those who essay poetry, but who are not conscious of the high office of the true poet and who work without an artistic conscience and aim, let this maxim be taken to heart and practised by them:—*Be ye, therefore, perfect, as poets, even as Christ the Poet, was perfect.*

## CANADA'S FALLEN \*

By ARTHUR STANLEY BOURINOT

WE who are left must wait the years' slow healing,  
 Seeing the things they loved, the life they lost—  
 The clouds that out the east come, huge, concealing  
 The angry sunset, burnished, tempest-tossed.  
 How will we bear earth's beauty, visions, wonder,  
 Knowing they loved them in the self-same way—  
 Th' exulting lightning followed by deep thunder,  
 Th' exhilaration of each dawning day?  
 Banners of northern lights for them loom greener,  
 Waving as waves the sea-weed's streamered head;  
 Where bent the swaying wheat, the sun-burned gleaner  
 Will find in their remembrance flowers of red.  
 O, life must be immortal for their sake:  
 O, earth will rest them gently till they wake.

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\*This poem won the First Prize (Veterans' Class) for poetry in The National Literary Competition.



# ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT

BY GUY THORNE



IT was some days before Christmas and the great lounge hall of the Central Hotel at Shuttleworth was full of people. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, John Barlas had just arrived from London, and he sat watching the bright and animated scene.

Dozens of merry groups sat taking tea at innumerable little oak tables. On three sides of the vast place, open fires were burning and holly had already made its appearance. Everyone seemed in the highest spirits, and festival was in the air.

John Barlas, tall, lean, brown as a saddle, and going gray, watched the vivid life around him with sadness. He was not bitter; he was not envious; he was simply sad. This was the first Christmas he had spent in England for five and twenty years, and as the band in the gallery began to play a selection of Yule-tide melodies the brilliant spectacle before him faded away, as a dream shifts imperceptibly from one scene to another.

He smelt the scent of the marigolds, the fragrant deodar trees, and the dry earth in his compound at Coonoor. The fragrance of cigarettes, cigars, and China tea changed into the odours of the bazaar—curry and fried cakes, tamarind, and oil mustard. The music of the band turned into the lowing of great humped bullocks, the creaking of the water wheels, the whistle of the kites at evening; and the clatter of the happy Lancashire crowd into the calling of the parrots as they flew in blue and scarlet

regiments about the ruined temples of sandstone.

"Why did I come back from India?" he thought. "What is the use of it after all? I was happy enough there, in my way. We talked a lot about 'Home' and what we should do if we were there. I used to join in with all the rest as if I really had something to go back to. Why did I sell out of the Mills? The native cotton industry was never more promising than now. I've got fifty-thousand pounds, but I might have made it a hundred thousand. What was it?—sentiment, I suppose, though heaven knows I'm not a sentimental man, and my life was hard enough in my youth."

He had been sitting by the fire. He threw his cigarette into it, and strolled towards the lift. All round him he heard the dear old North country speech. It stung him as fresh winter rain stings the face of a man who has been spending a dull afternoon in a heated room, and at dusk strides out to breast the winds.

He was wearing a correctly cut morning coat and dark gray trousers. As soon as he was in his bedroom he changed into his oldest suit, then he turned out the electric light, went to the window and pulled up the blind.

"How things change!" he said to himself. "There was no Central Hotel when I was a lad. This place has been built upon what was once a piece of waste ground where we children played marbles and hop-scotch. One might be in London as far as this hotel is concerned—though there are few hotels in Town to touch it."



But as he drew up the window and leaned out, he gave a sigh of relief. His room was high up at the very top of the great building. From his watch tower he saw a dark and crowded city, the streets defined by a million twinkling lamps; a city upon the banks of an inky river, a city where tall chimneys rose into a murky sky, belching smoke. And he thought that he could hear the hum and roar of a myriad looms—the singing of unnumbered spindles, the clank of the self-cutting mules, the hiss of the endless leather bands.

Yes! this was Shuttleworth after all . . . He heard clogs rattling over cobble stones on the dark mornings of his youth. The acrid odour of yarn came to his nostrils, and he had a vision of a slim girl with a check shawl over her head coming back from the Harrop Company's Mill to the little house in the long mean street after her day's work was done.

Five and twenty years gone—a quarter of a century ago!

Jenny Pennistone, small, insignificant, but with great brown eyes, had nothing to say to the shy, awkward machine minder of nineteen. She had heard, had Jenny Pennistone, that the lad who lived four houses away in Clough Lane, was a bit too fond of pigeon flying, and risked his shillings on the results of the league matches—Jenny came of a serious family.

How it all came back to him!

"What's wrong wi' me, Jenny?"

"What's wrong wi' you, Johnny? I fear the devil's howdin' you. Thou'rt ill spken of in t' factory."

"Jenny listen to me."

"Nay, lad, I can have no carnal talk wi' you. My feyther . . ."

John Barlas shut down the window with a bang. He saw those great brown eyes brimming over with unshed tears, and he remembered the wild anger which welled up in his heart and caused him to say dreadful irreparable words—words which Jenny Pennistone could never forget, words which had sent him desperately out of England to try his fortune.

He got his overcoat, put on a cap, and passed out of the hotel. He walked down the great roaring Church Street with its magnificent shops, its crowds of people gazing into the gleaming windows, took a turn to the right down a street of solid offices, crossed Jubilee Square, where the famous Town Hall raised its tower to the sky, and caught a tram—an electric tram now, not the horse-driven, reversible vehicle of his youth—for Clough End.

Here in the great industrial quarter of the city where the slaves of the loom, the bobbin, and the spindle lived their days, nothing was changed. The immense seven-storied mills blazed with orange-coloured light in their innumerable small-paned windows with the rounded tops. Lorries drawn by elephantine horses moved ponderously in and out of the mill yards; the air was full of a muted thunder and vibration as if all the bees in the world were massing unseen for an attack upon the sons of men.

John Barlas sniffed at the smoky, chemical-laden air. His nostrils dilated with enjoyment, he quivered with pleasure at the music of the looms.

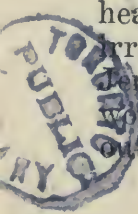
"There's nought amiss wi' this," he muttered, falling back into the speech of his boyhood. "Happen I'll spend Christmas here, reet among it all." And there was a tear in his eye as he turned into a network of small streets to find a lodging.

"Apartments"—that might do. The little house was in the centre of a long row of rabbit hutches similar to itself. It was not three hundred yards away from the Harrop Company's Mills . . .

The door opened and a pale girl of nineteen or twenty with a mass of brown hair, stood looking at him wonderingly.

"You have rooms to let? I want a bedroom and a sitting-room."

The girl's eyes lighted up. "Come in," she said. "I hope we shall be able to suit you."





He entered, nearly filling the little passage with its drab walls of varnished paper.

"They are not very grand," the girl said, looking up at him.

She threw open a door to the right—the door of the front parlour. It was exactly what he expected, exactly what he had hoped for. The wanderer felt the years fall away from him, and he had a sense of home.

"I'll take these rooms," he said.

"Would it be for long let, sir?"—Her voice was timid and anxious.

"I can't say, but for several weeks, at any rate."

"I am glad, sir, I'll go and tell father."

She flitted away into the back-room, and John Barlas heard her soft voice mingled with a deep angry rumble.

The girl came back a little flushed. "Would you come in and see father, please?" she asked. "He's not able to get about, I am sorry."

The brown-faced man followed her into the back-room. Upon an arrangement which was obviously a couch by day and a bed by night, a bald-headed, bearded man was lying. Discontent and pain had gashed his face with deep wrinkles, the legs were twisted and useless.

"You want to take our rooms, sir?"

"I do. I think they'll suit me very well."

"Then you're easy satisfied. I wouldn't live here for five minutes if I had my way."

"Father!" the girl said.

"I know, Mary, that's not the way to let rooms.—What's your name?" he barked out, staring at John Barlas, who had begun to be interested by this strange personality.

"My name is Barlas. I've been out of England for many years. I was born in this town and I've come back to have a look at it. I'm Lancashire bred."

"Well, you look an honest man, and you're not a flighty young fellow. You can have the rooms,"—he flung it at Barlas as if he were conferring an immense favour. "Mary'll look after

you," he went on, "she's a good girl though not much to look at. She'll settle the terms with you. Good evening."

John Barlas got out of the stuffy room somehow or other, and rejoined the girl in the front parlour.

"You musn't mind him," she said tremulously. "He suffers terribly. Oh, I am glad, I am glad you've taken the rooms!"

"I am sure I shall like them very much," Barlas answered gently. "But why are you glad?"

"Father's taken a fancy to you, and that's everything."

Barlas smiled, he could not help it. "He shows it in a strange way," he said.

"But that's father. Time after time we've had lodgers inquiring, but father wouldn't have anything to do with them. And—and—he's only got a little pension from the Harrop's Mills where he got his hurt. I can't leave him and times are hard."

She was so simple and childlike that the lonely man's heart warmed to her. "Well," he said, "we'll see if times can't be made better. I will move in this evening."

At eight o'clock he drove up in a cab with one suit-case and a kit bag—having left the rest of his luggage at the Central Hotel. A fire was lit, a white cloth was on the round table under the gas jet in the centre of the room. The girl came in with the supper he had ordered.

"Father's asleep, sir," she said. "I've been and got him some stout, which always does him good."

"Then I'll be very quiet and won't wake him up."

"That will be good of you,"—she looked up in his face with a sort of mild surprise in her eyes. He saw that they were large, brown, and lustrous. He realized that this poor child had not met with much kindness on her way through the world.

Barlas sank into a curious, almost hypnotized state. He was placid, even happy. In his shabbiest clothes he



wandered about Shuttleworth, looking at the Christmas preparations in the shops, tramping through the slushy snow—for the winter had set in with grim earnest—and always returning to the little house at night.

It was odd. In India he had made money rapidly from the first. He had lived a life of considerable personal luxury, far removed from the poverty of his youth in the dark northern city. Now, he came back to a poor and simple life in the jerry-built house without a wish for anything more. He lived on the simplest fare, though Mary Yates was so good a cook that the rasher of cheap bacon or the Welsh Rabbit at supper seemed a feast.

Every evening about nine o'clock her father was made comfortable for the night. From what Barlas gathered from a chat with the panel doctor, the invalid could not live very long, though Mary was ignorant of this.

Barlas found that the girl always sat alone in her bedroom without a fire before going to bed, and it distressed him. He asked her to take pity on his loneliness, and when she had cleared away supper, she got into the habit of sitting by his glowing hearth while he talked to her of India, bringing a breath of wonder and romance into her dull and uneventful life. Pretty, she certainly was not, but he was surprised by the shrewdness and intelligence of her questions when her natural shyness and timidity began to wear away. Her eyes, too, were wonderful. They reminded him. . . .

The girl lived a life as secluded as any nun. She seemed to have no friends of her own sex, and certainly no lover ever waited at the door.

One night in his new relation as elderly friend—"Uncle," he thought to himself, "that's what I am, an unofficial uncle!"—he rallied her upon this fact.

"When is Mr. Right coming along, Mary?" he said. "I should have thought a lass like you who can cook, and nurse your father, and can sit

here by the fireside talking to an old fogey like me, was just the girl for some nice young fellow. Surely, there's someone, somewhere?"

He said it with a bluff, North Country outspokenness, and the sensitive interior of him was alarmed at the vivid blush which dyed her face and made her for the moment almost beautiful.

Little by little he drew the story from her.

"I shall never see him again," the girl faltered, staring at the glowing heart of the fire.

"Why not. Did the boulder run away and leave you, Mary?"

She shook her head. "It wasn't that," she answered, "but he was a good bit above me. His father and mother wouldn't hear of it."

"But if he loved you he wasn't much good if he didn't let his father and mother stew in their own juice!"

"He couldn't help himself," said Mary, though Barlas noticed that she hardly seemed to resent the implied disparagement.

"They sent him away—and well, Mr. Barlas, it's all over, so there's no more to be said. I've got his photograph, and I look at it sometimes and think what might have been."

Barlas was touched. In the days that followed he cross-questioned her, and the pitiful little romance was laid bare. Her lover had been the son of the manager of the mill in which Mr. Yates had worked and where he met with his accident. The boy had been packed off to Liverpool and Mary was too proud to allow him even to correspond with her.

Christmas Day drew close at hand, and, strange to say, John Barlas realized that a prospect he had begun to face with dread was now full of quiet happiness. Beneath his somewhat rough exterior and manners, the man had a sensitive and tender heart. To spend the first Christmas in England after twenty-five years' absence, alone in a hotel had seemed to him appalling. Now, at least, there was



something human and friendly in his life—he could lighten little Mary's burden, at any rate.

Mary, too, despite her father's growing infirmity, and the fact that every night his pain had to be assuaged with drugs before he could sleep, was happier than she had ever been. She looked forward to her nightly chat with the tall, brown-faced man with eagerness, counting the hours until her father should go to rest and the bright moment arrive. As she got to know Barlas better, and their intimacy ripened with incredible quickness, she found herself talking to him with ease.

"I can say anything to you, Mr. Barlas," she told him one night, "though I don't know why it is."

"It's because we are friends, Mary," he answered gravely, his eyes full upon her.

For his part, Barlas was thinking how much prettier she was growing, expanding under their friendship as a flower expands beneath the sun. And her eyes, her great brown eyes with their long black lashes, they were beautiful, no less!

"Brown eyes are the most beautiful of all," said John Barlas to himself with a sigh.

On Christmas Eve Barlas raided the big glittering shops in Church Street. An invalid reading-stand for Mr. Yates, a pile of books also; a little gold watch upon a slender chain, and a dozen pairs of gloves for Mary, fruit and bon-bons arrived, such as never before had made their appearance at 100, Clough Road. The little house overflowed with Christmas fare.

"Happen you've come into a fortune, Mester Barlas," said old Yates, his hands trembling as they strayed over the richly bound set of Dickens, the first that he had ever owned. "And that watch for Mary—she's a proud lass to-night, I tell you! Eh, but you've got a good heart!"

It did not occur to Barlas to think about the goodness or otherwise of his heart, but he began to realize with a strange sense which was half joy and

half fear, that something unusual—unknown since he had been a lad of nineteen—was troubling that organ.

"What a fool I am," he thought. "I'm five and forty, what girl would ever look at me? There's no fool like an old fool."

Of course he was shrewd enough to know that with his money there were many girls who would look upon him very kindly—if they knew. But Mary did not know, and if she did, Mary could never have a mercenary thought. For John Barlas knew now that Fate, or the Providence that leads the blind steps of men, had indeed brought him home!

Each day he discovered new beauties in the girl as they talked together by the fireside. Her shy playfulness, her quiet sense of humour was only another charm, a decoration upon the steadfast and simple purity of her nature.

Not with a passion of youth but with the sincere conviction of a mature and seasoned mind, John Barlas was in love.

They had been to church together and had heard the grand old Christmas hymns thundered out in the tune-ful Lancashire voices. They had made a merry Christmas dinner in Mr. Yates's room—roast duck, Christmas pudding, and a bottle of Australian Burgundy, Barlas had not dared to go as far as champagne. And now the old man was sleeping more tranquilly than usual, and the other two sat alone together. Outside the snow was falling thickly. The great mills were silent, there was not a sound in the street, all the folk were within doors keeping the Feast.

"I've had such a happy day, I don't know when I've been so happy, Mr. Barlas."

She looked up at him, and he saw there were tears in her sweet eyes, and at that, passion flamed up in him like a torch. He rose from his chair and caught her to him, little feather-weight as she was.

"Oh, my dear," he said, "my little girl, be always happy, be happy with



me! Darling, I love you. Be my wife and let me shield you always."

Her head had sunk upon his shoulder.

"Can you love me a little," he went on with quick passionate utterance. "Oh, Mary, don't say that I'm too old, that you can't—"

Two slim arms slid up, and met round his neck. He bent his head, and his lips touched hers.

Distant, but drawing nearer, came the pleasant sound of harmonious voices:

"Oh come, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant!"

"And what about the other?" Barlas said some twenty minutes later, when the waits had come and departed royally fed. He was kneeling by the side of her chair and holding her hands. "Darling, did you care for him very much?"

The girl's face flushed and then grew deadly pale. She burst into a torrent of tears. "Oh," she cried, "I'm a wicked girl, I'm a wicked girl."

"For God's sake, what do you mean?"

"There never was any other man! John, I made it all up! No one ever came courting me like they did other girls, so I pretended that I had a lover. I used to think about it such a

lot I almost got to believe it was true!"

"You little dear, you foolish little dear!"

"I could not help it, life was so dull. And when you asked me, I didn't know you then like I do now—it all came out naturally. But I didn't mean to deceive you, I really didn't."

He laughed aloud, a strong male laugh of triumph.

"And the photograph," he almost shouted, "what about his photograph?"

"It's here," she whispered, pulling at a thin chain round her neck and drawing out a small photograph in a circular frame of metal.

"I found it among mother's things when she died, so I wore it and then I began to imagine and make up—Oh, John, what a little fool I was!"

"No, dear, you weren't a fool in the least," he answered as he took the photograph in his hand and looked at it curiously.

It was a photograph of himself at the age of nineteen!

He recognized it instantly, and remembered the occasion on which it had been taken—to whom he had given it.

"What was your mother's name before she was married, Mary?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Jenny Pennistone."







WAITING

From the Painting  
by André Lapine





# THE STORY OF MARY ELLEN

BY NORAH M. HOLLAND

AUTHOR OF "SPUN YARN AND SPINDRIFT"

Illustrations by André Lapine

**M**ARY ELLEN CONERTY stood with her back against the roughcast outer wall of the tiny Ballyheigue schoolhouse, and looked with dauntless gray eyes at the mob of small savages that danced and howled in a half circle before her. Her little blue cotton dress was torn away from one shoulder; one stocking was trailing about her ankle; the bow of blue ribbon that had confined the ends of her long braid of red-gold hair had disappeared, and the hair itself had come unbraided and was flying wildly about her face. But Mary Ellen was not afraid. The light of battle was in her eyes and a red spot burned in either cheek as she listened to her tormentors. Those who knew Mary Ellen could have told you that her mood was rapidly becoming dangerous.

But the ten or twelve boys and girls who formed that half circle did not know her. To them she was merely the stranger within their gates, and, as such, fair game for all their powers of tormenting. Her low voice and soft Dublin brogue—the way she held her head erect as she walked and looked as if unaware of their whereabouts—had given to the rough fisher lads and lasses a feeling of inferiority which enraged them, and now that they had got her alone, they were proceeding to avenge themselves for it.

Something in the glance of those gray eyes, however, had impelled

them to keep at a respectful distance as they danced and shouted.

"Redhead, 'redhead!" they cried, "Dublin sthree!" And freckled Jimmy Doyle, the oldest of her tormentors, whose own head was not without a goodly tinge of the colour he vituperated, reached out and seizing a long strand of the maligned hair, gave it hearty tug. "There was a redhead yet," he remarked, "was aught but a vixen."

The crimson spots burned a little brighter in Mary Ellen's cheeks, but she only looked disdainfully at her enemy and remained silent. Emboldened by her quietness, Jimmy gave another tug. Mary Ellen's hand flew out with the quickness of a flash and he staggered back with the imprint of five small vengeful fingers showing white across his cheek. Then the storm burst.

"Take you that, James Doyle!" Mary Ellen's voice was still low, but there was something in the quiet tones that sent a shiver through the ranks of her foemen. "Take you that, and there's more where it came from. *You* to dare touch a Wicklow Conerty. Why, if Terry Hogan, that's own cousin to me, were here to-day, there isn't ten of ye would face him, ye Kerry cowards! Out of my way now, the lot of ye, or I'll be harmin' some of ye."

She made a step forward as she spoke and so great was the concentrated passion in her voice and so fiercely blazed the dark-gray eyes

that the half circle before her wavered and gave back a little. But it recovered in an instant and surged in upon her.

Mary Ellen stood her ground bravely, clenching her hard little fists and striking out viciously at the faces about her. But the numbers were too much for her and she must have gone down to ignominious defeat had not fate so willed it that Danny Doolan—laughing Danny, the scapegrace and pet of the village—at that moment sauntered round the corner and into Mary Ellen's life.

His bold, blue eyes took in the situation in a moment and he pushed himself forward into the mass of struggling forms.

"Katie Hagarty, be off with you," he laughed, catching a black-haired girl of eleven by the shoulders. "What do you mean by setting such an example to Benny there? Jimmy Doyle your mother was lookin' for you down the road five minutes since, and she with a gad in her hand. Polly, I don't know what your da'll be sayin' when he sees that dress."

So he elbowed his way forward, thrusting aside first one and then another, until he reached the heart of the group and stood looking down upon Mary Ellen, dishevelled and panting but still unconquered, with laughter in his eyes.

"An' what is it all about now, will you be tellin' me?" he asked her coolly.

The group about him melted unobtrusively away and left the two facing one another. Mary Ellen's breast was heaving, her hands shook a little, but her head was still erect and her eyes met his fearlessly.

"It was callin' me 'Redhead' they were, an' 'Dublin sthree!' she explained haughtily. "An' then James Doyle did be tuggin' at my hair, the way I gave him me hand across his face. Then they all set upon me, the Kerry cowards!"

She flung the taunt full in his face and stood waiting with some trepidation to see how her challenge would

be received. Was not this also a Kerry man and so one of the enemy?

Danny looked down at her with interest and admiration. Mary Ellen, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes and the red-gold mass of hair tumbling about her shoulders, was indeed a delectable vision.

"Is it so now?" he said. "Then red is the most beautiful colour in the world. An'—an' it's beatin' the face off Jimmy Doyle I'll be, when I'm seeing him next."

Womanlike, Mary Ellen's heart softened at the admiration in his eyes, but outwardly she gave no sign.

"I'd best be gettin' along now," she said, "or me da'll be wonderin' what'll be keepin' me. An' it's thankful to you I am for your help," she added graciously, holding out a brown little hand to Danny, who took it in his own sturdy palm with a queer feeling of bewilderment and pleasure such as he had never before known.

"I'd best be going along with you," he said, "the way some of them might be waitin' for you around the corner. But if any of the young pistrogues dares be layin' a finger on you in future, he'll have to reckon with Danny Doolan, an' so I'm tellin' him."

Mary Ellen let her hand lie confidently for a moment in his.

"Oh, it's not afraid of them I am," she replied proudly. "Would you have a Dublin Conerty *afraid* of the scum of Kerry?"

"I'm a Kerry man meself," remarked Danny briefly. For the first time in his life he had fallen under the spell of one of the opposite sex, but even for her own sake he would not deny his native county.

Mary Ellen flushed a little. "Are ye so? Well, there's maybe good and bad in all counties," she conceded. And she made no further opposition to Danny's walking by her side, even condescending to converse with him in a very friendly manner as they strolled along.

At last they reached her abode, a tiny sweetie shop, standing on a corner of the long, straggling main street





"The light of battle was in her eyes"

of Ballyheigue, and once more she held out her hand to him.

"Good-bye," she said a little shyly, "An' thank you again for helping me. An'—an' I didn't mean to be rude about Kerry. It's only that Dublin's me heart's home and I'm strange-like here yet."

Danny took the hand, with many vague emotions surging in his breast.

"Sure, ye won't be a stranger long," he blurted out. "An' its proud and pleased I'd be to fight your battles any day. Good-bye now and a glad meeting to us and that early."

He watched her slim figure until it was swallowed up by the door of the shop and then turned away, an expression of grim resolve upon his face. Ten minutes later Jimmy Doyle, lounging peacefully against the wall of his own cabin, was surprised to find himself seized by the collar in a grip of iron and shaken violently to and fro. He struggled feebly.

"Quit it now, Danny Doolan," he gasped. "What is it that ails you this day at all, and you to be setting on me like this?"

But Danny maintained his hold. "Sure, I'll give you that an' more too, if I ever catch you harming hide or hair of Mary Ellen Conerty again," he replied. "An' I'll give the same to anyone else dares lay a finger on her. So you may pass that word on."

He released his captive with a final shake and walked hastily away, leaving Jimmy, dizzy and panting with the effect of his oscillations, gazing after him in wild bewilderment.

Danny's prophecy was fulfilled. As the years went by, Mary Ellen gradually ceased to feel herself a stranger in a strange land and entered more and more into the life of the little village. Popular she would never be—she held herself too daintily aloof from the rough voices and loud laughter of the fisher lads and lasses—but



at least no open enmity was shown her. She had grown into a slim slip of a girl, with wild-rose cheeks and gray eyes full of dreams and laughter. She was not tall; stalwart Danny Doolan, from his six feet of young manhood, easily looked down upon the mass of red-gold curls that crowned her small head, but she held herself erect and walked lightly and springily, "swayin' in the wind like a harebell on its stalk," thought Danny as he watched her.

He had never wavered in his devotion to her since their first meeting and no one who watched Mary Ellen's face sparkle and soften at sight of him could doubt that his affection was returned. They were but waiting until he had completed the purchase of the fishing boat, a half share of which, together with a tumbledown cottage and a tiny patch of garden, had come to him upon his father's death.

But of late things had not been going well with Danny. Of more active mentality and quicker wits than those with whom he must associate, the monotony of life in the little village fretted him sorely. More and more often of an evening his steps were turned towards O'Hare's shebeen, which stood at the end of the straggling village street. Here, in the small front room with its plastered walls and smell of stale liquor, might be found light, laughter and whatever news reached that out-of-the-way spot. Occasionally a stranger from overseas would come to the village and put up for a day or two at O'Hare's and Danny would listen with avidity to his tales of the outside world. Such glimpses, however, only served to rouse to a more dangerous heat the fires of unrest that burned within him.

There was a shadow in the soft depths of Mary Ellen's eyes in these days and her low laugh was less frequent than of old. But Danny, who a year ago would have been quick to notice the change, saw nothing. More and more often he left O'Hare's with unsteady feet and bemused brain,

angrily resenting Mary Ellen's entreaty when he sought her:

"Ah, go home with you, Danny. 'Tis not yourself you are the night. It scalds my heart you to be going ever to that place. Go home with you now if you would wish to have me happy."

"Is it grudging me all pleasure in life you are?" he would reply hotly. "Sure, 'tis little enough a man does be gettin' in this desolate place, the way you would be takin' that little from me, Mary Ellen Conerty." Then he would fling away from her, leaving her hurt and angry, until at their next meeting he would come with eager words of repentance and endearment to be forgiven once more.

At last the blow fell. Mary Ellen, waiting in vain all through the hours of one evening at their usual meeting place, felt in her heart that a crisis had come and so was not taken wholly by surprise when her old-time enemy, Katy Hagarty, called to her as she passed down the village street next morning. Katy had grown into a buxom womanhood, full of a certain blowsy comeliness. Her eyes were sparkling and her cheeks flushed with excitement.

"Has yourself not heard the news this morning, Mary Ellen?" she said, as Mary Ellen paused at her summons.

Mary Ellen's pale cheeks flushed a little as she detected the undernote of malicious pleasure in the voice. "I have heard no news, Katy Hagarty," she answered.

"Shure, it was last night at O'Hare's there were the wild doings," went on Katy, her eyes fixed on Mary Ellen's face. "Black Tim Kerrigan was nearly killed. . . . 'Tis dyin' he is this morning, and Danny Doolan the one that did it. Faith, if Tim dies, 'tis short shrift he will be gettin' when the polis catch him."

Mary Ellen's gray eyes met the black ones scornfully and her voice never faltered. "'Twill be small loss to Ballyheigue, I'm thinkin', Tim Kerrigan to die. But he won't. The devil looks after his own."



"Let himself look after Danny Doolan, then," Katy retorted viciously. "For 'tis small mercy on him Tim Kerrigan will have and he recoverin'." 'Tis the bitterness of the law he will bring against him, and there's for you now, Mary Ellen Conerty."

Mary Ellen did not reply to the taunt, but something in her still look of contempt as she passed on silenced Katy for the moment. But her shot had gone home. Mary Ellen knew Danny's hot temper and that there had been bad blood for some time between him and black Tim Kerrigan, a hulking bully of a fellow who had chosen of late to persecute her with small attentions, which Danny resented hotly.

"He had best be leavin' you alone or it maybe that I'll be doin' him a mischief," he had growled on more than one occasion; and, "He'll be long sorry if he touches me," boasted Kerrigan when he heard of Danny's threats.

The next few days were anxious and sorrowful ones for Mary Ellen. Tim Kerrigan did not die—thanks to a natural thickness of skull—but when he recovered it was to announce his intention of prosecuting Danny with all rigour. The assault, he declared, had been an unprovoked one; and he found witnesses to corroborate his statement. The sentiment of the village turned against Danny and many were the unfavourable opinions of his conduct that reached Mary Ellen's ears as she passed along the street with pale face but head still held dauntlessly erect. Black Tim was a usurer in a small way, and there were few in the village to whom he had not lent money at one time or other. Now his debtors were loud in their denunciation of "the would-be assassin" and when, a week later, the newspaper published at the little county town, fifteen miles away, announced his capture, there was jubilation in Ballyheigue.

Mary Ellen heard the news with set face, and went about her work in silence, though a red spot burned in

either cheek as she listened to the comments of the villagers, and her eyes were full of a dangerous light. Once Tim Kerrigan himself, his head still swathed in bandages, met her and would have stopped and spoken but she turned upon him so fiercely that he shrank back.

She did not attend the trial when at last it came on, but the neighbours did, and took care that she should hear the result.

"'Twas the hangdog face that he carried on him," Jimmy Doyle explained to a group of listeners standing in the door of the little general shop where Mary Ellen was purchasing supplies for her household. "At first me bould hero was as pleasant lookin' as you please, listenin' to the witnesses that did be tellin' their tales, but it was soon he changed his face. 'Tis a black lie!' says he, when little Joe Mullingar witnessed how Kerrigan was sayin' never a word but takin' his drink like an honest man. 'That's no way to be talkin' to the Court,' says his Honour. 'Six months hard labour,' says he, 'an' 'tis well for you that it's not murder you're bein' tried for. I'm lettin' you off easy at that'."

"True for him," broke in Polly Hart, with a covert look at Mary Ellen's face. "'Tis no warm welcome Danny Doolan will be gettin' in Ballyheigue, and he comin' back here when his time is up."

"That is so, indeed," assented Jimmy, while the rest nodded their agreement. Mary Ellen, mindful of the eyes fixed upon her, kept an unmoved countenance and gathering her parcels together left the shop without a word or glance in their direction. Once outside, however, instead of turning homeward, she made her way down to the shore, and there, sitting behind one of the great rocks that strewed the beach, she let her tears flow unchecked as she thought of Danny — restless, open-air Danny — cooped up within stone walls, with the longing for freedom and the breath of the sea burning in his heart:



The months dragged by, until at last the day of the expiration of Danny's sentence came. Mary Ellen had waited through the weeks with growing anxiety. What would Danny do when he was free once more? Would he return to Ballyheigue or would he seek to hide his hurt far away from those he knew? She did not know; she could only wait and wonder.

It was in one of the pearl-gray summer twilights peculiar to Ireland that Danny Doolan entered the village once more, having walked across the hills from Ardfert, the County town, and with bowed head and troubled eyes passed along the familiar street. The last six months had left their mark upon him. The quarrel with Tim Kerrigan, indeed, lay easy upon his conscience. Kerrigan had brought it upon himself. In Danny's hearing, he had spoken Mary Ellen's name, coupling it with a foul insinuation, and the blow that followed had been the only fitting answer; but the malignancy shown against him at the trial by those whom he had known only as friends and neighbours had hurt him sorely. The laughing blue eyes were full of shadows now, there was a glint of gray in the dark hair and the once swift steps were hesitating and uncertain. For a moment he lingered outside the closed door of Mary Ellen's cottage. Should he enter? Others had changed—would she be the same? But the windows were dark and with a heavy sigh he passed on.

As he came to the cross-roads where the little schoolhouse stood, he was suddenly confronted by a group of visitors who stood forward to bar his path. All their faces were familiar to him, and he felt a sudden tightening about his heart as he realized that there was enmity in every glance. Jimmy Doyle was the first to speak.

"And is it back to us you have come, Danny Doolan?" he said. "The way you would be thinkin', maybe, that it is proud Ballyheigue should be of havin' a jailbird in our midst?"

"Or perhaps it is seekin' to murder a few more of us he is," jeered a woman's voice. "'Tis small thanks to himself that Tim Kerrigan is alive to-day."

Danny stared dumbly from one to another for a moment. Surely he must be in some dreadful nightmare. These were his old-time friends and neighbours—these men and women who hurled such bitter taunts at him and eyed him with such scorn. He flung out a helplessly protesting hand, but his tormentors took no notice of the gesture. He was standing with his back against the wall of the old schoolhouse now, as Mary Ellen had stood on that long ago day when he had come to her rescue, but there was no defiance in *his* gaze—only bewilderment and heartbreak. The little group of unfriendly faces drew in closer.

Mary Ellen had waited at the Ballyheigue station, hoping in vain to see Danny's familiar form descending from the ramshackle third-class carriage which was all the railway service that Ballyheigue knew, but no passenger emerged from its depths and after waiting until, with many groans and rattlings, the train moved on its way, she set out for home once more, a trifle wearily.

As she neared the cross-roads she heard the murmur of voices, and, quickening her steps, a moment later saw the little group that had gathered before the schoolhouse wall, against which Danny still stood.

Jimmy Doyle was speaking as she reached the outskirts of the group and there was an insolent arrogance in his tones.

"So it is the sooner you are away from here the better," Mary Ellen heard him say. "'Tis no jailbirds we will be wantin' in Ballyheigue and so Tim Kerrigan bade me tell you."

At that word, Danny straightened himself, the heartbreak and bewilderment dying out of his face. His eyes flashed and his voice rang out with all its old-time boldness as he answered.





“‘And who would be giving you the right to speak for me?’ She asked”

“Is it leavin’ Ballyheigue you would be havin’ me doing, James Doyle?” he said hotly, “and at the bidding of Black Tim Kerrigan? I will not, indeed. And you may be tellin’ Kerrigan that if ever he does be takin’ Mary Ellen Conerty’s name upon the dirty lips of him again, it is not so easily he will be gettin’ off.”

“Hear that now!” came a voice from the group before him. “It is bloody murder he will be plottin’.”

Danny took no notice of this speech. He had stepped out from the wall and stood facing Doyle with eyes ablaze with anger. The latter gave a taunting laugh. “An’ is it Mary Ellen Conerty?” he cried. “Is it she that would be takin’ up with a jailbird the likes of you, she that holds herself above all our heads? Faith, ’tis small thanks you will be gettin’ from her for all your pains.”

But at this moment Mary Ellen’s voice broke in upon their ears, low

and tense and vibrating in its wrath.

“And how would you be knowin’ that, James Doyle?” she asked, and in her quiet tones was a cutting edge of contempt before which Jimmy Doyle, great bully though he was, quailed. She pushed her way through the group to Danny’s side as she spoke, and stood there with head thrown back and flushed cheeks, confronting them as she had done on that day long ago.

“And who would be giving *you* the right to speak for me?” she went on, searching Doyle’s abashed countenance with a glance of stinging scorn. “*You* to be upholdin’ Tim Kerrigan’s cause. It was not Kerrigan’s money that saved you when the landlord would have turned your mother and yourself out upon the road last Lady Day. It may be that you were not knowing from where it came, but there’s others that does. Where went the money that Danny Doolan did be

selling his pig for, I'm askin' you? As for you, Katy Hagarty," she flashed round upon the girl who stood among the little huddle of men and women before her, "think shame on yourself for this night's work. Go home, I'm tellin' ye; go home, the lot of ye, and pray the Virgin an' all the saints to be forgivin' you all. Come Danny, let us be goin'."

She laid a hand on his arm, and he turned to her, a new humility in his face.

"After all, Mary Ellen, it is right that they are," he said sadly. "I'm not worth your takin'—a drunken, quarrelsome bosthoon that I am."

Mary Ellen's eyes were shining now. "It's meself that wants no other, at least," she answered softly.

Then she turned once more upon the little group confronting them, with a gesture of magnificent contempt.

"Out of the way, ye Kerry cowards!" she said, and stepped forward.

A spark of humour shone in Danny's blue eyes.

"I'm a Kerry man meself," he reminded her, as he had done on that old-time occasion. And Mary Ellen broke into soft, delicious laughter.

"There's maybe good and bad in all counties," she conceded.

## TO DANTE \*

By LAURA B. CARTEN

POET, philosopher, soldier, seer,  
 Dreamer of dreams and of high emprise,  
 Lead us to heights of the Heaven-wise—  
 Dark the path guideless; with you, star-clear!

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\*It is known only to intimate students of Dante that he distinguished himself as a soldier, as well as a poet, philosopher, and seer. He fought with distinction at Campaldino. He was in the battle of Caprona (*Inferno* xxi. 95), after which he returned to his studies and his love. A few months subsequently died Beatrice, whose mortal love had guided him for thirteen years, and whose immortal spirit purified his later life, and revealed to him the mysteries of Paradise.



# THE MEMBER FROM DUTTON

BY GORDON REDMOND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY MOYER



SILAS BENJAMIN POTTER, Esq. and J. P., sometimes called "Judge Potter", was President of the Conservative Club of Dutton. The other member of the club, Jonathan Wiley by name, held the position of Secretary-Treasurer. His chief duties were the writing of innumerable letters on gorgeous letterheads, and the manipulation of a mysterious thing called a campaign fund.

At the great Conservative Convention, held in Dutton, preceding the provincial elections of 19—the name of one Silas Benjamin Potter, farmer, was put up for nomination.

The suddenness and unexpectedness of the thing overwhelmed Mr. Potter. He said so himself. It found him totally unprepared. He managed to pull through, however, and forced himself to accept the nomination. His speech of acceptance was considered exceptionally good—for an impromptu speech. It should have been. It took four days to prepare and cost him three sleepless nights.

An account of the meeting appeared next day in a leading city daily, under the caption, "Potter People's Choice". It was on the front page and occupied two columns.

Another leading city daily—leading in the opposite direction—disposed of the affair in eight lines, with the label, "Potter Willing Tool".

Mr. Potter, reading the first account, was at once struck by its extreme accuracy and truthfulness. When he had read the second, he started in to smash the furniture.

Mr. Potter dropped into *The Courier* office one day and renewed his subscription for three years. When the opposition camp got hold of this molehill, they proceeded to magnify it into a mountain, and spread it abroad over all the landscape. Within a week it had grown to such proportions that old man Potter offered Jim Haines, editor of *The Courier*, four hundred dollars for his vote and influence. After that Mr. Potter was spoken of by the opposition forces as Potter, the Corrupter of the Press.

Mr. Potter had never taken any active interest in church matters, preferring, as he said, his fire insurance in the newer and more up-to-date companies, but he saw now that it was a mistake. A man has no right to hold aloof from any agency that is making for the uplift of the community, especially a man who aspires to represent that community in the legislature. A man like that wouldn't need to join the church—that would be too showy a thing to do, and a contribution to one or two of its more deserving funds should answer just as well.

Dutton, like many other small towns, was burdened with four churches instead of being blessed with



"When he read the second account he started  
in to break the furniture "

one. Two of these churches had a considerable following, and Mr. Potter contributed to them.

This was a choice morsel for the Grit faction. They said he did it to be seen of men, and labelled him "Potter the Pharisee".

You may have heard of that remarkable baseball trophy known as the Potter Cup. Its history dates back to the year 19—, the year Mr. Potter ran for Conservative member in Dutton. He took a keen interest in athletics that year, an unprecedented interest, and one which has never been revived. Some people said he did it for political reasons, but those people were all despicable Grits. That made him "Potter, the Sport".

For a long time, it seems, Mr. Potter had nursed a secret hankering to join the Oddfellows, and that hankering now assumed a virulent form. He, therefore, put in his application, which was accepted, with no opposition from anybody but a few of the lower type of Grit heelers. They called him "Potter the Joiner".

When the time came to stump the country in the interests of the Conservative party, Mr. Potter girded up his loins and went forth to smite the Philistines hip and thigh. By Philistines I mean that large body of criminals, whom I have previously spoken of as Grits. Their chosen leader was a disreputable character by the name of Fry—old Tom Fry, in





“There is no surer way of antagonizing a man  
than trying to tell him how to vote”

fact. Fancy running a man like that against Mr. Potter.

I don't know what the purpose of a political speech is; nobody knows. Mr. Potter didn't know. Neither did Mr. Fry. But they were both familiar with the prevailing fashion in political speeches, and they ran true to form.

When Mr. Potter held a meeting, he invited Mr. Fry to come and hear himself abused, and when Mr. Fry held a meeting he returned the compliment.

Mr. Fry passed most of the time at his disposal in pointing out that although Mr. Potter had been nominat-

ed as a farmer, in order to catch the farmers' vote, he was really nothing more than that most miserable of parasites, a *retired* farmer; while Mr. Potter contented himself with calling the attention of the meeting to the large number of Mr. Fry's ancestors who had been convicted of sheep stealing and the like.

These things were easier to talk about than the tariff—and safer. So they had a gay time of it. They never got anywhere, but when did a political speaker ever get anywhere?

The speech-making was supplemented and reinforced by a system of private canvass, probably the best

method in the world of piling up votes, for the other side. There is no surer way of antagonizing a man than trying to tell him how to vote. A man's own wife can't do it, in the majority of cases and make a success of it.

The 'canvassing continued to the very eve of the election, and then both candidates rested on their oars, and said the result was now in the hands of the people. As if it had ever been any place else.

It was hot on election day, and both candidates perspired freely. They were not doing any useful thing; but it's surprising how a little perspiration, coupled with an air of bustling activity, helps to create the impression that a candidate is leaving no stone unturned; and it beats all what a lot of stone-turning it takes to win an election. It costs like the mischief, too, and then you never can be sure, after turning any given stone, that the opposition candidate won't come along and turn it back again.

The Dutton Brass Band was in attendance. Mr. Potter had hired them. The Dutton String Quartette was also there, at Mr. Fry's expense.

Mr. Potter personally shook hands with ninety-six electors, treated eighty-three women—wives and dependents of electors—to ice cream, and kissed fourteen babies.

Mr. Fry's average was slightly higher on the first two counts, but lower on the babies. His whiskers tickled them, and made them cry. There are those who believe that if Mr. Fry had gone clean-shaven to the polls, he might have won the day.

I might as well confess it now—Mr. Fry did not win the day. When the smoke had cleared away and the ballots were counted, Mr. Potter was declared elected by a majority of forty-six and a half. Nobody knows where the half came from, but those are the official figures.

Mr. Fry talked of a recount, as it is the duty of all defeated candidates to do, while Mr. Potter ordered a dozen reams of new stationery, with the

name of Silas Benjamin Potter, M.P.P., prominently displayed thereon.

Then Jim Haines used up a column and a half of his editorial space in proving that there is no such animal as an M. P. P., and that the correct appellation of the species commonly so-called is M. L. A., but it didn't do any good. It only gave Jim the idea that he knew more than the rest of the world, and you can't call that doing good.

Mr. Potter now believed that he had come to the end of his troubles. And so he had—the front end.

He had promised the post-office to old man Rollins. He had also promised it to seven others. The eight lost no time in coming around to collect. They arrived together.

A less resourceful man than Mr. Potter might have quailed, or perhaps flinched, or at least—what is that other word that writers use there? You get the idea, anyway. It was a tight corner.

But Mr. Potter did not quail, he did not flinch, he did not do that other thing, whatever it is, that he might have done—squirm.

He viewed the matter calmly from all sides, as he was accustomed to doing on the bench, and offered to settle it by tossing a coin.

That brought a howl from the applicants, or rather eight howls. No, nine; one of them howled twice. Imagine the idiocy of a man who would propose to settle an important matter like that by tossing a coin. Why, it was sheer lunacy. If that was the kind of man they had put in to represent them in Parliament, the sooner they admitted that they had made a mistake the better.

Mr. Potter then proposed a joint stock company of the eight, to have and to hold the property known as the Dutton post-office, from this day forth, till death us do part.

The proposal was rejected with scorn.

Then he played his trump card. He offered to let each of the applicants





"Mr Potter shook hands with ninety-six electors . . . and kissed fourteen babies"

hold office during one-eighth of the calendar year, that is to say, during forty-five and five-eighths—and on leap years six-eighths—days in each calendar year.

At that the eight rose and fell upon that simple-minded old man with intent to destroy him, but were prevented by the arrival of a delegation of farmers who did not believe in God and wanted to work Sundays, but were hampered by the laws.

He promised to have that matter fixed, and turned to greet a deputation of ladies looking for votes. He gave them their votes, and they yielded place to the Chief Templar, the Vice-Templar and the Past Participle of the I.O.G.T., who besought Mr. Potter to banish the bar.

That didn't take long, but then there was a bridge to be built on the Rockland road, and a private sewer to be dug for the Joneses, and a tooth

to be pulled for the Hickses, and by that time it was noon, and Dominion, Provincial and local politics and patronage were sadly mixed.

The great man was interrupted five times at dinner, and was obliged to turn his dining-room into an office.

After dinner he went to a picnic with his family, purposing to pass a quiet but enjoyable time in the cool shade of the trees, and instead was dragged forward to make a speech with his hat off in the blazing sun, was compelled to preside at the children's races, and forced to act as umpire for the baseball games.

Throughout it all he was pelted with petitions, requests for subscriptions, gratuitous advice on the duties of statesmanship, and sure-cure recipes for rheumatism, from which he was known to suffer.

When he stood behind the catcher he was obliged to listen, between



strikes, to a recital of that individual's private family history, the intention of the historian being to show that he was a much wronged man, deserving of unlimited financial assistance.

When it came time to go and stand behind the pitcher, he had to listen to the same song from him. The words were different, but it was the same tune.

Runners passing near him on the baseline stopped long enough to deliver short appeals, before sliding in to third.

Many of the children in the races carried notes from their parents, which they secretly slipped into his hands, or insinuated into his pockets.

Twice he attempted to escape, and twice he was dragged from his carriage steps and forced to listen to a fresh gang of office-seekers. He told Mrs. Potter that night that he believed if it wasn't for her and the children he would commit suicide.

The main duty of a legislature is to sit—sit and smoke. When it came time for that, Mr. Potter laid in a stock of boiled shirts, celluloid collars, cough medicine, Ward's Liniment, cut tobacco, and hied him to the city. He did not know that you can buy cut tobacco in the city, and he thought it better to take a good supply along.

City life did not agree with Mr. Potter. It put him off his feed. A man that's been used to one woman's cooking for forty years can't switch at a moment's notice to the kind of stuff you get cooked by a Frenchman with a curled mustache, without some difficulty. Complications are bound to set in. They did in Mr. Potter's case. They set so far in that at times he fancied he must have swallowed a balloon; not an ordinary balloon, but one of the larger kind.

Mr. Potter's once happy disposition took on a tinge of deep dark pessimism. He couldn't see any virtue in city life.

Look at the infernal fashion men in the city have of keeping their coats on all the time. How in thunder is a

man going to do heavy work like law-making, with his coat on? Being in Rome, he did as the Romans do, but it robbed him of a good deal of pleasure in his work.

Another thing that bothered him was the parliamentary cigar. He couldn't get used to it, after smoking nothing but a corncob pipe for years. They were such costly things, too, those cigars; and he couldn't understand that, because straw was so cheap. And the very members who smoked those abominations most diligently were those who complained that they couldn't sit next Mr. Potter in the House because of the strong odour of warm celluloid in that vicinity.

Then again he was handicapped by the cargo he carried of moral precepts and principles, laid in in early youth and never cast overboard at any later time.

He believed, for example, that honesty is the best policy, and that the first duty of a statesman is to serve the State. You see, he had lived more or less in the back woods, as you might say, where enlightenment does not easily penetrate. Without his knowing it, those superstitions had got worked into the very fibre of his being, and now that it would have come handy to forget them, he couldn't shake them off.

His inability to slough off these primitive beliefs did not add to his popularity in the House. It began to be noticeable that whenever the Member from Dutton attempted to speak, somebody would raise a point of order, or move the previous question, or resort to some other cruel and crushing technicality. His speeches cost him a lot of mental travail, too, in the preparation.

His constituents, meanwhile, kept reminding him, by letter, of the great trust they had reposed in him, and asking that he give them a run for their money. As far as they could learn, he hadn't even seconded a motion or grabbed a timber limit or tried in any way to get his name in



the papers. They called him a grafter, and a crook, and a parasite, and accused him of obtaining money under false pretences—his indemnity.

Nobody was surprised when the Member from Dutton quit. That's what he did—quit cold, and went home; resigned in favour of Mr. Fry. Said he always had had a grudge against that man, and if he could only get him into the Legislature, he would feel that he had paid it off.

He has had the doctors tinkering with his digestion ever since, but he is still far from normal.

The school board and the town council are as high as he cares to climb to now in the scale of public preferment. Says he would rather be a doorkeeper in the House of the Lord than dwell in the seat of the scornful—a quotation from Shakespeare, I expect. Sounds like it.

Anyone having use for eleven or twelve reams of best linen bond stationery, 8½ x 11, printed on one side only, can hear of something to his advantage by applying to S. B. Potter, Esq. and J. P., late Member from Dutton.

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## FINIS

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

GIVE me a few more hours to pass  
With the mellow flower of the elm-bough falling,  
And then no more than the lonely grass  
And the birds calling.

Give me a few more days to keep  
With a little love and a little sorrow,  
And then the dawn in the skies of sleep  
And a clear to-morrow.

Give me a few more years to fill  
With a little work and a little lending,  
And then the night on a starry hill  
And the road's ending.

## THE PIONEER\*

BY FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

## I

THOUGH I have set my candles all alight,  
How may they serve against the wind and rain?  
How shall they guide him safely home to-night  
Into his place again?

## II

I know the sober road he kept before,  
I cannot learn the road he fain would keep—  
He has forgot the well beside the door,  
The meadows and the sheep!

## III

Here, at his task of homely, pleasant things,  
The heavenly madness smote him unaware—  
He has fashioned him unconquerable wings,  
A starry thoroughfare!

## IV

He is so near the sunset and the dawn,  
Sea beyond sea, sky above boundless sky—  
How might he heed the lesser journeys gone  
With travellers such as I?

## V

My garden held us, safe from wall to wall,  
Roses for love, and rue, and mignonette—  
He wears the rainbow as a coronal  
How should he not forget.

## VI

He shall find haven, where the latest star  
Pales her far light before the Throne of God—  
Casting his body as a drifted spar  
Back to the lonely sod.

## VII

Earth turned again to earthy sepulchres,  
Dust unto dust—a shattered lamp burned dim!  
Even so, the feet of New Adventurers  
Rise up and follow him!

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\*In the National Literary Competition, the first prize for poetry (Open Class) was divided between this poem and "A Revelation", which appears on page 140.





A WINTER LANDSCAPE

From the Painting by  
F. H. Loveroff.  
Exhibited by the  
Ontario Society of Artists





# THE RECOIL

WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE FOR PROSE IN THE  
NATIONAL LITERARY COMPETITION

BY E. LLEWELLYN HUGHES



**SCENE:** *Angel Foster's living-room in one of those many dust-coloured houses in the lower part of the city. At back, and towards left, a window overlooks the street. All its panes of glass need cleaning, and one needs mending. To the right of window and down stage, the audience may observe a door leading to a passage or hall, which in turn leads to the street. Below the door is a piece of furniture comprising bureau, chest-of-drawers, and sideboard—all in one. It is crowned by a mirror adorned on each side by a boudoir cap and a pink crêpe-de-chine kimona. Reflected in the glass are brush and comb, two or three card-board boxes, a silver-framed photograph of a young man, and a large, round-faced alarm-clock. In the centre of the room is a small table covered by a dark blue cloth, stained, soiled, and of cheap material. On the table are several books and a magazine. To the right of the window is a small couch of uncertain colour and age, supplemented by three or four cushions, none of which match, yet all harmonizing in spite of the occasional objection to the eye. A door on left leads to a bedroom, and below it, down stage, is a small, clean cooking-stove. A few boarding-house chairs, all of different sizes and shapes, the gas-chandelier suspended above the table, a few small texts, some framed, others with curling edges, a view of Scotland's Hills, and a set of smoke-*

*coloured curtains about the window complete what may be termed a rough description of the room.*

*A young woman of twenty-two is powdering her nose in front of the mirror. She is not unattractive, and her build is neat and plump. There is about her that extreme "matter-of-factness" and an absurd expression of independence in her eyes which, on certain occasions, she brings into play as a means to an end; primarily for self-defence, but also for self-importance. Like all her type she looks forward, with that profound feminine optimism, to the morrow and the ship which never comes into a natural port. She has decided opinions about the general and important matters of rational behaviour, but her opinions are only maintained and held together by flimsy excuse and the dry clay of contumacy. Talk to her and you will see how she prides herself on her moral strength and an untarnished virtue, when neither have been called on to resist anything but the feeblest attack. Hear what she has to say—in that peculiar obstinate tone of contempt—about those "society dames forever drinking champagne, and carrying-on". Notice how she derides them and boasts of her stubborn teetotalism, when, under pressure, she would drink wine until she could no longer call her soul her own. In contradiction to this exemplary stand she helps to make possible the publication of frivolous literature. She has never been inside a church, and her ear is*



ever ready to receive the whisper of "another good story" from one of the livelier girls in the store where she works. But the smooth-tongued attacks on her righteousness have, so far, been easily beaten off by such stock phrases as, "Don't get fresh now", "Oh!—come to earth", and "What d'you think I am?"; and she still rides the sea of life as a tight little craft rides the ocean.

As the curtain rises the sound of a piano is heard off stage. Somebody is playing with good feeling and beautiful touch.

Babs goes over to door right, which is open, and listens to the song for a moment. She then closes the door, returns to the mirror, finishes powdering her nose, and begins to busy herself with a wealth of brown hair, pushing stray, silky wisps under her small hat. Her clothes are those which a "twelve-dollar-and-a-half" girl might afford. The piano can hardly be heard now.

Babs. [*On return from the door, and at work with her hair*]. Oh Angel! what's that he's playing?

Angel. [*From the bedroom, off left*]. It's Mr. Schlegel, the pianist.

Babs. [*Still at work*]. Sure I know it's that old dub. He knows how to play the piano, though. [*Louder*]. I said what was he playing?

Angel. [*Off stage*]. Isn't it beautiful? A composition by Liszt called Lieberstrum. [*Her voice is much more refined than might be expected from a person occupying that sort of a room*].

Babs. Lieber what?

Angel. [*Off stage*]. Lieberstrum: Dream of Love.

Babs. Dream of Love? I thought it had something to do with love, 'cause it's so poetical and made me feel lonesome. But it's Washington's birthday to-day—one of the few holidays we get. He ought to play ragtime or something lively, in honour of Washington—whoever he was: I've forgotten. [*Her appearance being satisfactory she now glances at the alarm-clock, and is upset at the hour*].

Hurry! It's near fifteen minutes since I called for you, and you're not ready yet. It's just three minutes after two, and I swear we'll be late for the theatre. We've got to get our tickets yet, remember. Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry. . . . [*Angel appears in the doorway. She is without hat or gloves. Her face is quite pale, and she carries a small baby's shoe—its ribbon twined about her first finger*].

Oh Angel, you're not ready or anything. [*Disappointedly*]. What's the matter? [*Angel comes down stage*].

Angel. [*In a sweet, low voice*]. It's no use Babs. Really, I'm awfully sorry . . . but I can't go, dear. Why don't you go alone?

Babs. [*Surprised*]. But you were crazy to go yourself a short while ago. You went in to change your dress—and now you've changed your mind. I just felt something was wrong the minute you spoke. What's the matter?

Angel. [*Holding up shoe*]. Only this, Babs. . . and . . . and that beautiful song Mr. Schlegel was playing. I used to play it to Ralph. . . [*Quietly*]. A dream of Love. . . [*Turning to her and putting her arm about her shoulders*]. I'm terribly sorry to disappoint you, dear. I warned you what to expect from me at any moment. A woman who has been through so much trouble as I have cannot master the feeling of despondency every time. It's bound to break through occasionally. [*Smiling sadly at her*].

Babs. [*Kindly*]. Angel, don't let it bother you, any more. It's all finished with now. Belongs to the past.

Angel. [*Quietly*]. I try my best; but sometimes it won't be denied, dear. . . I'm afraid it's like that this afternoon, and I feel I've brought you over here for nothing. Perhaps we can go some other time. Unless you'd care to go alone? Why don't you?

[*Angel Foster is only twenty-five but she looks more like thirty. Her features are far from being beautiful yet she is tremendously attractive. One is instantly impressed by her manner, her deportment, her voice, and her full womanhood. Her soft,*



graceful presence has the attraction for men that the bloom on a ripe fruit has for children: that still, living, actuality, that one feels drawn to touch, caress, and finally to destroy. As she talks to Babs one wonders how they came to be friends for the difference between them is vast. This woman may have sinned, but her mind is still more pure and beautiful than the mind of such a woman as Babs even though the latter may never have taken one step in the wrong direction. She is dressed very simply. Occasionally a hectic flush—mistaken for a smile—lights up the pallor of her face].

Babs. Nothing doing. If you don't care to come—then it's all off. Guess we can use the money for something else. Twelve and a half per don't allow theatre shows—'cept once in a while. Only I wish you'd forget all them worries. No use crying over spilt milk; it don't do any good.

Angel. No, it does little good.

Babs. [*With a wistful glance at the clock*] Couldn't you bring that baby's shoe with you, and hold it in your hand all the time?

Angel. [*Smiling sadly*] What a dear girl you are, Babs. I know how much you want to go. [*Persuading her gently*] Run along by yourself . . . and come back and tell me all about it.

Babs. [*Taking off her hat*] Nope! Just here's where we call it off. I swear I don't mind in the least.

Angel. [*Sorry for her*] Babs.

Babs. Honest to God. We can go sometime again. I don't want to go alone. [*In a more cheerful tone*] Now what'll we do instead? I'm here to stay, for the afternoon anyway.

Angel. [*Still gently remonstrating*] Babs. . . .

Babs. [*Answering her own question*] I know. You can read to me. I think you're a beautiful reader, Angel. I swear I always think of your name when you read to me—'cause it's just like an angel or an actress. I've wondered why you're so wonderful and me so ordinary.

Angel. [*smiling*] How nice of you, Babs. But I'm not wonderful, I'm not in your class at all.

Babs. Oh! y'es you are. I'm in your class, anyway. 'Cause although you've never told me I know you must have been brought up in swell society. [*Angel shakes her head*] Oh! you needn't deny it. But you haven't any of their faults, thank goodness! You don't smoke or drink wine—like the rest of 'em. I hate these society soaks. Don't you?

Angel. [*Nodding her head in reply. She then turns to the table and picks up the volume of poems*] Browning?

Babs. [*Pulling a face*] No, not poetry. [*Picking up Saucy Stories*] Read me something clever . . . in this. [*She seats herself on the table*] Angel, when do we get our next holiday at the store?

Angel. Not for a long time, I fear.

Babs. And why do we have a holiday for George Washington? I was always mixed up about—about things at school.

Angel. George Washington was a great American statesman and soldier.

Babs. [*Laughing*] Oh! gee; Betty Davis told me he was a clergyman 'cause he never told a lie. [*Pause*] That reminds me. [*Suddenly jumping off the table and coming up to Angel*] Angel, may I ask you something real serious?

Angel. [*Surprised*] Why, Babs, of course you may.

Babs. [*Seriously*] Did you ever tell me a lie? I mean a great big lie?

Angel. [*Slightly embarrassed*] Well, Babs, I . . .

Babs. [*Half turning away*] I feel real mean in saying this, Angel: But did you tell me the truth about that dollar-and-a-half last Saturday evening?

Angel. [*In a reticent manner*] You mean when . . .?

Babs. When we reckoned up what we'd done with our money; like we've always done each week since you started the plan going. You remember I couldn't balance your statement. It was short—a dollar and a



half. And you told me you'd lost it. [*Suddenly relenting*] Oh, I'm sorry, Angel [*Hugging her*] I don't disbelieve you; only I felt kind of mean 'cause I'd doubted you at the time. That's all. I believe you, Angel, I swear I do. Forget I've said it. Will you?

Angel. [*Quietly*] Babs, dear, I . . .

Babs. [*Stopping her from speaking by covering her lips with her finger*] Not another word! I'm just crazy that's all. [*Picking up Saucy Stories again*] Now let's enjoy ourselves. Read me one of these stories. [*Finding a title that appeals to her imagination*] Oh! say! . . . here's a peach! [*Reading*] "*Lady Violet's violet stockings.*" [*Unconsciously joking*] Kind of short, too. Like to read that?

Angel. If it will please you.

Babs. [*In a disgusted tone*] Oh, Gee!—this is about ten years old. [*Suddenly*] Why, it's the copy I gave you months ago. I remember it now I come to think of it.

Angel. Was it good?

Babs. Well not—not good like; but . . . [*Staggered*] Didn't you read it all this time?

Angel. I read one. I thought it too much like my own life to read any more.

Babs. [*Wonderingly*] Which? What?

Angel. It was called "The Recoil".

Babs. [*Turning over the leaves hurriedly to find the story*] The Recoil. The Recoil. [*Jumping off the table again*] Say, now I come to think of it that's just like you and . . . and . . .

Angel. Like me and Ralph.

Babs. [*Astounded*] For Heaven's sake! [*And again in startling discovery*] And . . . and the baby, too!

Angel. [*Smiling sadly*] And the poor little baby.

Babs. Well, if that ain't the limit! I swear it's just like what you told me about your past life. There don't seem to be anything new, nowadays. Only [*Intimating the photograph on the bureau—Ralph—wasn't as bad as the feller in the story. You said*

Ralph would have married you if he had lived. Wouldn't he?

Angel. Yes, dear. He said so.

Babs. And then—again—your baby died. [*Looking at the printed story*] But hers didn't. And that other feller in the story. That's different, too.

Angel. [*Taking the magazine in her hands*] These pretty diversions, Babs, are hardly meant for such as I. They make me the heroine to please the morbidity of a sensual clientele . . . and no one wants to read of one's own suffering. It is hateful to think that such things are a public demand. The demand of a pleasure-loving, sensual, homeless age.

Babs. [*Having remained silent only to be obliging*] You don't know anybody but Mr. Morrison, and he wouldn't dream of . . . of . . . I swear he's the nicest man I ever saw. All the girls in the store's just crazy about him, and I keep telling you that you were both made for each other. You've told me you like him, and I don't see why you keep turning him down all the time. [*Unconsciously*] Maybe you don't think he's quite good enough for you.

Angel. [*Quickly, and touching her arm*] Don't . . . don't say that, Babs. [*Bitterly*] The world gives me little right to pick and choose . . . now. Mr. Morrison has treated me always with the sort of simple courtesy that a girl admires. There's very little nonsense about him, and . . . [*Quietly, yet with great longing*] I'd love a home of my own so much.

Babs. Well I don't see why you don't accept him. I swear he's in love with you. He's got a fine position, and he never as much as turns his head to any of us girls in the store. And Betty Davis has tried to get him going—time and again. 'Cause she told me.

Angel. Oh! I know he's a good fellow, and as straight as a man can be. But . . . but I couldn't go about with him, just yet. I couldn't go to theatres and suppers with him as if nothing had happened. Besides . . . he knows nothing of my past—nothing.



Babs. [*Impulsively*] What's the odds. You need never tell him—he'll be none the wiser.

Angel. [*Quietly*] I would tell him everything. It wouldn't be fair, otherwise.

Babs. [*Readily*] Well it wouldn't make any difference—not to a feller like him. I swear it wouldn't. He's been struck on you ever since you came to the store. And though you've never given him the least encouragement he's kept loving you all the time. No feller could do anything more beautiful than that. When I turn a feller down for being fresh, he don't seem to want me any more. Goes after some other girl who's less fussy, I guess.

Angel. Never mind, dear.

Babs. Oh! it don't bother me any. I don't want their rotten suppers and such like. [*Suddenly taken with a new idea*] Say! Angel! I've just thought of a great idea. [*She takes up her hat and puts it on by the aid of the mirror as if her scheme was already approved*]. Listen! We were going to spend two dollars on the show, eh?

Angel. [*Wondering what it is all about*] Yes.

Babs. Well, I'll tell you what we'll do instead. Talking about suppers's made me hungry. For once in our lives let's spend the money on a good spread, and eat till we choke. I know a peach of a delicatessen store just down the street, near where I live. We'll buy all sorts of things and eat 'till we bust ourselves. What say?

Angel. Splendid.

Babs. Gee! you're willing. That's real fine. [*Excited*] Come on; chip in your dollar, and I'll beat it quicker 'an h— [*She checks herself*] I didn't say it; I didn't say it. Honestly, I swear I've never said it since you told me not to.

Angel. That's right, dear; because it's not a very nice word for a young lady. Now, what shall we buy?

Babs. [*At work on her appearance again*] Potato salad . . . roast turkey. . . mince . . .

Angel. And some cranberry sauce. I've almost forgotten what it tastes like; haven't you? [*She goes towards the bedroom*] I'll get my purse. Look in that bottom cupboard, Babs, and see what we have already. [*She goes out, door L. Babs goes to the bureau in lively fashion*].

Babs. [*Shouting*] I know you're only coming in on this just to please me. I swear you're the loveliest girl I ever met. [*Singing happily*] Oh, George Washington never told a lie; some guy, some guy . . . [*But her liveliness leaves her. She glances over to door L—and then from the lower shelf of the cupboard she pulls out a bottle of sherry. She regards it with prudish disgust, and after putting it up to her nose and looking around at door L again she walks quickly over to the table and solemnly deposits the bottle where it will be seen. Her whole attitude of lively sympathy has changed to one of suspicion and dislike. Angel returns to a silent room.*]

Angel. Here it is. [*She holds a dollar bill between her thumb and forefinger. Babs' back is toward her. She comes down to the table and with a little start notices the bottle standing there. There is an awkward stillness*].

Angel. [*After hesitation*] Babs . . .

Babs. [*Turning round*] Oh! Angel! . . . I didn't think you was *that*.

Angel. [*Nervously*] Where . . . where did you find it? I . . . I forgot I had left it there. I thought it was . . .

Babs. I didn't think you was that. It's just half empty, so—so you must have . . .

Angel. [*Interrupting her*] Babs, let me explain.

Babs. I never would have believed it! Where . . . where d'you get it? [*A flash of intuition, and she takes a step back*] Gee! I bet you bought it with that dollar and a half you said you'd lost. [*Pause*] Did you?

Angel. [*Slowly*] Yes.

Babs. Then . . . then you did tell me a lie, after all.

Angel. Yes.



Babs. [*Staggered*] Well, I swear that's just taken all the life right out of me.

Angel. [*Watching her*] Babs, dear; sit down and let me try and explain what I——

Babs. [*Cutting in*] I don't want to sit down. You can't have anything to say now—it's too late. I hate girls who drink booze on the sly. [*Then spitefully*] It's worse than saying swear words like I do. You came down on me fer that, pretty quick. I hate a soak, anyway.

Angel. Listen, Babs. Sometimes when I'm here all alone—sometimes when I can't see a ray of sunshine in my future—I have the feeling I'll go mad if I don't get away from my thoughts. That [*pointing to the wine*] is one of the easiest ways by which I can forget. I loathe it and hate it . . . more than poison. I never tasted it until . . . lately. But what am I to do? You don't know, Babs . . . I tell you, dear, you don't know how I suffer at times. Thinking of the past; thinking of the future.

Babs. But you told me a deliberate lie.

Angel. I had to, Babs. [*Going to her*] But you'll forgive that, won't you? Perhaps you don't understand. It has no hold on me; none at all. I could give it up to-morrow if I wanted to. It's only when I'm low-spirited and . . . It does me no harm.

Babs. [*Spitefully*] Suppose I was to drop a whisper to Mr. Morrison?

Angel. [*Quietly*] You . . . you wouldn't dare to do that, Babs.

Babs. You seem to know *he* wouldn't like it. Then—what about me? It also tells me that you love him, after all you've said to the contrary.

Angel. I . . . I love the thought of a home, Babs. I'm not strong enough to go roaming about the world alone.

Babs. Then what d'you think he'd say if he knew you were a slave to that stuff?

Angel. Listen, Babs; I'm no more a slave to it than you are. I could give it up to-morrow. Why . . . why

this is the first bottle of wine I ever bought in my life. I've only drunk a small glassful now and then—to keep my heart up.

Babs. [*Dramatically*] Angel, do you want to keep my friendship any longer?

Angel. More than anything in the world, Babs. After all you've been to me . . . and done for me.

Babs. Then you've got to throw that stuff away, that's all. Give your word of honour you'll never touch it again.

Angel. But listen, dear——

Babs. I won't listen to anything but that. I swear I'm real serious. [*Then, unbending—and coming nearer to her*] Oh! Angel! promise me you'll throw the stuff away. I can't bear to think of you in the grip of such rotten dope as that. It don't seem like you, at all. I want to see you real happy, Angel; and believe me if once that stuff gets a hold on you, you'll go down and down and down. You know how many promises I've made you. Now it's your turn to promise me. Won't you, Angel?

Angel. Why, Babs, if you want me to . . . it's easy. Your disgust is only a prudish one, dear. You don't seem to understand that I only take it as medicine. But I'll throw it away sooner than lose your friendship. For—I can see—that's what it would mean if I didn't.

Babs. Oh! gee! . . . You'll give it up? [*Hugging her*] I'm so happy I don't know what to do. Maybe it's 'cause I love you so much that I said all I did. But now we won't say another word about it—not another word. [*Then, suddenly taking on her earlier expression of childish joy*] Give me that dollar. [*She grabs it up from the table*] I'm going for those eats. [*Ticking the items off on her fingers*] Roast turkey and potato salad, cranberry sauce . . . What else?

Angel. [*Half-heartedly*] What else is there?

Babs. Oh! lots of things.

Angel. [*Rather glad she has thought of something*] Olives?



Babs. [*Readily*] You bet! Those stuffed ones. Awful nice.

Angel. Crackers?

Babs. And sardines. Oh! . . . and some cheese. Gorgonzola, maybe.

Angel. Yes.

Babs. Awful good dope. Only it smells so I swear I've got to hold my nose while I eat it.

Angel. [*Brightening up slightly*] I'll make some coffee while you're gone.

Babs. [*Joyfully*] All righto! And if I don't spend all the money we can use the rest on a picture show next Sunday. Gee! I'm hungry already. I swear I can smell that cheese from here. [*By door*] I'll be back in a couple of minutes. Get a move on and have that coffee ready. [*She goes out hurriedly. Angel stands by the table for a moment, and then suddenly taking up the bottle of wine she moves over to the window. Opening the window she is about to throw the bottle out when she realizes the stupidity of such a proceeding. She closes the window and leaves the bottle on the ledge, only to step back and observe its conspicuousness. Again she takes it up, looking around the room for a place to put it. A knock on the door R hurries her to put the bottle under the table where it is hidden by the blue cloth.*

Angel. [*Moving towards the door, but hesitating when she finds that no one comes in*] Yes. Who it is, please? [*No answer*] Yes? Come in. [*The door opens to admit Mr. Morrison. He has many, magnificent qualities, but they have the obnoxious addition of all being false. In his church he will rise up and declare in ringing tones what the faith has done for him, solely and simply to attract attention to his stern, grave manliness and character. At such moments, while he is exaggerating the truth until it becomes a wretched lie, in his heart he feels his observers are saying: "What a splendid fellow that is! No nonsense about that chap—not an ounce. There's a man for you, if you like! A splendid fellow!" It is beneath his insidious*

*dignity to openly flirt with the girls in the store—and although he has daring thoughts about many things he lacks the bravery to carry out his desires for fear of ultimate discovery. By mastering the disguise of his true character he has finally ended by becoming his own slave. But in spite of all he can be exceedingly pleasant on occasions and women regard him favourably. He is tall and well built, clean shaven but for a small moustache, well-dressed in good but not fashionable clothes—for a manly fellow would not be a fashionable one, he thinks—and he is about thirty-four. At all times he is master of the situation—or, at least, he adopts that pose unhesitatingly: in the store, at the committee meeting, and here in this room with Angel Foster—for whom he has a genuine but nevertheless sensual love.]*

Morrison. [*Standing just inside the room*] Good afternoon. Thought I'd drop in and see you.

Angel. [*Blushing*] That's very nice of you, Mr. Morrison—I'm sure; won't you come in? I'm afraid the room is not very tidy.

Morrison. [*Moving towards the centre and looking about him in his magnificent way*] Oh! that's all right. I was just passing along this way in the hopes I might catch a sight of you, when first thing I knew I bumped into Miss George—Babs I think she's called. She told me to drop in and see you. Appears you are going to have a little party. Hope I don't intrude?

Angel. Not at all, Mr. Morrison. Babs thought she would like a little treat . . . instead of going to the theatre. She's been such a faithful friend . . . I don't like to disappoint her in anything.

Morrison. Beats me how you can have anything to do with her. She's not your class—if you will allow me to say so.

Angel. Ah! Mr. Morrison you don't know what it is to have a real friend when . . . [*She checks herself*] And I'm sure we'd like your company if you would care to stay.



Morrison. Why I'd be delighted. [*Putting down his hat*] Perhaps I can give a hand at getting things ready. I guess you know how I love to play house; least ways I've told you, often enough. I'm hoping for a real home of my own, some day. Now what can I do? Lay the table-cloth? Get the spoons and forks? Whatever else needs doing. I'm ready.

Angel. [*Blushing*] Oh! it won't take but a moment or so. But you may sit down and talk to me if you like—while I set to work. [*She goes over to the stove and is about to set a match to the gas*].

Morrison. [*Coming forward*] I guess you had better let me do that or you'll burn your fingers. It's a man's job, anyway. [*She gives him the match-box*] That's right! Now then . . . here she goes. Biff; bang. [*The gas ignites*].

Angel. [*Shrinking at the explosion*] Oh! didn't you burn your hand? You kept it very close.

Morrison. [*With a manly bravado*] I can stand a nerve-test like that, everytime. I don't believe I'd as much as blink if a revolver went off by my ear. Now . . . what else can I do?

Angel. [*Getting the coffee from cupboard*] You may put the kettle on, if you'd like to. Is there any water in it?

Morrison. [*Making sure*] Enough for a regiment of soldiers.

Angel. [*Taking out a white table-cloth from the bureau drawer*] Babs will be back in a second or two—and there's not much to do until she brings all the nice things to eat.

Morrison. [*Clearing his throat first*] I don't think she'll be back quite as soon as you expect.

Angel. [*Looking at him, quickly*] Why?

Morrison. [*With a smile*] Well, I tipped her off to stay out awhile until . . . until . . . Well, I had a little talk with her about you.

Angel. About me?

Morrison. [*Coming nearer*] I guess I won't waste time in explaining. The fact is I'm kind of sick of living the

life of a bachelor. I'm thinking of settling down to play house in real earnest. And you seem just the girl I want to make a home with. [*Proudly*] I've never asked a girl before. Never met anyone good enough for my way of thinking. [*Remembering his nobleness and adding*] That is, until I met you.

Angel. Yes.

Morrison. I've been thinking of speaking to you for quite a time now, only I couldn't nerve myself up to do it. Every time you've refused to come out to a show or supper with me has only added to my longing for you. I've longed for you so much I could hardly see straight.

Angel. [*Nervously*] Are you quite sure?

Morrison. [*Taking command*] Sure? Well I guess I can't prove it better than this.

Angel. You mean . . . ?

Morrison. I've never bothered to ask a girl before.

Angel. Do you mean that you . . . ?

Morrison. You've hit it, kiddie. I want to marry you, and do the square thing. I've just got to have you, because . . . [*Hesitating in fear he might say too much*] . . . well because you've stirred my blood like no other woman on earth. That's why. And I've known a good many girls in my time. But I'm fairly level, and I want to do the right thing—not like some good-for-nothing snake. Now, what d'you say?

Angel. Suppose . . . suppose we both think it over for a day or two longer?

Morrison. As you say. I'm willing to wait for an answer. You'll find me just the same at the end of a week. But you can't expect me to go on waiting for ever. You've set my blood on fire, and . . . and, well you can guess how I feel, maybe. I'm trembling for you, right now—like a kid. Shouldn't be surprised you're just the same.

Angel. Let me think it over for a day. I'll . . . I'll give you an answer . . . to-morrow.

Morrison. [*Sitting down on the*



*lounge chair*] All right. That's a bargain, eh?

Angel. [*Quietly*] Yes.

Morrison. I think you're one of the most sensible girls I ever laid my eyes on . . . no nonsense about you. I've figured that out all right. Sort of girl I'd have no doubts about when married to. Trust you anywhere and not worry. [*He glances back at the pink kimona, as though the image of it had been in his mind all the time. A brief look to see if it is still there.*] There's no other fellow in this, is there?

Angel. [*After a slight pause*] No.

Morrison. I thought not. You're sterling silver goods all right—to use a vulgar expression. [*Defending himself*] I hate vulgar expressions usually—but sometimes they mean a whole lot. [*Taking a look at the pink kimona again*] Say! that little pink thing hanging over there sort of sets me going, also. Perhaps you understand what I mean. It's yours I'll bet a dollar.

Angel. Yes, it's mine.

Morrison. Thought so; otherwise it wouldn't bother me. What is it, if you'll pardon my asking? A kimona?

Angel. [*Quietly*] Yes. I'll . . . I'll take it away, and then you won't . . .

Morrison. [*Halting her action*] No, don't do that. I like to see it there—if you'll excuse me saying so. Something intimate like between us. [*Suddenly*] Listen kiddie!—why don't you say "yes", right now. Just as quick as that! [*He snaps his fingers.*]

Angel. [*Nervously*] Won't you . . . won't you give me until to-morrow?

Morrison. [*Almost shrugging his shoulders*] Well, a promise is a promise, I s'pose. I'll stick to my word.

Angel. Thank you.

Morrison. [*Looking at the table*] Say, don't you want these books out of the way to lay the table? I may as well . . . [*Behind one of the books he finds the baby's shoe*]. Hello! what's this?

Angel. [*Coming forward*] . . . Oh! I . . . I'll put it away.

Morrison. [*Looking at her. Their eyes meeting for the first time that afternoon*] This anything to do with you? [*She does not answer but continues to look at him. He is somewhat puzzled*]. I said, does this belong to you?

Angel. Yes.

Morrison. [*Dully*] Eh? What's that? [*Searchingly*] You trying to tell me that . . . ? [*He comes to a pause*].

Angel. [*Nervously*] It belonged to my baby boy. He died about seven months ago.

Morrison. [*Forgetting to act*] The hell you say. [*Recovering slightly*] Pardon my bluntness, Angel, but . . . but this is something of a surprise. I always believed you were single. Didn't know you were a married woman.

Angel. I'm not. [*Slowly*] I never was married.

Morrison. [*Taken back*] Look here! what in the name of God . . . ?

Angel. [*Excitedly*] But I'm . . . I'm telling you all wrong; I've started at the end instead of the beginning. I meant to tell you gradually . . . in a different way.

Morrison. [*Stupidly*] Meant to tell me gradually?

Angel. Yes. Won't you let me tell you the whole story—from the beginning . . . before . . . before you judge?

Morrison. Why of course. Certainly. [*She sits down in chair, back of table and begins to finger the baby's shoe. Morrison draws his lounge chair nearer and waits for her to speak*]. Well, I'm listening.

[*It is the first time she has had occasion to test her story in the scales of Common Justice. At this moment Morrison represents that part of the world which can make or break her. Naturally she is distraught*].

Angel. Oh! I can't think how to begin. It came so suddenly . . . dramatically, just then . . . when you found this [*Meaning the shoe*] It's taken all my thoughts clean away.



Morrison. [*The master*] I can see you're all excited. I know what this means to you. You've just had a decent offer of marriage from a decent and straight fellow, and—

Angel. I . . . . [*She looks up at him*].

Morrison. [*Continuing*] And a fellow you love, maybe? A fellow who's offered you a home and the best that's in him. [*Pause*] But take your time. If you've got anything to say, think it out well before you speak. Does the man live here? New York?

Angel. No. He's dead also. He . . . he was killed in an accident . . . before he could marry me. [*She hangs her head*].

Morrison. Before he could marry you, eh? [*Pause*] S'pose I hadn't just stumbled in this afternoon and found that thing you have in your fingers. What then? Were you going to keep me guessing?

Angel. No. I meant to tell you.

Morrison. [*Watching her slyly*] Then you expected me to ask you to marry me, eh? Sooner, or later? You own up you love me then? [*She makes no answer*]. Tell me! It makes all the difference whether I go—or stay.

Angel. [*Not daring to look at him*] Yes.

Morrison. You love me?

Angel. Yes.

Morrison. [*Urging her*] But say; not like that. Let's hear you say it properly. The words.

Angel. [*Looking at him*] I do love you . . . for asking me to share a home with you . . . and . . .

Morrison. [*Looking away. Unable to meet her frank gaze*] All right. Now tell me your story. Quickly . . . before that kid returns . . . without a break. Right quick without a pause. Hurry now.

Angel. [*Doing her best to obey him*] It began about three years ago. I lived with my father and mother then, in Chicago. They live there still—but they don't want to have anything to do with me now. I met Ralph—that was his name—and . . .

Morrison. Say listen! I don't want to know your story. It doesn't matter to me, kiddie. It don't make any difference.

Angel. [*Rising to her feet with the feeling that she has broken through the thick crust separating her from the heart of the world*] Oh! Jack!—that's wonderful of you. Babs said it would make no difference. I feared all along that it would; but it hasn't. Oh! Jack. that's wonderful of you. [*He takes her in his arms as she comes to the end of her speech, and kisses her*].

Morrison. As long as you and I love each other, what's it matter? What does anything matter but our love?

Angel. Oh! I'm so happy.

Morrison. [*Kissing her hair*] God! it's wonderful to hold you, like this. Come; tell me again that you really love me.

Angel. [*Quietly*] I do, Jack.

Morrison. But the words. Say the actual words as I kiss you. [*He kisses her as she replies*].

Angel. I do, Jack. Now . . . now let me go. Please . . . please Jack let me go. [*She struggles slightly in his arms*].

Morrison. [*Breathing hard*] Once more, kiddie . . . just once more.

Angel. [*Struggling*] Please Jack. Let me go, now. Please let me go . . . please Jack. [*He relinquishes his hold on her and she drops into her chair again . . . as if ashamed. Morrison returns to his lounge chair.*]

Morrison. Now let's come to an understanding. We love each other, that's certain. [*He is not meeting her eyes*] What about our future?

Angel. [*Her face cupped in her hands*] It has all been so sudden . . . and strange . . . I feel quite faint.

Morrison. Oh! you'll get over that. [*He draws his chair still closer*] Now see here . . . [*His foot accidentally knocks over the bottle of wine under the table. He bends down and picks it up. He seems to be well pleased at the discovery!*]

Morrison. Hello! you sly little puss . . . that's where you hide it, eh? [*Reading*] "Best Oporto Sherry".



Angel. [*Watching him*] I don't drink it. It doesn't belong to me, at all. [*Half afraid*] Don't . . . don't change your look like that.

Morrison. Well there's no harm in our drinking a little toast. Guess we both need something to brace us up.

Angel. No, Jack—I won't touch it. I promised Babs I would never touch it again. I mean I . . .

Morrison. [*With a sharp look at her—then away again*] That don't matter, kiddie. I seldom touch the stuff myself, but we can drink a toast to all the little drinks we'll have together in the future. If you won't . . . I'll say you're a quitter. *He rises and looks about the room* Where's the glasses? [*Touching the pink kimona and turning round to her—a silly smile on his face*] Say, I'd just love to see you in . . .

Angel. [*Hurriedly*] The glasses? In . . . in the cupboard. [*He gets two small glasses and sets them down on the table. Pouring out the wine*] Say when?

Angel. [*Under the spell of it all and not looking at the glass*] That's that's enough.

Morrison. [*Filling his own glass and raising it*] Well, here's to the end of all our worries. [*He gives her the full glass and takes up the other one*]. Touch glasses. That's right. To our future together. [*He drains his glass. Angel only touches the wine with her lips.*] That's not much of a drink you took. Take a good one like me. [*She puts the glass to her lips again*] Now let's sit down and talk this thing out, properly. [*Looking around*] To begin with this place isn't good enough for a queen like you. It's more like a barn than anything else. I'll get you a better place. You'll soon see I'm not a tight-wad, kiddie. [*He attempts to take her hand, but she withdraws it quickly.*] Now what's the matter with you?

Angel. [*Looking at him steadily*] You . . . you frighten me. You've changed. Your tone . . . look . . . manner . . . everything. You're not the same man.

Morrison. Why, kiddie—I'm just the same as ever. [*Lamely*] We love each other, don't we?

Angel. [*Fearingly*] But . . . but you don't want me any more. You . . . you've changed.

Morrison. Want you? Listen, Angel, I want you so much that I don't know where I stand. I'm just crazy about you, sweetheart.

Angel. [*With suppressed feeling*] But you don't want to marry me, Jack.

Morrison. [*Heedlessly*] Listen! I want you to leave this barn, and either come over to my place—or I'll fix you up in the neatest little apartment in the city. Nice and quiet, like. [*There is a slight lull, and then Angel gets to her feet in such an unsteady way that her wine-glass falls to the floor. She points with trembling arm to the door.*]

Angel. Go! [*Then, almost hysterically*] Go, go, go, go! Quickly!

Morrison. [*On his feet*] Listen! What's the matter?

Angel. Go please . . . At once. [*With a sob*] Oh! go . . . quickly.

Morrison. [*Leaning forward*] But we love each other. You said so yourself. And if you love me I don't see that you can refuse me what you gave to . . .

Angel. [*Deathly pale*] Please, go . . . or I shall scream.

Morrison. [*In an ugly mood*] Now listen! What do you think I am? A green horn? A damn fool? Or what?

Angel. [*Recoiling*] Ugh! you beast! [*With all her strength she strikes him across the mouth with the back of her hand.*] Now will you go?

Morrison. [*Smarting under the blow*] Now cut this heroic stuff, 'cause you've got no chance of playing the spot light. You'd better be careful what you say and do, young lady. You've got that position in the store to look after.

Angel. [*Almost hysterically*] Go; I tell you. Get out of here. Get out of here. [*She makes a rush for the bottle of sherry as if to swing it at his head.*]



Morrison. [Smartly] Quit it!  
[Pause] I'm going.

Angel. [The room swimming before her eyes] Quick, then . . . [Morrison takes up his hat and goes out leisurely, closing the door behind him. Angel drops into her chair and rests her head in the palms of her hands on the table. For a moment or so she gazes vacantly into space trying to see her future. Then revolting against the action of the world she half-consciously pours some sherry into the remaining glass. But remembering that his lips have touched it, she throws it recklessly away. From the cupboard she gets another glass and almost fills it. Up by the window she looks out into the street, drinking the sherry,—sip by sip. But suddenly she drains the glass, and returns to fill it up again. Shuddering violently she refuses it as it touches her lips, but continues to hold the glass in her hand. The door bursts open and Babs enters with many brown paper parcels. Babs stands aghast at the sight of her friend with the half-filled glass in her hand. She glances over at the bottle on the table and notices how the contents have diminished.]

Angel. [With a tear in her voice] Close that door Babs; close that door. If . . . if Mr. Schlegel should play Lieberstrum . . . I think I'd go crazy. [Babs does not move, however—and

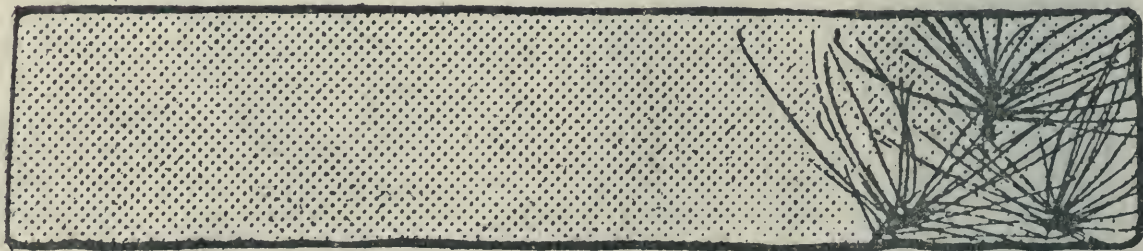
as Angel puts up her hand to cool her burning forehead the third glass of sherry falls on the carpet with an ugly, wet smash: Falling out of fingers too weak to do their duty.] Oh! Babs! [Half crying] It's gone to my head! The sherry; I can feel it. [Pathetically] It's . . . it's gone to my head. Oh! what shall I do? Everything . . . everything . . . [She does not finish. Babs now decides to move. Getting rid of her parcels, she comes over to Angel and taking her arm, leads her, without a word or look, towards the bedroom.]

Angel. [Crying] Babs . . . he came . . . he came to see me, and . . . Oh! how can I tell you when I'm like this? I've never been like this before. It's . . . it's gone to my head. The sherry has . . . [They vanish into the bedroom. But Babs—to her everlasting discredit—returns and looks back through the door.]

Babs. [Bitterly, and with prudish determination] Good-bye. [She crosses to the parcels, leaves some money on the table, and quickly taking up her share of the purchases she goes out of the room—probably forever.]

Angel. [Off stage crying pathetically] Don't leave me, Babs; please . . . please don't leave me . . . Oh Babs! don't leave me . . . [As the door opens and Babs goes out, the sound of Lieberstrum comes in.]

#### THE CURTAIN FALLS





# THE POET-SEER OF BENGAL

BY EDWARD SAPIR



NCE more the poet-seer of Bengal offers us, through the medium of a series of prose poems and free verse lyrics, contact with his world of beauty, a beauty subtly compounded of the passion of sensuous experience and the insight, symbolic and intuitive, that Tagore, true to his lineage, calls "truth". Those whom an apt metaphor or a mystic and beautifully phrased paradox can thrill into blissful apprehension of the deeps of reality, of the futility of sense, of the eternity of the soul, of the abiding presence of the behind and the beyond, will in "Lover's Gift" and "Crossing" receive fresh sustenance for their faith, for their desire. Those who are too heavily burdened by the veil of matter to see clearly into Tagore's esoteric world of reality but are not, for all that, obtuse to the loveliness of swift metaphor and exquisite diction will be well content to accept the beauty and to look upon the "truth" as a highly interesting facet of a typically, and traditionally, Hindu personality. Indeed, we would be churlish if we could not, for the sake of poetry, even lull ourselves into a momentary acceptance of Tagore's truths. It is not so very much that he requires of us. It is not so very difficult to persuade ourselves that the beauty of the beloved is indeed but a symbol of the beauty of all life, that our love for the beloved is a cosmic love, that death is the door to the eternal life that was dimmed for us at birth. All this and much more we might accept,

provided always the thought be well garmented.

Fortunately the thought is, for the most part, well garmented. One can hardly give Tagore greater praise than to say that he yields but rarely to the temptation to fall into extravagance, to allow the freshness of his feelings to choke in turgid weeds. In an art and a philosophy such as Tagore's simplicity of diction and convincingness of imagery are doubly difficult of attainment. Their attainment by Tagore means that he is, first and foremost, a poet. Whether he is also a seer seems, after this, a bit irrelevant. Felicities of metaphor or expression meet one at every turn, while now and again the feeling, too intense for the bonds of symbolism, bursts into untrammelled lyric utterance. I cannot forbear to quote at length at least one of the "Lover's Gift" set:

I thought I had something to say to her when our eyes met across the hedge. But she passed away. And it rocks, day and night, like a boat, on every wave of the hours the word that I had to say to her. It seems to sail in the autumn clouds in an endless quest and to bloom into evening flowers, seeking its lost moment in the sunset. It twinkles like fireflies in my heart to find its meaning in the dusk of despair the word that I had to say to her.

For a moment Tagore here seems to allow the passion of the opening words to drift away, but he recovers it, poignant and elusive, at the end. In another poem we read of "the lonely night loud with rain". How effective and unexpected the word "loud", in its amazing simplicity, and how stark the contrast of "lonely"



and "loud"! Only poets think of such self-evident things.

Not that Tagore is flawless. Particularly in "Crossing", a long series of symbolizations of the passage from life into the realm ruled by Death, we are occasionally annoyed by such sentimental paradoxes as

"Sleep, like a bird, will open its heart to the light, and the silence will find its voice."

or by such unrealities as

"When the morning came I saw you standing upon the emptiness that was spread over my house."

but rarely by such downright ugliness as

"For the boisterous sea of tears heaves in the flood-tide of pain."

Yet we have never long to wait for a reconciling felicity, for a line or a phrase that clothes extravagance of symbol in a delicate simplicity, such a line as

"Rebelliously I put out the light in my house and your sky surprised me with its stars."

Felicity is the word that recurs to one's mind as he passes from lyric to lyric. It is not an unmixed compliment. It argues a certain detachability, a certain independent glitter, in each stone of the mosaic. Powerfully unified works of art leave little elbow room for felicities. Right here, I venture to think, lies concealed why Tagore, greatest as lyric poet, nevertheless falls short of membership in the choir of supremely great lyrists. Tagore's method is the fusion, as we have seen, of the symbolic or "eternally true" or of an intangible state of mind, with the sensuous, the outwardly real. Whoever essays such fusion must do homage to each Janus face, the face looking out upon the inner truth and, no less, the face directed to fleeting reality. It is my quarrel with Tagore that he is not impartial in his worship. The inner truth not infrequently triumphs at the expense of the outer. To be more precise, I find it characteristic of Ta-

gore's method that his symbolic perception of his feeling, seeking to clothe itself in sensuous terms, chooses image after image, each beautiful or striking, it may be, in itself, but with little relevancy, perhaps, in their relation to one another. One does not altogether feel that a bit of outward reality has been keenly apprehended, that it grows and grows in the mind of the poet, taking on the richness of shadow and overtone, until, by imperceptible degrees, it finds itself wedded to an attitude of mind, to a mood. In other words, the world of sense does not so much seem a powerful suggestion for a deeper world, as a casket of jewels, to be idly selected from for the adornment of a world already defined and felt. Many a poem, admittedly abounding in single beauties or even at no point fairly open to criticism, does nevertheless leave upon the mind of the reader a feeling at once glittering and blurred. The feeling that it embodies seems, now and then, a little insecure, a little hollow. I am, convinced, however, that this is an illusion, that Tagore is practically always master of the spiritual concept and of the feeling, but that he loses more than he perhaps realizes in passing from the unseen world to the world of imagery. Translations are rarely completely satisfying.

It may well be that to the devotee of Tagore criticism such as this is no criticism. To me, who am not in the least concerned with Tagore the seer, but only with Tagore the poet, it seems, in so far as it is valid, very damaging criticism indeed.

"It is little that remains now, the rest was spent in one careless summer. It is just enough to put in a song and sing to you; to weave in a flower-chain gently clasping your wrist; to hang in your ear like a round pink pearl, like a blushing whisper; to risk in a game one evening and utterly lose."

"To hang in your ear like a round pink pearl, like a blushing whisper." There we have it in a nutshell. "It is just enough"—here is the sentiment,



with its subtle note of regret, that fills the poet, thrills him so with its abstract intensity that he has no care for the incongruity of hanging it in his beloved's ear "like a round pink pearl" and "like a blushing whisper." An equally good example from "Crossing" is

The day is dim with rain.  
 Angry lightnings glance though the  
     tattered cloud-veils  
 And the forest is like a caged lion shaking  
     its mane in despair.  
 On such a day amidst the winds beating  
     their wings, let me find my peace in  
     thy presence,  
 For the sorrowing sky has shadowed my  
     solitude, to deepen the meaning of  
     thy touch about my heart.

A mood picture of the presence of death, genuinely enough felt—but how is it with the concrete perception? I find myself unable to run the first and last lines into the same picture as the rest; the fourth line undoes the work of the third. The whole is a series of really fresh images that, nevertheless, result in a blur.

It is not often, perhaps, that Tagore mixes his metaphors so badly, but these examples illustrate fairly, I imagine, the dangers of his method and the poetic limitations of his view of the world. Of the extremely limited range of experience voiced in both "Lover's Gift" and "Crossing" (fancy saying seventy-eight symbolic times that one is in the presence of death and that it is well thus!) it is hardly necessary to speak. One must accept a poet's subject matter; one must meet him more than half way in his orientation of that subject matter. Still, it is only human to admit that the volume we have been considering creates an inordinate hunger for reality, not the "reality" of Tagore, but the very crass reality of Spoon River and Coney Island.

Tagore himself takes us a few steps nearer to this reality in "Mashi and Other Stories," though we never quite get there. It is as well, for stark realism is not Tagore's *forte*. Interesting and effective as most of these

stories are, I have designedly left myself little space to speak of them. As a short story craftsman, Tagore does not belong in the first rank. There is too often a lack of deftness in the unfolding of the theme, in the handling of climax, in the placing of the point. Sometimes, as in the Maupassantish "The Auspicious Vision," "The Riddle Solved," and "My Fair Neighbour," the point of the tale (and all three of these depend for their effect almost entirely on "points") is obvious at a dismally early stage of the proceedings. Sometimes, again, a really promising story, like "Stubha" is spoiled or rendered trivial by an anticlimax or by a too clumsy touch of irony towards the close.

A number of tales, on the other hand, are highly beautiful and effective. Such are "Mashi," "The Supreme Night," "The Postmaster" (perhaps the best in the volume), and "The River Stairs." Characteristically enough, these tales depend for their power not so much on incident and character as on the poignancy of passing mood, further on a blend of idealistic mysticism with a realism that is not too complexly apprehended. "The Postmaster," in which "point" is perhaps at a minimum, has something of the quality of Chekhov. The love the poor orphan girl Ratan bears the not greatly distinguished village postmaster is subtly drawn. It is not destined to lead to either fulfilment or tragedy. Nothing happens. The postmaster, who is fond of chatting with Ratan, finds life too dull at his post and resigns. He leaves the village. She weeps. It is all very real and meaningless, it is life at its least stagey and its most affecting. "The Trust Property" is a horrible story of bygone Bengal, and is in a class by itself. In it Tagore combines most successfully, one might almost say unexpectedly, the sheer horror of Poe's "Cask of Amontillado" with the brutal irony of Maupassant. The utilization of an old folk-custom, the burying of a live

victim who is to serve as the guardian spirit of a secret treasure, lends an added ethnological interest to the tale.

Over and above their specific qualities, these stories of Tagore's are well worth reading for the moments of intimate contrast they afford us with present-day and recently past life in

Bengal. It is good to assure ourselves that the Bengali is as human and real as ourselves, if, indeed, he is not more so. It does no harm to discover that caste and reincarnation can be made to seem at least as inevitable as the Democratic party and the Presbyterian hymnal.

## A REVELATION \*

By HERBERT RIDGLEY

It has been a matter of much comment, and for those who have seen, a miraculous revelation, that after the utter destruction of church walls, spires, altars, etc., statues of the Saviour and of the Holy Virgin have remained inviolate.

### I.

HAIL, Sacred Slab! Hail, Sacred Tool that shaped  
 Into a likeness of the Perfect Maid!  
 Hail, Innocence that stands when earth is raped,  
 And peace in shame is laid!

### II.

Hail, blest Virgin who gave to us a Lord,  
 As Spirit of a conquering Love—Forgot!  
 "He Spake as Never Man", a Son's reward,  
 Shielding breathes, "Touch Her Not".

### III.

Now Blast ye furies. Crumple, tear and fret!  
 Pull down the altars of a crippled church!  
 Dig up the dead! Pay off your Baalish debt!  
 But Her you cannot smirch.

### IV.

Come pierce the Chancel, raise the belfry tower,  
 Crush those old Saints to dust. Now shriek again.  
 Pierce Her Grotto the Holy Ladies' Bower,  
 How vain you fools, how vain!

### V.

Rude riddled ruins of the structure gape,  
 Between the stones the happy starlings mate,  
 Brood sparrows chirp, cobwebs the niches drape,  
 Immune, immaculate!

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\* In the National Literary Competition, (Open Class) the first prize was divided between this poem and "The Pioneer", by Frances Beatrice Taylor.





FUNERAL OF A VIKING

From the Painting by Frank Dicksee. Exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition





# INDIA: A PASSING STUDY

BY LYMAN B. JACKES



KNOWLEDGE of India in Canada is derived from three sources: school instruction, books and returned travellers. Perhaps we might make the number four and add an occasional wandering lecturer. The knowledge thus gained is concentrated into one besetting idea that we, as Westerners, are correct in all our modes of conducting life: while the Oriental, shrouded in heathen darkness, must be absolutely wrong by deduction. During my part in the great world war it was necessary that I should travel rather extensively throughout India and often along highways and byways left untrodden by the visiting tourist. I was in contact with its representative peoples and that is why this story is headed "India: A Passing study". Its problems are of the present, and accentuated by the war, of the pressing, urgent present. India's past is buried in superstition and mythology, and its future depends to a large extent on the amount of concern which Canada and the rest of the Imperial system expends in assisting this wonderful country in its struggle toward the sun.

There is but one way to comprehend the present problems of India and that is to view them through the eyes of the British rulers. The representative authority of the land is a non-Christian organization. Perhaps the meaning would be more clearly rendered if I styled it non-religious. It is not concerned in any authoritative degree with ritualistic routine,

faith or secular propaganda. Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, and the clannish Parsi are all weighed in the one balance. Is it just? And will it uplift India? These are the two acid tests applied to every and each solution offered as a balm to India's aching wounds. To the active church-worker, shrouded in zeal for the propagation of his faith in heathen lands, this seems cruel. The British Government looks on and sees faiths that were old when the Author of Christianity walked by the lake in Palestine. It sees a passion for the Eastern faiths that would shame the congregation of any Canadian church, and it sees adherents that outnumber the followers of the Western creed by scores of millions. There is nothing to do but to be neutral, and the British Government succeeds in a manner which excites admiration.

The popular idea in this country that India is pleading for Christian missions is false and absolutely unfounded. Modern missions have been at work in India for one hundred and thirty years. In those thirteen decades they have scarcely been able to reach any key positions among the upper classes of Indian society. They may have changed the viewpoint of a man or woman here or there, but the number is by no means considerable. But Christian missions have been able to reach the lower strata of Indian society, and if the significance of that fact is comprehended and added to the turmoil caused by the war we have a grip on the present situation and the probable outlook for the future.



A sacred tree and its priest

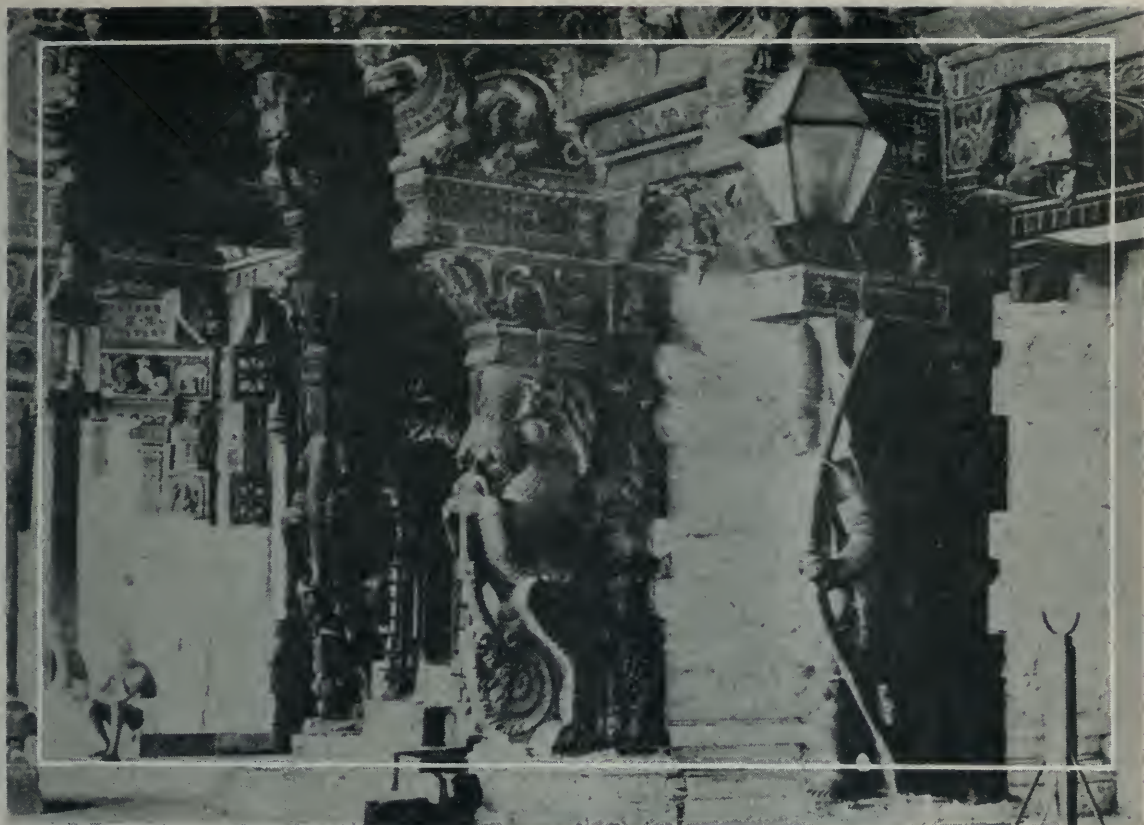
Home mission circles generally estimate the gross results of their activities in India by five million converts, but I doubt if one per cent. of that number, or fifty thousand, of these so-called converts, have the remotest idea of the duties or obligations of Christianity. But that one per cent. is a potent factor in India to-day, and a fact which will assure more credit in the developed India to come. Missions have been able to make but little impression on the Mohammedan of the northwest or the Buddhist of the south centre. Their adherents are recruited chiefly from the outcasts of Hinduism, and to understand the situation we must classify this raw material.

Hinduism is an elaborate system amongst the faiths of the East. Its intricacies require serious study, but

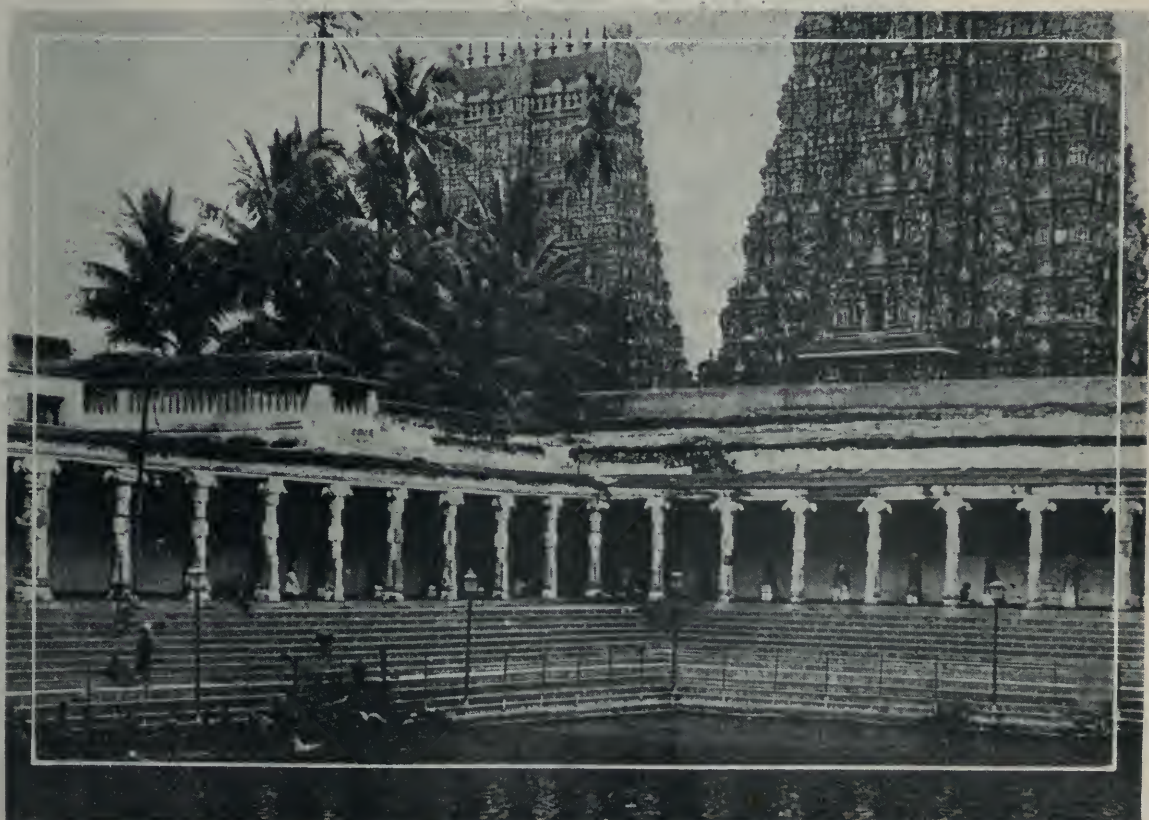
the outstanding feature of the system is its castes. There is nothing in Western society like these castes of Hinduism. They are inflexible and iron-bound. There is no progression from a lower caste to a higher. You are what your father was, and your sons will follow you. The only movement within the system is a sudden stripping of local caste privileges, a sweeping away from all connection to the rubbish heap of Indian humanity—the out-caste.

The number of castes is very large; I have heard it mentioned by authorities as high as forty-four thousand. They start at the sweeper, a very low caste, and proceed by weary degrees to the Brahmin or priestly caste—the highest of all. In between are arranged in wonderful order shoe-makers, dhobi, mali, parawalla, babu, gharri-





In the Hall of Idols—Madura.  
There are here, it is said, 44,000 stone images for worship



The great Hindu Temple at Madura, showing two of its many gates





Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus

walla, farmer, bullock-driver, weaver, silk merchant, carpenter, letter-writer, water-carrier and thousands more. The Christians, I might mention, are regarded as a caste, but a very low one.

The chief occupation in the life of these millions is to prevent pollution or contamination by contact with a lower caste. In many instances the mere falling of a shadow of a low caste man on the garments of the chap higher up would bring pollution, and the touch of a garment to an exterior utensil would result in an entire meal being discarded and thrown away under the same conditions. I am citing these as examples of the way caste may be broken. There are other methods, and the number is legion; but once defilement is contracted or caste is broken it is expedient upon

the party to secure reinstatement. This requires a visit to the Temple, a monetary gift to the priest and a sacrifice, often of considerable magnitude. If the ready cash is not available, it is a case of "down goes McGinty", and another unfortunate has been added to the out-caste—the rubbish heap from which the missions have been able to extract valuable by-products.

A little thought will disclose the fact that certain amongst the fallen must have had good breeding, and possibly their forefathers have long enjoyed a continuous position of respectability. Frequently the brains of India are cast into the despised section of society. Give men and women a chance to develop their latent mental capabilities with modern education and you have the finest product of





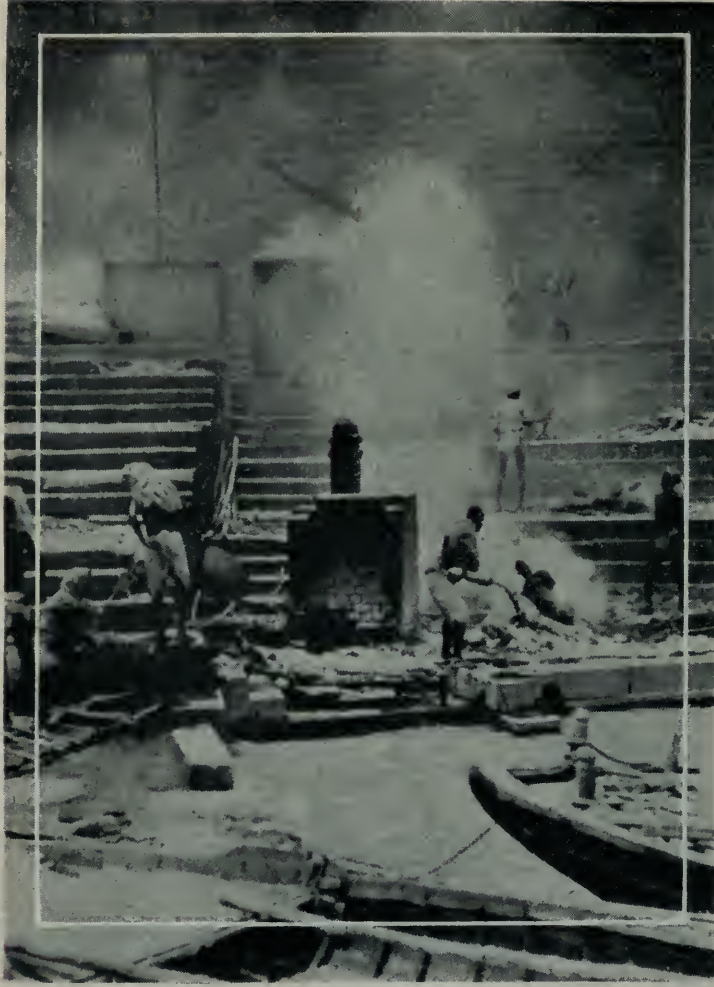
Hindus waiting to get into a temple at Calcutta

the Christian mission, and it is really high-quality material that makes up the rank and file of the fifty thousand real converts that they can boast.

When India's entrance to the world war called for actions and changes on the part of her authorities that were unprecedented many of these mission products were called upon to undertake work which the religious profession of the high caste man forbade him entering. The result has been that industrial India is being almost entirely operated in its native aspect by the better class of output from the Christian educational institutions. The higher castes of India can clearly see the trend of the times, and they are embittered against any system which makes it possible for the out-caste to rise to respectability and a position of service other than through

the temples of the gods of Hinduism. When we consider that the Christian element, numerically, is but a fractional minority it is not hard to see why the people are not calling for more missions, but broadly conducted missions have an opportunity there now which may never come again.

The net result of the war on India as far as Canada is concerned may be summed up by two statements: First, a thorough general education along broad Christian lines has demonstrated its value. Again, hundreds of thousands of Hindus have broken caste on the battle areas of Flanders and Mesopotamia and have borne personal testimony to the fact that no dire catastrophe has followed. That this is not a passing mood is exemplified by the fact that there is a strong anti-Brahmic movement on



Burning the dead beside the Ganges

in India to-day. Men are beginning to wonder why the priestly class should proclaim a man an out-caste because he went across the sea before the war and not apply the stigma afterwards. Any Hindu temple that is visited in the larger cities of India will display a feverish activity that attempts to tack on the visible fruits of Christianity in a remodelling of their ancient creed. The Temple of Kalighat at Calcutta has opened a free hospital and a school for children within the last few months right within the temple enclosure. This is but one straw which shows that the winds of the times are rapidly blowing India into a state of flux. The prospects of intensive, broad uplift work were never more encouraging than at present, but any new move will meet with bitter opposition either from the purely Brahmin element or the champions

who would reform the faiths of old in an attempt to jack them up to meet the conditions they faced when in foreign countries.

Geography is not on the curriculum of Brahmin teaching, so the wily priests had little difficulty in assuring vast multitudes that their fathers and relatives were still in India, although they had gone to France. There are millions in India to-day that are firmly convinced that France and India are one and the same country. Such gross imposition is only possible among illiterate people, and illiteracy is one of the blackest problems in the land to-day. Out of a thousand men it would be difficult to secure seven who had the remotest idea of reading or writing, and out of the same number of women you would be running high if two literates in a thousand were encountered. Considering the





A fakir in an Indian village sitting on a bed of spikes

population as four hundred millions, the educational problem assumes some magnitude. The manifold difficulties of uplifting India are almost as diffi-

cult to describe as to remedy. Amongst the three great divisions, Mohammedan, Hindu, and Buddhist, is found a hereditary conviction that each is



Holy men of modern India. They are covered with ashes of human bodies



Rare view inside a Hindu Temple.  
A priest receiving a prayer over the sacred fire

chosen of the gods, and, as a natural consequence, that others should depart from off the face of the earth forthwith.

The reformer in India is continually in danger of offending some faction and paying for his action by a curtailment of his plans. An overwhelming proportion of the riots in India are nothing more or less than overgrown religious squabbles, and despite what enemy agents would have this country believe, riots against the constituted authority of India are exceedingly rare. An example will make this clear. There are two riot seasons in India—April and September—and the disorders almost always centre about cows. It is expedient upon the follower of Islam that a sacrifice be made at these seasons, and the animal

disposed of in this manner may be anything from a sheep to a camel, but the cow is generally chosen. The Hindus, on the other hand, hold the cow in sacred esteem. Their philosophy is quite simple. They follow the line of events right through and come to the conclusion that as milk is the first food consumed by most animals, including man, therefore the source of milk must as a natural consequence be the source of life and therefore sacred. To prevent friction between the followers of Mohammed and the worshippers of Kali, slaughter-houses have been erected by the British authorities at points where the Mohammedans should not excite the rage of the Hindu, but the faithful of the Prophet are not having any of them. Instead they choose to go into



the busiest market-place, where the shops are mostly maintained by Hindus, and they generally select a Friday, about noon, which is also a particularly marked time in the weekly calendar of the devout Hindu. The slaughter is resented and a riot starts. If Europeans are killed or injured it is largely the reward of the peace-maker, as the rioting is rarely excited against them.

The intense interest in religion which the people of the East maintain must be borne in mind when a consideration of India's problems is made. The viewpoint may be vastly different from ours, but they clannishly cling to the faith of their fathers. They cannot see that railroads, sanitation, hydraulic and electrical developments, justice, irrigation and manufacturers have come to India as a direct or indirect result of Christian influence; but they can see that these things are giving employment to many from the lower depths of society who have risen to positions of decency and even importance. The Hindu is forbidden to labour at anything at which his father has not laboured. His father has had no recourse to modern devices, so the only parties who are interested are recruits from the ranks of the outcaste. To the visitor the situation is as clear as sunlight, and evidence of the silent revolution that is abroad in the land is met at every hand. It is likely that a more equal distribution of wealth will be one of the first results of the changing social conditions now apparent in this wonderful land.

Since the dim past the rich of India have been very rich and the poor have been very poor. There have never been more than a few representing what might be called the middle class. These extremes may be cited by the

case of one of the Mogul emperors who decided to have his wealth estimated. Historical tales of some authenticity relate that it required two years' time on the part of his treasurers to count his money alone. It is reported from many sources that there are two hundred million persons in the land to-day who do not receive more than one meal a day, and the worldly possessions of these unfortunates would in many cases be represented by a bit of loin cloth and a crude bit of pottery. There is very little machinery to employ the vast hordes of buried wealth that belongs to the wealthy classes. The Indian peoples and castes do not trust one another, and if money is lent it is generally under the most ruinous conditions. The Indians are very shy of banks and sound investments are far above the heads of any but the wily Parsi. The value of the buried wealth in India is beyond the power of human mortal to estimate. It has been accumulating for centuries, and is chiefly in the form of silver and gold. The passion for gold may be seen by the fact that thirty shillings was being offered for British sovereigns, and when an issue of gold Mohars was placed in circulation they disappeared like magic in about a week. The Indian people are thrifty to an amazing extent and the magnificent architecture bespeaks the fineness of their forefathers' brains. There have been many influences at work which have lowered the mental calibre of the people during the past ten centuries and nothing but intensive and broadly-applied education over a long period will raise these interesting legions to a position where they can step into their proper places among their fellowmen and enjoy the fullest fruits of their massed wealth and sublime natural resources.





Bobcaygeon, as seen from an Aeroplane

# BOBCAYGEON

A SKETCH\* OF A LITTLE TOWN

BY ARTHUR L. PHELPS

Words are only the gesture  
Toward the thing we are after, the escaped or escaping  
Beauty and spirit;  
Like the hand  
Toward a sunset.

## I

Bobcaygeon at twilight . . . .  
Can be made but the gesture;  
Colour poured out from a funnel,  
The funnel the half sky, gray, cloud-dimmed,  
Constricted up the lake there  
Between the blue shores,  
Till it pours on that island  
The distillation of the day,  
The concentration and caught essence of noon  
That belonged to a world.

---

\* It will be noted that the word "sketch" does not necessarily carry the idea of poetry or verse, or even free verse.—A. L. P.



## II

Supposing you alight from the train at noon,  
Having come a long journey from a far city  
Through the rattle.

After dinner  
You can step into dimness  
And quiet  
Down the sawdust road.  
Beneath oak trees and pine trees and birch trees  
The thrush sings.  
At moments  
In winding through woods-green  
The brown road  
Comes to blue and white water  
Where the wind is.  
There is sometimes a stone or a stile by the road  
One can sit on.

## III

Some would rather come in at night  
When the engine's whistle  
Is strange going out to the stars  
And the lake and the woods,  
And the station platform is dimness and light and hurry,  
And steam and baggage and people,  
And contains a romance of arriving  
Undiscovered at noon.

## IV

The town is built on three islands  
With a lake on either side  
And the river running through . . .  
Bobcaygeon, amid the Kawarthas!  
Happy town!  
Divided by the three islands,  
The river makes two hurrying streams  
And the quiet canal.

(a)

In spring  
People fear to stand on the bridges  
For the roar and tumble of waters beneath  
That smash at the buttresses  
And even hurl ice  
Till the bridges tremble;  
While boys above at the dam  
Fish for suckers  
Shouting.

(b)

In summer  
The electric lights  
Gleam in the hurrying waters of the river;  
Like the stars

They hit the water,  
 And the splash remains.  
 Strange, the splashes of light remaining at one place  
 On the hurrying river!  
 Until midnight,  
 When only the stars  
 Make the splashes,  
 And the town and the stars and the river  
 Are quiet,  
 But most quiet the bridges.

(c)

In autumn  
 The leaves fall from the maples to the canal  
 And lie like stain on the water,  
 Or heap in crimson  
 About the feet of the benches  
 Until the rain and snow.

(d)

In winter  
 The canal smiles to the streams of the river  
 Stopped in their course and frozen:  
 "All summer you laughed independence  
 At me whom men fettered, stilling and moving my waters  
 As they willed in the rain and the sunshine  
 For launches and tug-boats.  
 Now you are my mates; we are equal."  
 And the streams, lying quiet, accept it,  
 Having plans already for spring and the freshets,  
 And pity to spare for canals.

## V

Sound of footsteps  
 In the corridor recurrent.  
 Groups in the rotunda.  
 When the gong sounds, a rush;  
 Even women:  
 Dinner,  
 And fish stories!

## VI

Having judged and discarded many  
 He picks up one,  
 Oblong, heavy, regular;  
 Then, others, judging and discarding,  
 And slowly choosing  
 While two watch him  
 And one prepares wood with a black hatchet  
 Fresh from a counter.

The play of what will in the Universe  
 Judges and discards you and me,  
 Or, choosing us,  
 Builds us carefully into service  
 Of what purposes?



Of what purposes?

Purposes, do you think, as worthy  
As that which appraises stones  
And builds them at last to hold fire  
That cooks the shore dinner  
For four hungry men  
On a holiday  
At Bobcaygeon?

## VII

In the end,  
When summer is over,  
The town settles down  
To wait  
And to make preparation  
For another summer.

## VIII

When the team stops,  
If it is August,  
Or any hot day,  
You wait;  
For teams pass there perhaps only once  
In a great day of hauling,  
And they long for the water.  
While you have a month before you  
And can stop anytime.  
Not that the fountain  
Has not one side for people and one side for horses;  
But, drinking on your side, you might disturb the quiet  
Of a team's long drink; they would eye you.  
So you wait  
And are happy  
Amid sunshine and road dust  
And coolness of running water.

## IX

When the door of the restaurant opens and closes often  
And can be heard down the street in the quiet  
You can stand in one place  
And imagine  
What is happening in many places.

(a)

Along the canal for rods  
The boys of the town are lying;  
Rich cream and tan coloured bodies  
Lie head to heels and heels to head,  
In a string, one after another, like queer long glowing beads,  
Or like links in a yellow chain,  
Bellies pressed against the timbers,  
Backs shining in the sun,  
Sometimes a lazy golden uplifted ankle rhythmic in the air.  
Often the chain breaks,

And where was tan body is brown wood,  
And where on the water the drowsy silence of sunbeams asleep.  
Bubbles and ripples and laughter.

At times there is co-operation;  
The chain drops off link after link,  
In order,  
As if poured in the water;  
And the timbers that line the canal are bare  
In the sunshine and heat.

(b)

Down the lake  
There are cottage verandahs  
So still  
You can hear a page turned,  
Or the indigo bird  
Far in the woods  
And uncaring.

(c)

Fishermen  
Have sought the shade and the breeze  
On the points of islands  
And are reading or smoking or sleeping  
With the boats drawn out of the water  
And the guides smiling and resting.

(d)

Beyond a hot field,  
Where the air quivers above every stone,  
So that he is seen through a kind of haze,  
A boy in a white blouse  
Is gingerly stepping down the shore of a marshy bay.  
After frogs and intent,  
He sometimes thinks of the coolness  
That squashes about his toes  
And is happy.

(e)

With the sun off the zenith a little  
A canoe seeks the shady shore;  
It could be proved unmoving  
But that the pattern of cedars  
And birches and pines behind it  
Is just perceptibly changing.

(f)

In the drug store  
They lean on the counter  
And talk and say nothing,  
Evading the issue of the blazing street  
As long as possible,  
Having bought, perhaps, a box of candy.



(g)

Beside the canal under maples  
 Is coolness.  
 By some strange natural condition  
 The air moves there when all is unmoving,  
 Is cool there when the earth is an open oven.

## X

I should like to live in Bobcaygeon,  
 Have a place there;  
 Say four or five acres of various ground,  
 With an edge on the water;  
 Say, bounded by Sturgeon Lake,  
 And a street,  
 And the woods,  
 And in reach of the little town. . . . .

(a)

I would build there  
 A cottage with flagstones about it,  
 And maybe a brick-paved verandah;  
 There should be trellis for roses,  
 And an outside chimney for ivy,  
 And to say to the stranger: "Come in. Here's a fireplace with cheer:  
 Here is comfort and chat and apples."

(b)

I should want that the acres be wooded with tree kinds,  
 And with meadow, and part of the shore line low  
 To be cleared and made home for pond lilies  
 And iris and rods of narcissus.  
 If the whole could be called a park,  
 I would put up park gates  
 And a wall,  
 And within it make gardens  
 For friends  
 And the lovers of gardens.

(c)

The wall should be low, as to say,  
 "Not a barrier this, but for beauty".  
 For beauty of stone upon stone,  
 Built through seasons,  
 Through sunshine and in gray, windy weather,  
 Set up for the vine and berry,  
 For the beauty of green upon gray,  
 For the beauty of orange and crimson,  
 Set up for the bird in November,  
 And the storm-tossed sparrow in April;  
 A wall to mark generations,  
 If the weather  
 And change  
 Can be kindly;  
 A wall, as to say,  
 "*Here is beauty, here is hope, here is peace.*"

## THE GATE OF DREAM

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

I seek a little hidden gate  
That will swing wide to me—  
Haply beneath a sunset-cloud,  
Or moonrise wizardry,  
Or in some winking vale of noon  
And shadow I may find it soon.

A star-like moth may be my guide  
Where dear, dim pathways run,  
Or a sweet something beckon me,  
Fragrance and song in one;  
Or a west wind may pipe me on  
To it in some pale amber dawn.

Beside it blossoms a single rose  
By dew's ambrosial fed;  
Some say it is all ivory white,  
But I know it is red,  
And Memory fond and Hope elate  
Are the twin warders of the gate.

Beyond it in the crystal sky  
My Spanish castle towers,  
And all the ways are garlanded  
With my ungathered flowers;  
While haunting music faintly sings  
Of exquisite, immortal things.

Some halcyon days I never lived  
Are waiting there for me,  
And laughter that I somehow missed  
Echoes elusively;  
O poignant quest! O lure supreme!  
When shall I find my gate of dream?





THE PRINCE OF WALES

In the costume of an  
Indian Chief





# MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

## CHAPTER XI

**D**AVID was mistaken. Miss Clara Henrietta Sims was anything but a fool. She was a very clever and astute young woman. If, taken un-

prepared, she was likely to make silly remarks; if she was inclined to smile too widely and to allow her fine eyes to assume too "slumbrous" a look it was due not to stupidity but to an original lack of breeding which was hardly her fault. Miss Sims, to the world "Clara", and to her family "Henny" had a mind as shrewd as minds are made. It was a mind, too, whose shrewdness was not shackled by too many scruples. She knew what she wanted and quite often she got it.

Long ago, not long in years, for Clara was young, but ages ago in reality, Clara had been born in a room over a small second-hand shop in an Ontario town. Her father was a burly Englishman who owned the store and also the two-wheeled cart which kept it supplied. Clara's mother cleaned and made over the "second-hands". Clara's sister kept the store and dropped her "h's". But Clara was not like her sister. She kept her "h's" and dropped the store.

There is no need to follow her upward progress. It was just the ordinary progress possible to any girl in Canada. It was Clara's clear head and determination rather than her advantages which had brought her to Toronto, to a good post in a first-class store and to Mrs. Carr's select es-

tablishment. The second-hand store had fallen far behind. Her memory of it betrayed itself only in a passion for brand-newness which told heavily on her purse. And of course no one knew of it! Clara was careful of that. I am telling you only in strict confidence.

This was Clara's past. She had done well with it. As for her future, she intended to do still better. She intended to marry. Having done some steady climbing, she now desired to take an elevator. Only that morning, while David sat up and hugged his knees, she and her friend Bunny Weeks had been discussing this very matter in their room two doors down the hall.

"Marry?" said Miss Weeks in astonishment. "Whatever do you want to marry for? If I had as good a job as you I'd see myself farther first. I wouldn't think of marrying for ten years anyway."

"No, you wouldn't," Clara removed a hair-pin from her mouth and placed it carefully. "But in ten years you'd think of it—just ten years too late. I don't want to get married. I'd much rather stay on my own but I've got some sense. I've got as far as I can go without help. I am as far ahead in Drummond's as I'll ever get. And there is no other store as good."

"You might get to be buyer."

Clara shook her head. "No, I couldn't be buyer. It takes something I haven't got. I'm not so silly as to be conceited. I'm good where I am



but I can't design and I can't do good buying. Haven't got the right kind of taste. Oh, I know you'd never guess it! I'm a good imitator. With the stock chosen and the designing done I can make people believe I know it all. In the showroom I carry it off. The customers fall for me. But where'll I be when I begin to show wear? Or if I get ill or need a long holiday? Drummond's are fairly decent. They'd give me a chance in the work-room, I suppose, where I wouldn't be a bit of good and then they'd let me go. I'd have to think of marriage then. I prefer to think of it now, see!"

Bunny, gazing at her far-sighted friend through a cloud of fuzzy, fair hair, did see.

"Gee, you're clever, Henny! You see a lot farther than your nose, you do. Who is he? Trot him out. Or are you just sort of looking around?"

Miss Sims, whose well-brushed hair was now adjusted satisfactorily, dabbed her soft fingers in warm water preparatory to their morning polish. Her tone grew dreamy.

"I used to think I'd marry a millionaire. It's easy, in books. But I soon learned better. Millionaires are not looking around after pretty shop girls—to marry them. All the same I'm going to marry well. I'm going to marry some one who will count."

Bunny's white rabbit-eyes bulged.

"How?" she questioned, not in any carping spirit but as one who asks for information.

"By getting in early and growing up with the town."

Bunny did not understand this and said so.

"I mean," Clara polished a pink nail carefully upon a pink palm. "I am going to marry some young fellow who hasn't got anywhere yet but who is certainly going to. I don't mind waiting a year or two. There are things I'll have to learn anyway. I'll be ready when he is."

"I'll bet you will!" Bunny's admiration was instant and unstinted, but her more timid mind began at

once to qualify. "But how can you be sure he—what if you pick the wrong one?" she ventured.

Clara smiled.

"I'm not good at millinery, but I'm good at men," she said. "I won't pick the wrong one. Trust me!"

"Do you know any one now?"

"I may."

"Do you know more than one?"

"Uh—perhaps."

"Is Mr. Fish one?"

Miss Sims laughed. "I'm not starting a kindergarten."

"I don't see what you're laughing at. I like him. He's nice. And his folks are rich. Besides you said you wanted some one young."

"But not an infant—who is also a nonentity. That Fish boy will have some money when his father dies, but his father isn't going to die for ages. And anyway, what's money unless it's huge? It doesn't get you anywhere."

"You're not thinking of Mr. Martin?"

Clara flicked Mr. Martin over her shoulder as one might flick an annoying fly.

"Absolutely not!" said she.

"Then is it Mr. Barker down at Drummonds?"

Clara took this most seriously but shook her head.

"No, Barker's a clever man but he's not a big man. He'll be highly paid but he'll always be an employee. I don't intend to be an employee's wife."

"Well then—I can't think of any one else."

"Can't you?" Clara smiled her slightly too wide smile. Caution told her that she had better say no more, but her nature was not fine enough for many reserves. "What about the new boarder with the blush?"

"That Greig?" Bunny's voice was quite shrill in its surprise. "Why he's nobody. He doesn't even know what he's going in for. And his father's just a kind of fancy carpenter. I found out all about him from Mr. Fish. Mr. Fish thinks he's a wonder, but that's just because he's his chum."



And look at the way he dresses, for instance."

"I do," said Miss Sims with some tartness. He dresses like a man who has something to think about besides clothes. And I don't care what his father is. I'm not thinking of marrying his father. I'm not exactly the Queen of England myself. But that young man is going to win out. He's going to be a big man. I'm not the only one who's noticed it. I've heard others say the same. Look at his head—look at his eyes!"

"He's got nice eyes."

"Well, nice isn't anything. I'm afraid you're stupid, Bunny!"

This was so true that it struck a spark. Bunny did not like being called stupid. A spice of malice stole into her voice.

"Well, his eyes don't look at you anyway!" she declared sulkily.

Miss Sims finished her nails in silence. But her smile persisted.

As a matter of fact she knew that David's eyes did not look at her—yet. They would, presently. Clara's confidence was superb. She had never yet failed in attracting any man's eyes. It was easy enough. David was slower than usual but there was no hurry. He was that easiest of all victims, the young man who doesn't take girls seriously. One pretty girl was just like another to David at present. It would be Clara's duty to make him see that some were prettier than others.

As for opportunity, the ordinary life of the boarding-house would provide plenty of that; if it didn't there were ways of helping. There was dancing for instance. How fortunate it was that everybody danced now! Even Mrs. Carr had frostily acknowledged the new craze to the extent of leaving the parlour rug untacked, ready to be rolled up almost every evening by the eager hands of the dance-mad. Most of the dances were new. At least they were sure to be new to David, and Clara quite saw herself in the role of kindly teacher. She was a good dancer. Indeed she

loved it as she loved few things. Something primitive in her responded passionately to the colour and rhythm of it. When she danced she glowed. Even she, used as she was to cataloguing her own attractions, did not realize the change it made. Yes, she would certainly offer to teach the new boarder to dance.

Of course there would have to be some adjustment. Clara's shrewdness had already told her that her natural style was not likely to appeal to this clear-eyed, rather cool young man. But that was a detail. Clara had a dozen styles, all easily adjustable, not to be distinguished from the real thing. She had no doubt but that in her repertoire she would find something to suit David. For the matter of that, he wasn't her style either. It was her ambition he appealed to, not her taste. But if things went well, that was not important. One can't have everything.

So mused Miss Sims and, as she mused, her smile deepened. Still, she already felt a little sorry that she had mentioned names to Bunny. Bunny would be watchful now. It would be necessary to hurry things a trifle. David must be made to look at her at once. Then if with open eyes he saw her day after day it would be a queer thing if her boast to Bunny were not more than justified.

That very morning, as we have seen, David did look at Miss Sims. He looked at her with distaste, it is true, and he called her a fool; but, as many girls less clever than Clara could tell you, that is not at all a bad beginning.

It had taken David only a very few minutes to dispose of his ribald visitor, yet when he entered the dining-room it appeared that adjustments had taken place during his absence for, as he turned to smile at Miss Walker whose chair was next to his at table, he smiled at Miss Sims instead.

David repressed the smile, bowed slightly and began at once upon his cereal. Hang the girl! What had she changed her seat for? Well if she



expected him to waste time talking to her she would be disillusioned. But, to his surprise, his neighbour showed no disposition for conversation. He had finished his cereal and was helping himself to bacon before she spoke at all. And then it was only to explain in a perfunctory manner that Miss Walker had been kind enough to change seats with her for a day or two on account of her wretched cold. She hoped Mr. Greig didn't mind?

A quick glance down the table showed that Clara's old seat had indeed been the draughtiest in the room, a very bad seat for any one with a cold. Immediately David was suffused with shame. What a cad he must be getting to fancy for an instant that—that—well, to fancy anything at all! The reaction made his answer to Miss Sims quite cordial, almost warm. And he passed her several things she didn't need in quick succession. A cold was indeed a wretched thing! He hoped she would soon be better.

The natural Clara would have replied archly "Oh, are you so anxious to get rid of me?" But Clara knew that David would not like the natural Clara so she refrained from archness and sighed instead.

Yes, she told him, a girl working for herself had to be careful. Even a slight illness might mean so much. One couldn't blame employers of course. Their business depended upon the efficiency of their people. Still—Clara had a fascinating way of leaving sentences unfinished. David felt a stirring of interest.

"But I thought Drummond's had the name of being awfully decent to their employees?"

Clara did not like being called an employee. But she showed no resentment. Instead she coughed, a tiny cough, and sighed again.

"Oh, they are," she said. "It isn't that."

David was left to think out what it was, if it wasn't that, and the problem increased his interest.

"I suppose," he began in an argumentative tone, "that for any one

engaged in a regular business health means a great deal. But that is true in man's case as well as woman's."

His tone appeared to frighten Clara. He caught her timid look and felt like a big brute.

"Oh," she said hastily. "I didn't mean to—that is, a woman who works must of course face the same conditions as a man. She has to, only——"

"Only it's harder. Is that what you mean?"

"Well, to say that would sound like complaining. But it is a little different, isn't it?"

The beautiful vagueness of this did not strike David. His sympathy had been touched. The phrase "a woman who works" vexed him. Women did work, were working more and more all the time. He knew that. He had carelessly supposed that they liked it. David's views on the woman question were very old-fashioned. He hadn't evolved them for himself but had them delivered to him, ready made, by Angus Greig whose ideas of women were quite twenty years behind the times. They consisted principally in the belief that woman is a higher being yet a weaker being, too. Some one to be looked up to, yet protected. The other half of man, but certainly not the bread-winning half. It gave him a little shock to realize that the pretty girl beside him was, of stern necessity, out in the world earning her living; afraid to indulge a cold even, for fear of financial consequences.

"It's a shame!" he stammered and then felt foolish for having said such a futile thing.

"Oh no," said Miss Sims bravely, "one shouldn't complain. After all it is better than being dependent on some one who—who might not—it would be dreadful to be a burden."

A burden? This pretty young thing a burden? David felt a rising indignation against some person or persons unknown. What was the girl's father thinking of? If she had a father, where were her brothers, if she had any.



"And I am much better off than many others," went on Clara with sweet cheerfulness, "for I am really quite strong."

Now up until this moment David, if he had thought about Miss Sims at all, had always thought of her as an ordinarily robust person. Yet the moment that she asserted her strength he began to doubt it. He was distinctly conscious of receiving an impression that she wasn't as strong as she looked. He wondered if the colour in her face were really a sign of delicacy? He had heard that it sometimes was.

Miss Sims, having now performed the difficult feat of eating a substantial breakfast without appearing to eat anything, folded her serviette (they always called them serviettes at Mrs. Carr's) and rose.

"I mustn't be late," she said, and once again she gave the impression of a fragile thing sacrificed in the arena of modern commercialism.

But as she passed down the table the natural Clara asserted itself and bestowed a long, slow wink upon the admiring Miss Weeks.

David finished his breakfast thoughtfully. He hadn't seen the wink.

## XII.

David's solicitude about Miss Sims's cold was not prolonged. It got better very quickly. A cold, as Clara explained to Bunny Weeks, is a good thing for a starter but a nuisance to go on with. One is so apt to overdo it, or to forget about it altogether. Besides, healthy young men like healthy young girls as long as they are not too terribly healthy. A hint of fragility does not come amiss, but fragility is quite different from ill-health. Clara cultivated a fragile air in these days, depending largely on a slimness for which nature was only partly responsible; an excellent knowledge of corsets being the contributory factor.

Without knowing why, David began to take a greater interest in meal-time. It was rather nice to have some

one beside him to say a word to occasionally. Miss Sims wisely let him say most of the words. She knew that his own words would be less likely to make mistakes than her's would. But she questioned and commented with some skill until David, never a great talker, felt that he was doing awfully well. He congratulated himself on a social ease which increased daily. Once in a while he ventured upon a little joke. Miss Sims always laughed and this gave confidence. True, she sometimes laughed in the wrong place but it was too pleasant a laugh to quarrel with. David wondered how it could have been that once he had dismissed this nice girl from his mind as "a silly giggler".

She hardly giggled at all. And her comments on questions of the day, which David's conversation usually introduced, were marked by an intelligence quite noticeable—if somewhat inconsistent. The inconsistency, could David have known it, was caused merely by the fact that Miss Sims did not always crib her opinions from the same newspaper. That is why she often appeared to change her mind over night. It was only an appearance, for on all these questions Clara had no mind to change.

"I like to see a girl who hasn't settled all the questions of the universe before she is twenty," declared David to Billy Fish apropos of this broad-mindedness of Clara's.

Mr. Fish groaned. For a man of the world like himself Clara had no complexities, principally because she had never tried to have. He couldn't understand David's blindness.

"Oh, gracious sakes, Gadzooks!" said Billy, "this is what I get for bringing you up so innocent. That little Dotty from Drummond's puts it all over you without lifting a lid. Can't you see she's faking, you blind old bat?"

David looked uncomfortable.

"Billy," he said, "I don't want to seem priggish——"

"Oh, don't fret over what you can't help!"



—"But honestly I don't like the way you and Willard speak about that young girl. I—I don't like it."

"'Young girl' is good," said Billy, thoughtfully. "So nice and old fatherly. You mean you don't take to the pretty name 'Dotty from Drummond's'?" You prefer to think of her as 'Clara from the country'? All in favour?—carried. Only do use your eyes, old chap. If you must flirt, flirt with the Bunny one. I'll withdraw in your favour. She is quite harmless. I almost like the Bunny one."

"So much has been obvious for some time."

"Has it? As much as that? Well, a fellow has to go around with some one. And it's quite off with Mary Fox. She called me Mr. Fish last time we met. It's a sign I always consider fatal. But she has never been the same since that night I invited her to a show and you didn't turn up to escort the friend. Somehow the friend and I didn't seem to hit it off. Do you know I rather got the idea that she was laughing at me."

"Impossible!"

"Fact. Say, Greiggy, I hate to humour your foolishness but if you're determined to be a fool anyway it can't matter. What do you say to a show to-morrow night—and take the girls?"

"I'm pretty busy. Anyway I don't think Miss Sims would go."

"You don't think—oh, lor!" began Billy, then added patiently "you could try anyway."

David, not wishing to seem ungracious, did try and with astounding success. Miss Sims would go. She did not think it wise to go out too often in the evenings as it left one so tired for the next day's work, which was hardly fair to one's employers, was it? Still, perhaps a little excitement did one good, and if Bunny was going with that Mr. Fish perhaps it would be just as well to go also. It was very kind of Mr. Greig to ask her. Thanks very much.

David explained this point of view to Billy, who whistled.

"That girl's almost too clever," he said, "she'll die of it if she isn't careful. Dave, old thing, can't you——" but, seeing by the expression on David's face that he really couldn't, Billy whistled again and resigned him to the fates.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that David was in love with Miss Sims. Love had not touched David with even the tip of her wing. The divine fire had caught no spark from Clara's eyes, even that more human flame which is so often mistaken for it, was still unkindled. No one realized this better than Clara herself. She knew the signs and the symptoms, and they were lacking. David's eyes did not falter when they looked at her, nor did his hand linger on her's. Often he sat beside her and forgot that she was there. Clara was piqued, but self-deception was no part of her philosophy. Even to Bunny Weeks she was frank.

"Things seem to be coming your way all right," said Bunny that night as they discussed the just delivered invitation. "Of course Mr. Fish is asking me because Mr. Greig wants to take you. And not so long ago he didn't know you existed. I don't see how you manage it"! There was a spice of envy in the admiring tone.

Clara looked up from the silk stocking she was darning with sudden suspicion but the other's face was quite ingenuous.

"I'd like to agree with you," said Clara, "but I happen to know better. As far as that young man is concerned I might fade away to-morrow and not leave a spot."

"Why, he talks to you all the time!"

"Yes, he talks to me, as he might talk to a clam—absolutely. He thinks he's a clam himself, but he isn't. What that young man needs is a little warming up." Clara's sombre eyes glowed and she jerked her thread so sharply that it broke. "He's the cold-storage kind, warranted to keep indefinitely, if undisturbed. But he's not going to be left undisturbed—not if I know



myself! I tell you, Bunny, when he looks at me as if I were his maiden aunt I fairly hate him! I'd—I'd like to stick pins in him! And I will. Watch me."

"Why, Henny!" Miss Weeks was clearly amazed at this outburst. "I thought you were getting along so fine. I think he's lovely to you, opening the door for you the way he does and all. As for the way he looks at you, I'd *like* to have a man look at me like that."

Clara laid down her stocking and arose. It was a sultry autumn night, unseasonable and oppressive. Clara was ready for bed and the loose kimona she wore had slipped back from her white shoulders leaving them bare above the filmy nightdress which clung to her supple figure with less than classic scantiness. Seen so, she was superbly young, beautiful, virile, and quite without a soul.

Or if she had a soul, it slept!

Leaning close to the mirror the girl looked long into the depths of her own dark eyes, marked the red of her lips, the sweetly curving of throat and bosom. There was life and warmth there—a fire which seemed to make even the chill glass glow to meet it. Clara's lips relaxed in a slow smile.

"Would you"? she asked. "Well—I don't!"

She turned abruptly from the mirror, rolled the half-mended stocking into a crumpled ball and pitched it into an untidy corner. Then, with businesslike celerity, began to braid her hair for the night. Clara had

taken stock of her weapons and had not found them rusted.

The other girl, colder and more simple, more timid too, couldn't understand Henny in these opulent moods. She wasn't sure that it was nice to stare at one's self in the mirror—like that! Certainly not when some one else was looking. Occasionally perhaps, when one was quite alone? Anything more seemed not quite—ladylike? Yet if Miss Clara Sims of the showroom at Drummond's were not the pink of ladyhood, where then were ladies?

Clara went through the remainder of her nightly ritual without speaking. Her brow was gathered into a slight frown and beneath her lowered lids there was an angry spark.

"If you're as mad at him as all that, I suppose you won't go to that show," ventured Bunny discontentedly.

"Don't be silly!"

This brought things down to their usual level.

"Bunny," said Clara as she turned out the light, "isn't it to-morrow night that you promised to stay with Fanny Allenby?"

"Yes. But that needn't interfere with anything. I've got to go to Fanny because she'll be alone and I promised, but I can 'phone her that I'll be late and Mr. Fish can take me there just as easy as he could bring me back here. Why? *You* don't mind being alone, do you?"

Clara slipped into bed and in the darkness her little, derisive laugh was answer enough.

(To be continued).



# RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

CONTROVERSY WITH CITY COUNCIL



I HAVE already related how on my first appointment I was presented with letters from aldermen on behalf of litigants, and of the drastic steps I took to prevent attempts on the part of the aldermen to interfere with my business. I was obliged to take a very firm stand, as my predecessor had rather encouraged the practice, or at least did not discourage it. The reason was that the law provided that the city council should pay the Magistrates a fixed amount, but could supplement it as they wished. The salary had been increased considerably in return for favours granted by the Bench.

I saw that it would never do for my salary to be dependent on the favour of ward politicians, and through representations to Mr. Mowat, the Prime Minister, I had my position assured to the extent that the Council could increase my salary but could not reduce it. I went on with my work without any reference to the aldermen, and without interference from them, for a number of years, but in 1890, I became involved in a quarrel with them. I had been working strenuously and had been doing a great deal of hard work, speaking in different parts of the country, on behalf of Imperial Federation, and in combatting commercial union. I was threatened with illness, and my doctor

insisted that I should take a complete rest. I applied to the Attorney-General, Mr. Mowat, for leave of absence for two months, May and June, 1890. This was granted to me by the Lieut.-Governor, and I went to England, and soon regained my strength, and came back at the end of June in good health.

When I arrived in Toronto, I learned from my brother, Lt.-Col. Fred Denison, that as soon as I had left, some members of the Council took action against me, demanded a committee to investigate the affairs of my office in my absence, and that I had been abused very unfairly. My brother, knowing that I was not well, had carefully guarded me from knowing anything about what they were doing.

I found that the Executive Committee had passed an order stopping my salary, because I had not applied to them for leave of absence, and the Treasurer informed me that he could not pay me monthly as had been the invariable custom. I paid no attention to it, and was able to do without the money, and I found by looking up the law that my salary was to be paid half yearly.

Not long after my return Alderman Saunders, who was chairman of the special committee appointed to discipline me, called to see me, and said that he would call his committee together, and that I could come and ex-



plain that I had my leave from the Lieut.-Governor direct, and they would then recommend the executive to rescind their resolution.

I said, "the Council appointed a committee in my absence, and without waiting for my return, decided against me, and stopped my salary, and now you can go to your Committee, and tell them from me that I will see both you and them in the 17th Concession of a very hot place before I will take any notice of them."

He left me, and nothing more was done, my lurid language had closed all diplomatic relations between us. I went on with my work for six months, until the whole business was forgotten. My half year ended on November 30th, and on the morning of December 1st I called on the City Treasurer, and asked for a cheque for my half year's salary. He had forgotten all about the order until I spoke, and then he asked me to wait till the following Thursday after the next meeting of the executive committee. I replied, "No, I want it now, it was due last night, but I 'know you cannot give it'".

I left and went at once to my lawyer, and told him I wanted him to sue the city for me, and to do it at once. He said, "I will write them now."

"No, that will not do," I said; "I want a writ issued within an hour, and served on the Mayor to-day, and if you cannot do it, I will get some one who will."

The writ was served by 3 o'clock.

This stirred them up. The city solicitor was consulted, and advised them that they had not a shadow of justification for defending the suit. They paid the sum into Court in about eight days, and I told my lawyer to proceed against them for the eight days' interest and the costs, which he did and I received the full amount. The newspaper cartoonist made fun of the aldermen. I went on with my work till the 1st of June, but the order of the executive committee was never rescinded, and again the

matter was forgotten. I called on the Treasurer on the 1st of June, and demanded my half year's salary. He said, "That order has never been rescinded, and I cannot 'give you a cheque just now'".

"Where will you be in an hour?" he said.

"I do not know," I replied.

"Where are you going now?"

"I am going to my lawyer's office to issue another writ."

The treasurer asked one of his clerks whether they had a blank cheque signed by the Mayor. They happened to have one, and I got my cheque. Mr. Coady then asked me to take my cheques monthly, as was the custom with everyone else.

"Never again," said I. "They will never again be able to attempt to humiliate me in the eyes of the public. I shall only take my salary as the law provides," and that has been the practice ever since, now more than twenty-nine years, during which time our relations have been quite friendly.

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#### SCHEUER BURGLARY

ONE very cold, stormy, winter night a man who had the appearance of an ordinary mechanic, walked into a Yonge Street drug shop, and asked for half a dozen sheets of fly paper. The druggist thought he was a little "off", and hesitated before making the sale.

"Surely," said he, "the flies are not bothering you in weather like this."

The customer replied that no doubt it was rather a queer purchase to make, in the month of December, but went on to explain that he was Engineer of a nearby factory, and wanted it for the purpose of exterminating cockroaches, which had become a plague around the boiler room. The explanation was perfectly satisfactory and he got what he wanted.

Next morning when Mr. Scheuer's jewelry shop, also on Yonge Street, was opened, it was discovered that the place had been burglarized during the night, and seventy-five diamond rings which had been in a plate



glass show case had been stolen. No one had seen or heard anything unusual during the night, although the interior was wired, and equipped with a burglar alarm.

On investigation it was found that entrance had been made by a side door leading upstairs, and from the upstairs hall, a door was opened by a skeleton key, into a room directly over the shop, a hole was then carefully made by brace, bit and gig saw, through the flooring, and down through the ceiling. A tightly folded spring umbrella was then forced through the small opening, the handle being attached to a wire on the floor to prevent it from falling through. The spring was then pressed and the umbrella opened up. The work was then continued of enlarging the opening, until it was sufficient to allow a man's body to pass through. The object of the umbrella was to prevent the noise of falling plaster, as all the rubbish fell into it. A rope ladder had been prepared, and all the burglar had to do was to make it fast by means of a strong piece of hardwood running across the side of the hole. Once inside the shop, the only other barrier was glass. To prevent the breaking glass from serving as a signal to a policeman or some passerby, a few sheets of fly paper came in handy. These were stuck on the show case, which then was struck with a muffled brick and the glass broken without the least sound. The diamonds were secured, the return trip made up the rope ladder, and the night's work was finished, and a clear escape made.

Next day a city jeweler purchased seventy-five diamond rings a good deal below market price. A few hours afterwards Detective Montgomery brought them to the Police headquarters. Mr. Scheuer was sent for and identified them. Instructions were given by Inspector Kennedy that nothing was to be said about the recovery, consequently everyone kept quiet, although the newspapers kept throwing out hints that the Police de-

partment was a little slow, etc. The jeweler was perfectly candid about all the details of the transaction, and consented quite willingly to render all possible assistance to the police.

At the time of the purchase the jeweler was twenty-five dollars short of the amount he had agreed to pay, and the thief had no particular desire to handle cheques under the circumstances. Consequently it was arranged that he should call that afternoon and get the balance in cash.

A simple plan was arranged to secure his arrest in case he kept his appointment. A book with a red back was to be placed behind an electric bulb in a certain part of the window. In case he turned up in the day time, the book was to be opened showing a white fly leaf which was to be the signal, and after a certain hour in the evening, this particular light was to be switched on, the red back serving as a reflector and a fairly distinct signal at the same time.

The burglar did not return for the money that afternoon nor for several days afterwards. The window, however, was watched, from a point of observation, every day from the time the shop was opened in the morning, until it closed at night, and at last one evening at about 6.30, the long looked for light was turned on, and a rather tedious wait was rewarded by the arrest of a somewhat scientific American crook, by Detectives Newton and Wallace.

An account of the arrest, the recovery of the property, and the method used by the burglar, appeared in the papers on the following morning. The Yonge Street druggist read about it, and remembered his customer of that stormy night. A few days afterwards they met again in the Police Court, and the druggist identified him as the man who bought the fly paper. The jeweler who purchased the rings, and some others, who were in the shop at the time, also identified the prisoner. He was convicted and sent to Kingston penitentiary for five years. This man was never known in



Toronto before, but information from different police departments of the United States showed that he was a most clever and dangerous criminal.

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#### POLICE COURT ANECDOTES FROM DETECTIVES

SOME years ago a Jew kept a junk yard at the corner of Centre Avenue and Christopher Street. His stock-in-trade consisted of rags, bones, old iron, bottles, etc., all enclosed by a high board fence.

Although he kept buying bottles all the time, the pile seemed to remain about the same size. About this time he had a couple of new customers, who were making regular calls and seemed to have an unlimited quantity of bottles for sale.

Finally the Jew suspected that there might be some line of communication between these new customers and his back yard.

Suspicion soon led to action and some split peas were bought. Something sticky was thrown over them and a few dropped in a number of bottles. A few days afterwards, his two customers came to his back door, with a loaded hand cart, and wanted to know if he would buy some bottles. He was anxious to buy but he didn't happen to have just the correct change, and had to go down the street to get a bill changed. When he got back he told them how pleased he was to get bottles, and old rubber, etc., and just as he was about to pay them, a couple of policemen stepped into the yard.

Now a policeman is seldom a welcome visitor in a Jew's rag shop, but on this occasion it was different. In fact he was so delighted to see them that he called them over and showed them what he had just bought, and introduced the customers from whom he had made the purchase. Worst of all he turned their attention to some split peas in the bottom of the bottles and explained how they got there.

The result was that the two thieves got thirty days each next morning

and the Jew got back all his bottles.

A few years ago a young man with a yearning to see the sights of Toronto arrived in town, and very soon got in contact with a couple of other young men who very kindly offered to act as guides.

Time passed quickly and pleasantly and it was evening before he knew it. He had seen so much by daylight, that he decided to wait over and take in some of the attractions by moonlight. His guides promised to make things interesting for him. And they did.

As they were passing through a lane the stranger felt a stinging sensation about his head and he became unconscious.

Two hours afterwards he regained consciousness and dragged himself, bruised and bleeding, from the lane.

In some way he got to the nearest police station and told his story, to two detectives who were put on the case. \$200.00 in American gold certificates had been stolen from where it had been hidden in the leg of his drawers. He described his companions, one of them had red hair. A red-haired man was known to the police as one who had taken quite an interest in enterprises of the kind on previous occasions.

The search was at once started for the red-headed man and his companion. The detectives soon discovered them and they were arrested and searched, and a few gold certificates found on each of them, and to improve matters both were positively identified by their victim.

Next Monday morning they asked for and got a week's remand. They, of course, knew that the complainant had no money left, and that there was a chance of his getting out of town and bearing his loss. The police paid his board, however, in a quiet place, and he was on hand to give evidence when the case was called. He gave his name as Charles Shoulder, and his home as Beaverton, Ont. Both were sent for trial on his evidence. Bail was refused.



Two weeks afterwards the Chief of Police got a circular card from the Chief of Police of Masselon, Ohio, asking for the arrest of a man named Fred. Oxland, on a charge of stealing \$450.00 in American gold certificates, and a number of other things from a man named Charles Shoulder. The theft, or robbery, had taken place three weeks or so before. A photograph of Fred. Oxland was at once recognized as the complainant in the robbery charge, and he had given the name of the man he had robbed in Masselon. Telegrams were at once sent out, and he was arrested the day afterwards in a Northern town about seventy miles from Toronto. He was brought back to Toronto and admitted everything that was charged against him. He was kept in jail here as a fugitive from justice, for about a month, until the case came to trial of the two men who had assaulted and robbed him. He went into the witness box against them, and told the whole story of how he had got the money. The men got seven years each, a telegram was then sent to the Chief of Police of Masselon to come on and get Oxland. An officer was sent on at once. Prisoner waived extradition proceedings and returned with the officer voluntarily. The sum, \$200.00 or so found here, was sent to the Chief of Police of Masselon and was handed over to the rightful owner. We heard later that Oxland pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to from one to three years.

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#### DODDS AND THE BEANS AND OTHER STORIES

SOME thirty years ago Mr. King Dodds who was the proprietor of a sporting paper, conceived the idea of increasing the circulation of his paper, by giving a prize to the subscriber, who could make the closest guess, as to the number of beans in a glass jar, closed and sealed in the presence of prominent persons. The jar contained a few thousand beans, and anyone buying a copy of the paper had

the right to file his estimate of the number of beans in the jar.

The police authorities considered that this was contrary to the lottery act and decided to prosecute. They employed an old Irish Constabulary pensioner to go to the office to buy a paper, and to inquire of Mr. Dodds the terms and conditions of the competition, so as to have the evidence on which to lay the charge.

The case came before me for trial. The old Constable was the principal witness, and told the story of his buying the paper and getting from Mr. Dodds the method and plan for the contest.

Mr. Murphy for the defendant, cross-examined the witness.

"Why did you go into Mr. Dodd's office?"

"To buy a paaper."

"Had you any other object?"

"Oh yis! I wanted to have a conversation with Mr. Dodds about the banes."

"Had you any other object?"

"Oh, yis."

"What was it?"

"Pwhat was pwhat?"

"What was your other object?"

"To buy a paaper."

"You told me that before, now tell me had you any other object?"

"Oh, yis, Mr. Murphy."

"What was it?"

"Well, as I told you prviously, I wint to ask Mr. Dodds about the 'banes'."

"Yes, yes, I know that, but I want you to tell me, at once, if you had another object besides the conversation about the beans."

"Did I have another object?"

"Yes, yes, did you have any other object?"

"Well, Mr. Murphy, as I prviously explained to you, I wanted to by a paaper." By this time the people in the Court were laughing immoderately, and Mr. Murphy got angry, and said,

"Now then I want to ask you whether you did not go to buy a paper, and have a talk with Mr. Dodds, in



order that you might come here to act as a common informer against Mr. Dodds? Now answer me that."

"A Common Informer! [with several indignant grunts of anger] Would you dare, Mr. Murphy, to call me a common informer? Ugh! Ugh! I am surprised at you, Mr. Murphy, a gentleman belonging to a learned profession. I am shamed of you, that you would so far forget yourself, as to call me a common informer. In the whole course of my experience in the Royal Irish Constabulary, I never saw any member of your profession, so far forget himself as to make any such suggestion." Every sentence was punctuated with indignant grunts. When he quieted down, Murphy once more endeavoured to cross-examine him. He went on to ask him a number of preliminary questions, and when he had laid the foundation he would spring an embarrassing question. Then the witness would break out into a lament, that he had ever lived to be so insulted as to be compared to a common informer, and Mr. Murphy would have to wait to get a word in, and then he would

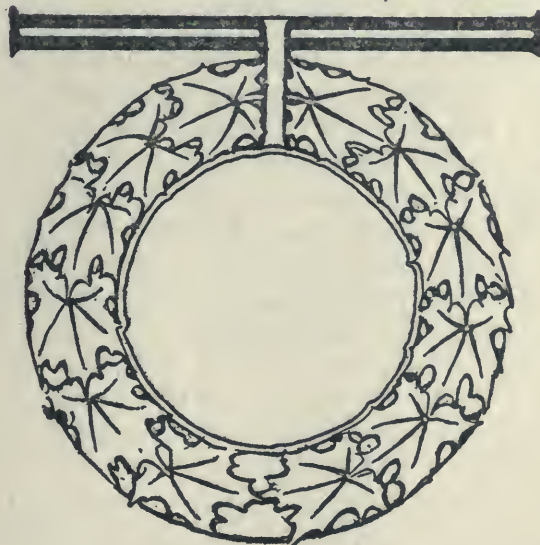
say, "Now then answer my question".

The witness then in the most innocent way would say as if surprised, "Pwhat question?" Murphy would start again and make another preparation, and the same thing occurred again. The witness getting more regretful every time to think that Mr. Murphy, a learned gentleman, would so far forget himself. At last Murphy gave it up, and told him to stand down.

The argument was made before me that this contest about the beans was not a matter of chance, but a matter of skill. I decided that it was a case of giving property by a method of chance. I held that no amount of skill could estimate the nearest to the correct number, as there were many thousands of beans, and that when the skill ended, it was an absolute matter of chance, which guess came closest to the exact number.

The case was appealed, and came before the same judge who decided that beating a drum was not playing a drum, and he decided that it was a matter of skill, and not a game of chance. My conviction was quashed.

*(To be continued.)*



# FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

## I

A Christmas  
message

THERE is crime in the earth, and misfortune and sorrow and crying. There is often confusion in the streets and scourgings of flame and wind fall upon proud forests and splendid cities. Nature like man has malignant moods and we grieve and wonder but never understand. But always out of the ruin rise new forms of beauty, and where was the wasted woodland come green pastures, and smiling wheat fields. So the cruel strokes of fortune which fill the hospital with the maimed, the suffering and the dying strike deep into human sympathies and nourish great virtues in the race. Slowly down through the ages the regard of man for his fellow deepens and strengthens. The life of the child grows more precious, the lot of woman more blessed, the frailty of age more sacred, the temper of man more divine.

The world applauds the heroism of the soldier in battle. Heroic, too, in its simpler way is the patient endurance of the nurse in the hospital ward. A great host whom no man can number battles unceasingly against vice and disease, against poverty and wrong. In this field also are great soldiers and great sacrifices and great victories. Millions of treasure are poured out for destruction; millions, too, for health-saving and life-saving. Who builds a hospital, or founds a charity, or redeems a slum from the dominion of vice, or fills a street with clean and wholesome dwellings for the poor serves the nation and has his reward. We do well to cry out against much wealth gathered into few hands and squandered in senseless luxury and wicked ostentation. But there is likewise wealth freely gathered and prodigally bestowed in benefactions for the needy and the helpless, for the glory of art and the truth of science, for the enrichment of life, for the betterment of human conditions. The thought of the world to-day dwells much on the sick and the poor. There is no resting from the need and the sense of desire to strengthen the feeble knee, to cover the bare foot, and to fill the empty hand.

“Yet I am glad that I was courteous to them,  
For are they not, likewise, Children of God?”

The test of our time is the average material comfort and moral safety of the masses of the people. Often we go roughly and ignorantly about our tasks, seeking vainly to force the



slow processes of God's Providence. But always "by slow degrees, by more and more," the temper softens, and the fashion changes, and the hills of the blessed shine clearer in the distance. What was charity has become duty; what was sacrifice is service. The time is at war with the slums that breed disease and crime, and with all the sores and deformities which disfigure the social body. The battle is hard and long, and mighty the opposing forces which lie entrenched behind their hoary ramparts. But from generation to generation the war goes on, and now a hill is taken, and now a valley subdued, and now a city encompassed. Over all the field of conquest the poor are fed and renewed in heart and hope, the sick are nursed back to life, the ancient temples of caste and privilege and superstition destroyed, and the earth restored in some likeness to the form which God gave it in the beginning.

The war  
still goes on

They who say that the world does not grow better deny the divine purpose and are blind to the wonderful growth of the simple religion of doing good. Now goodness may go hand in hand with good cheer and gladness. Even religion may wear a smiling face and the children walk out into the Sabbath sunshine unrebuked. We are more careless of the creed, and more conscious of the spirit. We are less eager for profession, more loyal to duty, more diligent in service. We are not so sure that bright attire is the badge of evil and the raiment of mourning the only fitting vesture for goodness. The lilies of the field were conceived in beauty, the earth riots in pink and blue and scarlet, the clouds are edged with crimson, the moon fills the heaven with serenity, the sun rejoices in strength and splendour. Such a house was not made for hermits and ascetics. It was made for living men and women, and garnished with beauty that should make them glad, and filled with inspiration that should make them buoyant and strong.

Within the four walls of our homes are our chiefest treasures and our enduring joys. When there is sorrow there, or sickness, or want, or discord all the colours of life are gray and sombre and all else that earth can offer but dust and ashes. From thence comes the strength for the day's labour and the joy thereof. From thence goes out the call to the rich and the fortunate and the powerful to service for the sick, and the poor, and the prodigal. There will come no end to the fighting while time lasts, but just in so far as we help to make the world better and brighter, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, nurse the sick, and root out the sources of earth's woes and crimes we shall serve well and please the God who made us.

## II

**I**T is not surprising that a farmer should be Premier of Ontario. It is perhaps more surprising that a farmer did not hold the office long ago. There has been a notion that the Premier must belong to the legal profession because the Legislature is a law making body. But an Attorney-General is the natural adviser of the Cabinet on legal questions as a farmer is the natural adviser in agriculture. For many years Mr. Thomas Greenway was Premier of Manitoba, and the fact

The farmers  
in office



### Labour and Agriculture

that he was a farmer was never found to be a disqualification for the position. Indeed in the acute legal struggle between the Dominion and the Province over the school question as much skill and resource was displayed by the Manitoba Government as was displayed by the Ontario Government under so great a lawyer as Sir Oliver Mowat in the long contest with Sir John Macdonald over the Provincial boundaries. The Premiers of Manitoba and Alberta are farmers.

Probably Mr. Drury and his associates will discover that there has been very little "class legislation" in Ontario and that "privilege" has no foothold in this Province. But in a general election political speakers of all parties discover many abuses, few of which fortunately survive the declaration of the result. It was desirable that agriculture and Labour should have better representation in the Legislature, but it is doubtful if we should have had more progressive legislation in Ontario or a more honourable position among the other Provinces if Labour and agriculture had controlled since Confederation. Nor do those who peculiarly regard themselves as workers toil harder or serve the general interest more faithfully than other classes which in the common notion do not march with organized Labour. It is hard to believe that there is a more natural partnership between Labour and agriculture than between Labour and Liberals or between Labour and Conservatives. Indeed there are no natural or enduring divisions between classes in Canada and when Mr. Drury intimates that he will consider the interests of all classes he merely declares that he will do what all Governments have done in this Province and with a high average of honesty and efficiency.

### III

### The Empire and the League

IT seems to be clear that the United States Senate will adopt the Peace Treaty and sanction the League of Nations with material reservations. One reservation will have grave significance for Canada and the British Empire. If it is demanded that the Empire shall have only one representative in the Assembly of Nations how can the Dominions be reconciled to exclusion from the Assembly or how can the representation of the Empire be so adjusted as to meet the American position? There is danger also that the United States may challenge the right of the British nations, if they are recognized as equal nations, to discriminate commercially in favour of one another against foreign countries. There is, too, an agitation in the United States for "a bargaining tariff" and one object unquestionably is to apply special treatment to the British countries if inter-Imperial preferences are established. Again if the United States practically withdraws from the League of Nations what will be the position of France which accepted the League upon the understanding that Washington would be among the guarantors of her future security? It only begins to be recognized that the action of the United States may disturb the very foundations of the League of Nations and reduce to comparative impotence all the machinery so laboriously devised to "end war" and "make the world safe for democracy".



## IV

SO far as there is evidence public commissions and governmental regulations can do very little to reduce the cost of living. For a short time some particular enactment or regulation may seem to produce results but too often there is ultimate decrease of production and an advance in prices beyond the old level. The menace of investigation may do something to check profiteering but is just as certain to impair confidence, restrict investment and prevent industrial expansion. The other day the Prime Minister of Italy made an appeal to the Italian people of significance to every country, "Maintain order at every cost; work more intensely; consume less; produce more; no other choice is open."

In Canada substantial peace has been restored but there still is very serious industrial conflict in the United States. The strike of the steelworkers is still unsettled. Three or four hundred thousand miners in the bituminous fields have been striking for a five-day week, a six-hour day and sixty per cent. increase in wages. There is also unrest among railway employees which may develop into a challenge to the Government at Washington. It seems to be established that the more radical leaders have become influential in the American Federation of Labour and that even Mr. Gompers must make concessions to the extremer elements. The truth is that employers in the United States are determined to maintain the open shop and to bargain directly with their own employees instead of through the official leaders of the union organizations while the union leaders are as resolved to maintain their position and extend their authority.

From the first of the year until September 30th 3,161,525 working days have been lost through strikes in Canada. This means a direct loss in wages of probably \$7,500,000 with an actual reduction in output of between \$75,000,000 and \$80,000,000. In the United States where industrial conflict has been more serious than in Canada the reduction in output probably has not been less than \$1,000,000,000. These figures go far to explain the high cost of living as undoubtedly continuous conflict prevents any downward movement in prices.

The Council of National Defence at Washington declares that 75,000,000 fewer pairs of shoes were produced in the United States in the first quarter of 1919 than in the last quarter of 1918. The American Shoemakers Federation demands a five-day week which if granted would require plants to be idle fifty-two days a year and, it is estimated, would reduce the output of shoes by 3,000,000 pairs a month. Consumption of wool in manufacturing in the United States for the first five months of this year was little more than one-half the amount consumed for the corresponding period of 1918. It is stated that the demand of the British Trade Union Congress for a 44-hour week and the prohibition of systematic overtime would, if conceded, reduce the value of the output of British industry by \$2,000,000,000 annually. No opinion is offered as to whether or not such demands should be wholly or partly conceded. But clearly shorter hours, higher wages, and the

Strikes, prices  
and production

Losses in  
working days

reduction of output must raise prices and increase the cost of living.

When does  
production  
cease?

Professor W. I. King of the University of Wisconsin has just published a book entitled "Wealth and Income of the People of the United States." He argues that if rent, interest and profits were added to wages the increase would not be more than twenty-five per cent. But if these costs were so added there would be nothing left for improvements and additions to industrial equipment except the savings from wages while it is certain that savings would represent only a portion of the increase in wages. Moreover any attempt to confiscate rents, interest and profits would throw industry into confusion and a condition would be produced very like that in Russia where prices are prohibitive, industry and agriculture are stagnant and multitudes of wage-earners barely exist. Capital has many sins to expiate but it is never idle and it is as necessary to production as labour and organization. There is no greater delusion than to think that there is an immense reserve of capital unemployed as there is no greater folly than to believe that living can be cheapened and higher wages maintained save through greater production. In "The Great Desire" by Alexander Black there is this passage:

"Are the damned capitalists producers?" snapped Axel Troke.

"Maybe some of them ain't," admitted Jakow, "exceptin' maybe producin' a chance to get work."

"Hell!" growled Axel Troke, "A chance to bleed the men that do the producin'. Exploiters! You talk like a fool."

Jakow shook his head. "We ain't goin' to git things changed that way. Say"—he swung about toward Axel Troke, and an extraordinary animation came into his face—"did Karl Marx stop producin' when he began writin'? Did that man Lincoln stop workin' when he stopped splittin' rails? Didn't Christ produce nothin' after He stopped bein' a carpenter?"

It was as if Jakow had made a long speech.

Axel Troke laughed hoarsely, "Jakow, you ought to git on a soap-box."

But it is not the Jakows who get on soap-boxes. It is the Trokes and too often they also get on the front page of the newspapers and get black type for their more extreme utterances. For the moment we have lost the sense of values. What is even more serious is that we have lost the sense of humour. But there need be no fear that sanity will not be restored or that through violence we will destroy a civilization which at least is better worth preserving than any the world has known before.

## V

Dr. Cappon  
and Queen's

THE withdrawal of Dr. Cappon from Queen's University closes a singularly interesting and influential academic career. He belonged to the great days of Queen's, if that may be said without any flavour of criticism or reflection. All institutions have times of repose but even through these ideals persist and quality remains. We know what Dr. Grant was, we do not know all that Dr. Bruce Taylor may be. As yet we know only that he has a personality which attracts and gifts which command interest and respect. Sometimes a



great figure in the background diminishes the stature of those who succeed to the estate. Canada has had few men of greater virility than Dr. Grant, few men who had in equal degree that combination of prudence with courage and of prophetic instinct with practical capacity which constitute statesmanship. Dean Cappon was his ally, but never his worshipper. They co-operated with mutual respect and with common devotion to Queen's but neither sacrificed his own individuality or evaded conflict for a cushion in Zion. Cappon is a scholar, confident in his knowledge, but always learning. He stimulated curiosity and provoked thinking. He recreated the past and related it to a living present. There was spontaneity and energy in his teaching. He knew all the undercurrents of "university politics" and generally succeeded in reconciling conflicting ideas to the result which he desired. He was tolerant of the eccentricities of associates, and rejoiced in the freedom of opinion which distinguishes a university from a partisan caucus. But he was resolute to have his own views prevail and never believed that sacrifice of his convictions was a necessary concession to the opinions or prejudices of other people. He was not a politician but he had an intimate knowledge of conditions throughout Canada, of the characteristics and fundamental virtues and defects of political leaders and of the relations of the Dominion to the Empire and of the Empire to other nations. In his periodical and historical writing there was much of sound prophecy and a rigid fidelity to his own convictions. The old Queen's group diminishes. One of the most virile as well as one of the most lovable goes out with Cappon. But the university has a past from which to draw inspiration, and under prudent but courageous administration, with fidelity to Grant's ideals, a future of promise and potency.

Dr. Grant and  
Dean Cappon

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WE cannot love unless we touch,  
 Whatever price we pay;  
 For flesh is flesh while life is fresh  
 And God seems far away.  
 But years refine the native dross  
 And passion dies upon its cross.  
 The burning days of summer pass.  
 Bleak winds of autumn chill the air,  
 And all the fields of life are bare,  
 And God is near and flesh is grass.

Love and Life

# GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

V.—REV. DR. GEORGE DOUGLAS



It is now more than twenty years since I listened spell-bound for the first and only time in my life to the thunder tones of Rev. George Douglas, the oratorical wizard of Methodism in Canada. Although during the past quarter of a century I have heard, besides this illustrious master of soul-enrapturing eloquence, a few of the famous orators of the North American continent, including Talmage, McIntyre, Blake, Macdonald, Tupper, Curran, Davin, Laurier, Blackstock, Ross, and Foster, I do confess that the prince of them all was the blind and partially paralyzed preacher from Montreal, the marvellous Dr. Douglas. In company with my two sisters I listened to this illustrious orator, the night that he made the last of his many public appearances in Toronto. The occasion was a Sunday evening early in June, in the year 1893. The place was the Metropolitan Church in the capital City of Ontario. The majestic amphitheatre of that venerable building—a building reared a generation earlier—was crowded with the very cream of the culture, the refinement, the education and the thought of a worthy university metropolis. On that evening this famous man, sightless, halt, and with many cruel infirmities, had to be assisted up the steps and into the pulpit. The opening exercises of the service were conducted by others. At length came the hour for the sermon. With some physical aid the silvery-haired Demos-

thenes of Canada assumed his place before the congregation. Supported partly by the desk, he recited from memory his text. Then for nearly an hour, amidst a hush, save only for the tones of his resonant voice—a voice surpassing in strength, tone, music and mobility, any orator's voice I had ever heard before—the aged speaker poured forth upon the enchanted throng in an engulfing torrent the sermon, which was an oration, so pure, so perfect, so powerful, so picturesque, so poetic, that anything like its parallel has never been heard, except from himself, in any part of this Dominion, either in our own or in any other time.

George Douglas was born at Ashkirk in Scotland on the fourteenth day of October, 1825. That unostentatious birthplace is only seven miles from the more widely renowned and historic Abbotsford. A king among men, but moving in a vastly different arena, gave the latter town its undying fame. It may appeal to those who revel in fancy's rosiest dreams to imagine that some portion of the literary atmosphere round Scott's stately dwelling-place floated from the home of minstrelsy and magic in the direction of the humbler and adjacent birthplace. For poetry and imagery in rapturous flights had their abiding place in the visions and creations of the novelist and also in the inspired utterances of the preacher.

The father and the mother of the boy Douglas were of a lineage that could proudly boast of a very remote

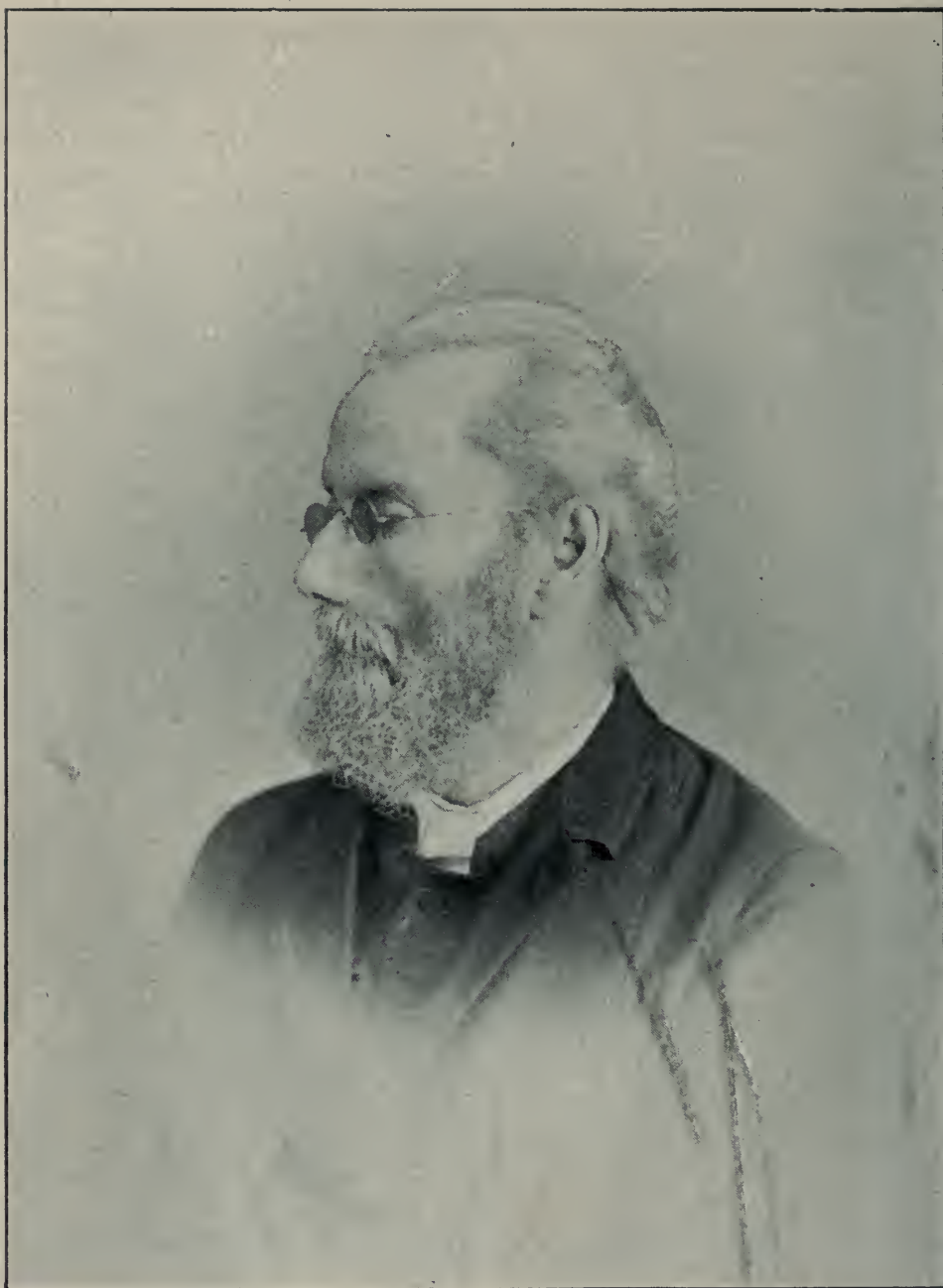


antiquity. They had what is infinitely more important, a reputation for recent respectability. They were educated beyond the average, and lost no opportunity of instilling a love of learning into their offspring. Commercial misfortunes, the inevitable associate of so much of the spasmodic industrialism of the early part of the nineteenth century, were no strangers to the Douglas family. In common with thousands of others who beheld golden visions in the unknown possibilities of the vast and mysterious realms beyond the boundless ocean, the father, in 1831, forsook the romance-haunted hills of Scotland, to find a newer dwelling-place in Canada. The prospects not being wholly disappointing, the remainder of the family followed the father in the succeeding year. Montreal was fixed upon as the residence of the newly-arrived immigrants to this country.

Although their native land had impressed upon the parents the national doctrines of the Presbyterian faith, the children early became connected with Methodism, and Methodist tenets in the new world the parents likewise adopted. As a boy, George, being delicate in health, was not urged forward with any great rapidity in school, although he inclined towards studies and books with an eagerness not common to the ordinary youth.

To such an extent does the unexpected intrude itself in life, that George Douglas was removed from school at a very immature age, and set at employment in a manufacturing establishment. For some years he laboured among heavy machines. These tasks withdrew from him neither his ambition for an education, nor the religious impressions which were deeply implanted in his youthful mind. In 1846 he became seriously interested in a branch of Church work adjacent to his dwelling, and although still labouring with sledge and anvil, with lathe and drill, he conceived the idea of becoming a minister of the Gospel. With this end in view he devoted his leisure moments to study, and to im-

proving his partially neglected education. During the time when he was not engaged in the factory, he was active in the Church, and frequently preached in a nearby pulpit. As a technical education was indispensable if he wished to fit himself for the ministerial profession, he resolved in 1849 to undergo a course of training in a college in England. His studies there, while arduous, cannot have been very extensive, for he had progressed sufficiently during the course of the following year to enable him to receive his ordination. On being ordained as a minister, he was sent as missionary to a station in the Bahama Islands. There he laboured steadfastly and unremittingly for some years. While at this post a most overwhelming calamity overtook him. This calamity left marks upon him which were destined never to forsake him until death ultimately brought him an almost needed as well as a genuine relief. He contracted the dreaded malarial fever so fearfully familiar to those times and to that locality, and before many years had elapsed was bereft of sight and deprived of the powers of locomotion. Although, from a man endued with much physical energy, developed while working among machinery, he became transformed into a blind paralytic, there are few persons who have maintained for years such an untiring contest against cruel and persistent adversity. Not even the brilliant Prescott, toiling in that artificial twilight, which his semi-blindness rendered indispensable, at those monumental volumes, which form an imperishable monument to his genius; not even the sightless Fawcett, dictating to his wife his economic treaties, ascending to renown as a Minister of the Crown, and suggesting wise reforms to a nation which since his time has received those reforms with acclaim; not even our own thunder-toned Coburn, wrapped in a deeper gloom than night, and cheerfully groping his unaided way from meeting-place to meeting-place, presents a more despairing picture



REV. DR. GEORGE DOUGLAS  
A Great Canadian Orator

to the mind, than this frail form of a man, irreparably afflicted, and suffering cruel pains, yet warring successfully against the countless destructive forces, which conspired through his life to achieve his overthrow. The quenchless nature of his ambitious spirit was extraordinary. Notwithstanding his oppressive calamities he buoyantly soared above them all and sought to gain even higher pinnacles of desire.

On convalescing from his first attack, he abandoned the land of his affliction, and in the year 1851 returned to his previous home in Montreal. With his future prospects as a preacher turned to ashes and dust, he resolved to study medicine, for which he felt a real inclination. After two years spent in walking hospital corridors, and, strange to recount, with fair prospects in the new occupation beginning to light up his horizon, his



thoughts reverted once more to his beloved calling of the ministry. A small circuit offered him a willing opening. He accepted the call, and soon the witchery of his powerful voice laden with honeyed eloquence began to resound, not merely among the arches of the various church buildings upon his circuit, but also over the wider field of the Dominion of Canada. The echoes of his voice swelled until they reached his adopted city of Montreal, and in consequence of his spreading fame he was invited to officiate as pastor in one of its churches. Three years spent there made his oratorical renown permanent, and extended it afar. In 1854, upon completing the term of his Montreal pastorate, he was sent to preach in the city of Kingston. His meteor-like fame swiftly widened, and at the almost unexampled age of thirty-two, so splendid was his eloquence and so varied were his attainments, that he was called to Toronto and appointed Superintendent of Methodism for the entire Province. After spending three years in Toronto he passed on to Hamilton, where he also remained for a similar period.

But the deadly traces of his Bermudan calamity lingered in his system, and the famous preacher lost in succession the use of his hands and also a great portion of his body. Yet as his physical disasters accumulated, his oratorical powers grew with an increasing splendour as the days went passing by. By the time that Canadian Confederation became a permanent political realization, Doctor Douglas had created such a transcendent impression because of his pulpit powers, that he was acknowledged as the most brilliant orator that the Methodist Church in Canada had ever known. Indeed at that time he had but few if any platform peers in the country.

From Hamilton Douglas went once more to Montreal, that City which, in pity and in admiration so frequently opened its gates to give him an honoured welcome. There he became

minister to the great and opulent congregation which surged into the St. James Methodist Church. Sunday after Sunday he ascended the pulpit of that vast edifice, thronged with its multitude of worshippers, and presented to them an ancient Gospel, unblemished by any of the sensational superficialities of the modern Higher Criticism, but adorned with gorgeous literary magnificence and irresistible oratorical charm. Sparkling sentences, fashioned out of the choicest treasures of English speech, words woven together with finest artistic delicacy, melted into the hearts of tens of thousands of the citizens of the great city, and made them feel that there was a soul in the oratory of the preacher of much infirmity, and a power hitherto unknown in the matchless splendour of the gifted man.

In 1873, a theological seminary known distinctively as the Wesleyan Theological College was founded in Montreal, and Douglas became its original principal. He had been previously created a Doctor of Laws and also a Doctor of Divinity. The position of principal of the new seminary he held for more than twenty-one years, until death established a vacancy in the office. In 1877 another disastrous consequence of the Bahamas-acquired malady inflicted its painful penalty upon him. His eyesight now totally failed. Still undaunted and undismayed he laboured on with quenchless ardour and sublime indifference to his cares.

In 1894, after shaking for many years the continent of North America with his oratory, his long and useful life quietly ended. The broken remains of a shattered body were survived to the last by marvellous mental, and some physical, powers, which even a pain-ridden Demosthenes, or a suffering Chatham might have envied. His corpse was carried to its final resting-place in the beautiful cemetery upon Mount Royal, where thousands of his own and of other generations profoundly and eternally slumber. A stone marks



the site of his casket; but imperishable memorials of a different nature fix the location of his fame.

George Douglas was not a remarkably profound thinker, nor is there much of philosophical or theological originality to be found in his public addresses or his sermons. In this respect he is not alone among the great orators of the world. For apart from Edmund Burke and a very few others the element of novelty has seldom been a characteristic of men, who, in the forum, on the platform, in the pulpit or in parliament, have poured the wealth of their imaginative or their argumentative eloquence before great gatherings of hostile or of according human beings. The Montaignes, the Bacons, the Carlyles, the Emersons, have not been orators, although, perhaps with a faint show of right, selections from their meditations have often appeared in collections of the masterpieces of the world's deathless eloquence. Eloquence may be passion flowing from the pen, but to constitute true oratory there must be the tones of a human voice behind the thought.

His voice, as has been intimated, was not only of great magnitude, it was also eminently unique in its tone. Most orators who have mastered the physical aspect of their art employ inflections in the voice, from tones which roll like thunder to whispers which like zephyrs soothe and sigh. Not so with this oratorical monarch of Montreal. His very opening sentences were delivered in tones which resounded among the arches, the pillars, the corridors of the building where he was speaking, and if it be not a mere fancy that oratory has made the foundations of auditoriums tremble then this giant master of the art of speech accomplished that reality. The remotest corners of the greatest buildings were literally stormed with the intensity and the magnitude of his tempest-rivalling voice. His closing utterances pealed

forth with the same stentorian resonance. And this apparently exhausting effort was performed with the most graceful ease, and left the trumpet toned speaker physically unwearied at the close of his most marvellous deliverances. Nor was the noise disagreeable even to sensitive listeners, who discerned delicate and acceptable musical cadences in his speech. The volume of voice was accompanied by a sweet music in the tone, a magnetism was in the utterance, thunderous though it rolled and swelled, and no one who heard the magic of his thrilling appeals ever felt a desire to withdraw from his presence until the last accent had fallen from the honeyed silver tongue.

In all his speeches he plumed his pinions from the pinnacles of the hills and soared directly for the skies. It is moderation to use superlatives when his masterly deliverances are under consideration.

Great, however, as was Douglas in the role of a Savonarola or a Luther, it is as a preacher that he commands the supreme attention of history. Here he was without a peer in Canada. He did not preach the modern superficial sensationalism, with which so many ministers of the gospel, in the absence of a true sense of their exalted mission, strive to fill their rapidly emptying churches in these excitement laden days. Nor were his sermons mere lectures upon current problems of the originality of a newspaper editorial, so common an experience in the pulpits of this rather exhausted generation. He stirred with the thunders of Isaiah; with the fervour of Paul; with the earnestness of a Wesley; with the magnetism of a Whitfield or a Talmage. And surely then to some extent because of his power a large share of the ministry "fired with the old enthusiasm of the ancient thundering legions" has swept on, to "carry the triumphal banner of the Church through coming generations".





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

## THE "HEAD" OF THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOLS



HE making of a school in the real sense is not a matter of mobilizing bricks and mortar, men and boys. These are necessary of course, but without a "central vitalizing force", the result, says one who has particular knowledge of the schools in question, can never be "more than an educational cafeteria. For this reason the University Schools were most fortunate in having as their first Headmaster Prof. H. J. Crawford."

It is but nine years since "U.T.S."—to give the new institution of learning its familiar name—were established as practice schools for the students in the Faculty of Education, which itself came into being only in 1907. Nevertheless the true end and aim of a school, the education of its pupils, is never allowed to slip out of sight, and already the University Schools count among the great schools of the Dominion. As the laboratory of the Faculty of Education they have the benefit of a staff chosen with special thought and care, of buildings designed to show what the housing of such an institution should be and of peculiarly excellent equipment for science, art and other classes.

The University Schools opened in September, 1910, with 325 boys on the roll. There are now 450 pupils, of whom 250 belong to the senior school. The waiting list is always long, and lads are examined before admission. Preference is given to those intending to go on to the University, and French and Latin are taken in the junior school. In the rare cases where boys will not work they are not allowed to remain in the schools.

The Headmaster was born fifty-four years ago in Hastings County, at Bridgewater, a village about thirty miles from Belleville, where his father was superintendent of an axe factory, but it was in the public schools of Kincardine, Bruce County, that he received his early education and, incidentally, gained the reputation of a "boy-wonder". At ten years of age he passed the entrance; at twelve he obtained a second-class teacher's certificate and, at sixteen, he embarked upon his life-work and became a master in Harriston High School.

This position he filled for three years and a half, and it is told that when the Inspector of High Schools, Dr. Seath, in the pursuance of his professional duties, arrived one day at Harriston he met the youthful teacher and mistook him for a school-boy.



Prof. H. J. Crawford,  
Headmaster, the University of Toronto Schools

"How are things going at the school?" inquired the inspector.

"Oh, fine," was the reply.

"How are the teachers?"

"Fine," returned the youth.

"You have a teacher named Crawford," continued the inquisitor, "how is he doing?"

"Oh, fine," returned the youth once more, leaving the disclosure of his identity until they met again inside.

When he graduated from the University of Toronto, Henry J. Crawford was gold medalist in classics. After that he returned to his native county and taught for a few terms at Belleville. The next four years of his career were passed at Seaforth Collegiate Institute, and here, "as a member of the Seaforth Hurons, he was known as one of the greatest forwards playing soccer in Canada". Again, at the Parkdale Collegiate Institute, of which he was classical master for more than thirteen years, he showed great interest in athletics, himself

coaching his boys in running, jumping, football and other sports. He left Parkdale to take charge of Riverdale Collegiate Institute, and there he was when the Faculty of Education asked him to become Head of the University Schools.

The fine buildings at the corner of Bloor Street and Spadina Avenue, Toronto, were then ready for occupation, and there were boys desiring admission, but the Schools as an organic whole had no existence. All was to do, the "scouting for masters", the organizing of staff and classes, the encouragement of school athletics, the fostering of worthy traditions, the inspiration of a school spirit that should stand for what is worth while in life with boys and "old boys". The work was onerous and the responsibilities great, but probably rested no more heavily on the broad shoulders of the experienced man than had the burden of his first class on the back of the sixteen-year-old lad.



Professor Crawford—appropriately Professor of Education—is a man of wide and various interests. His love of classics is balanced by a love of boys and a love of sport. His speeches are as frequently adorned with a witticism suggesting the Hibernian strain in his mixed ancestry of Irish, English and Scotch, as with a Latin quotation. He is notable alike for clearheadedness and geniality. He knows not only how to choose his assistants but when he has chosen them gives them support and a free hand in the methods of their work.

From the first the University Schools have made a very good showing in examinations, carrying off numerous scholarships and other honours. They have also “become known as the home of great track, rugby and hockey teams”. The Headmaster regards the taint of professionalism as fatal to true sport, but values games played in the proper spirit for the cultivation of “the virtues of courage, endurance, obedience, unselfishness and loyalty . . . the quality of scrupulous fairness, respect for the rights of others, chivalrous approval of the skill of opponents, scorn of mere trickiness”. Prof. Crawford specially approves the boy who is both scholar and athlete.

It is worthy of note that of the 411 pupils and former pupils who enlisted for the Great War almost a fourth had won athletic distinctions and “nearly all were active in school sports”. Five members of the staff also enlisted. Thirty of the boys from U.T.S. won decorations and fifty-eight, including one master, laid down their lives.

“As a tree by its fruit,” says the Headmaster, “so a boys’ school is known by its boys—past and present”.

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### THE BLACK ROBE.

MANY Canadians regret having lost sight of Douglas Argyle Paterson, a Toronto chap who produced and played in so many artistic performances through the East, and particu-

larly in his native city. “Deidre”, presented in Massey Hall, Toronto, furnishes but one example of his excellent work.

Douglas Paterson lacks one essential necessary to all stage folk who would have their names writ boldly in electric lights—he cannot “bleat and blare” when it comes to his own exploits. Worse, he does not care to see himself in print, so the humble chronicler must confine herself to facts ungarnished by just comment ;and make the following read too much like an extract from Who’s Who.

From early childhood all the world was, to Paterson, a stage, and his family, somewhat less temperamental, frequently found it difficult to forgive his impetuous beginnings, when grasping the carving knife and leaping from the table, he would stand crouched over an uneasy diner and deliver a page or two of stirring lines. Missing articles or wearing apparel, or kitchen utensils—anything, in fine which would serve as stage properties, were always sure to be found in his room. He was eternally collecting a troupe of children and bringing them home for rehearsal.

He started in life as a Toronto newspaper reporter, but one day, he flung down his pencil and took the train for New York determined to get a theatrical job. He preferred to tramp the boards rather than the pavements.

He both tramped and sat . . . sat long and docilely on managers’ cane-seated chairs, of which none in the world are more uncomfortable. At last, however, he secured an engagement with Mr. Henry Miller who has held out a helping hand to so many youthful aspirants, particularly Canadians.

There followed engagements with Mrs. Fiske, and other familiar player-folk, from which list Belasco must not be omitted.

At “making up” a character, Douglas Paterson is a genius. He prefers old parts and takes delight in assisting Time to do his grim work. That



Douglas Paterson, a Canadian drama producer, in the role of the *Black Robe*

his success is almost wizzardly can be proved by those who saw him in the "Bonnie Briar Bush" and who might easily have been deceived like the pompous gentleman heard announcing in the lobby:

"I don't know that the old chap's work deserves much praise, for he had nothing to do but be himself! Of course, you know they chose a very *old man* for that part!"

But of so-called legitimate work, including the management of Miss Elsie Ferguson and Miss Ethel Barrymore (a paradoxical statement that each might deny!)—there is nothing, I think, so interesting, as Douglas Paterson's summer performance, when for several years past he has traversed the United States in a romantic, if not luxurious, atmosphere. He formed an important though obscure part of a company composed of braves, squaws, papooses, dogs, wigwams, and canoes which made up Mr. F. E. Moore's "Hiawatha" players.

These players presented the legends, myths and customs of the North American Indian in a concrete, dramatic form. Hiawatha, as given by them was an authentic reproduction of Indian Folk Lore. The characters and lines were Longfellow's, and each member of the company was a full-blooded Indian to whom the performance was almost as solemn as was the Passion Play to the simple peasant of Oberammergau. They spoke or sang their parts in their native tongue, the rest of the poem being declaimed or chanted, off-stage, by Mr. Paterson, who appeared on the programme as the *Black Robe*.

. It goes without saying that Hiawatha was produced out of doors, the actors camping true Indian-fashion at some little distance from the scene of the play, and it is our loss in Canada that we did not bring this Masque to our cities, so many of which offered unusually beautiful settings for its enactment.



# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## FROM FATHER TO SON

BY MARY S. WATTS. New York:  
The Macmillan Company of Canada.



MRS. WATTS, already known to the literary world as the author of "Nathan Burke", "The Boardman Family", etc., has produced in "From Father to Son" a clever, readable story dealing with three generations of the Rudd family, with the emphasis of plot and character on the third. David Rudd, the grandfather, had built up a large fortune through fraud, sheer and deliberate, in the adulteration of drugs, a policy that had spelled death to thousands of sufferers on both sides of the conflict during the American Civil War. A contemporary comment on such baseness is accidentally found half a century later, in an old diary, by the grandson, Steven Rudd, whose father, Lawson Rudd, had inherited the business and was conducting it in a fashion greatly improved both materially and ethically: "It's all of a piece with the paper-soled boots, the shoddy overcoats, the mouldy rations which have been furnished to our poor boys in the field, not seldom, according to rumour, with the connivance of the Government officials themselves. If the greedy wretches theorize about it at all, they probably tell themselves that a soldier takes his life in his hands anyhow, and that therefore it makes no difference how much he suffers or of what he dies."

When Steven first began to work in his father's office, he experienced a reaction of rage toward a West Indian client, who had applied for a double

set of invoices wherewith to cheat the customs, and this prophetic incident points definitely to Steven's blind rupture with his wholly respectable father when he discovers the basis of the family fortune and learns that his father had long known the truth but had taken no steps by way of some possible expiation or reparation. Steven goes off to New York to try his hand at poetry and playwriting, and eventually justifies by his success and happiness the fact of the break with his father, if not its manner. After the Great War breaks out and the United States becomes involved, Steven secures a commission, marries his sweetheart and is reconciled with his father before sailing. The Stillmans—father and son—"Uncle Elihu", Lawson Rudd's brother; and Eugene, the son of David Rudd's old age by a second wife, are subordinated figures, but Eugene's character is especially well drawn and his career is worked out in logical correspondence to his type.

The feminine figures are, on the whole, delineated and filled out more convincingly than the masculine—especially those of Edith, Steven's capable sister, who marries and becomes divorced from a German officer; Hester, another sister, spoiled, pretty and discontented; Mary Ballard—a genuine American girl—and her mother; and Mrs. Lawson Rudd.

This novel has in it no element of artistic greatness, but it does contain many shrewd and humorous observations on American social and business life, and some of its scenes are developed with real dramatic skill—for example, the breakfast table col-



loquy between Lawson and Steven which leads to the latter's departure; and the open quarrel between Hester and her husband, which completely disconcerts the family until Edith issues orders and controls the situation. The style is sometimes slovenly, as in the frequent use of the superfluous indefinite article after "kind of", and in the violation of the number of "none", but in general the writing is briskly, if rather too consciously, workmanlike. The closing of the story upon the note of War, while balancing with the social and political values suggested in the case of Edith's marriage, is not particularly effective, but impresses the reviewer as a rather deviceful effort to bring the story "up-to-date".

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### SISTERS

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

"**SISTERS**" is a very physical book. Its crisis turns upon bodily shock and the distress of seeing human blood and a womanly figure crumpled at the bottom of a ravine "with every bone broken". A man on a rug in the dust with a ruined back and a fractured leg and arm, and moaning, is Kathleen Norris's picture of tragedy. In a limited sense this is legitimate. Domestic infelicity sometimes ends in gun-fire or a thrown butcher knife or, as in the case of this book, in achieved suicide and attempted and nearly achieved murder. But analysis needs to turn the event to something that may be called spiritual account before literature is produced.

A sickly sugariness with which Kathleen Norris envelopes this bitter blood and broken bones makes her offering specially unhappy. Her literary pill (if there are such things, even in a reviewer's imagination), is highly coloured and fairly palatable. One supposes that young ladies of the grill-room type and certain men might even swallow it. But it is only in the very slightest degree a tonic. It is really—perhaps Miss Norris intended

this, having grown more worldly-wise than artistic—only sugary and, if too long indulged, sickening. What bitter content it has is neither a good purgative nor a good restorative. It misses therefore the possible justification it once or twice comes in sight of. A batter of blood and bones covered thick with coloured sugar deserves only repudiation if, when offered and taken, it does an insignificant minimum of good, and only doubtfully that.

Certain of the out-and-out realists do accomplish good. But they are generally bluntly bitter from the beginning. And the only way in which they attempt to justify themselves is as necessary tonics, hard to take, hard to absorb, but cleansing and restoring. We take such with seriousness. They may indeed sometimes inveigle the palate for a moment but they never deceive the deliberate brain.

Kathleen Norris's story is about two sisters who lived in the hills and redwood country of California. Peter, the wealthy bachelor in the cabin up the hill, marries Alix, though he thinks he loves Cherry. Cherry marries Martin and finds him uncongenial and possibly untrue. Visiting Alix and Peter, she and Peter decide to "forsake and give up everything" (we suppose Alix and Martin included) and elope. They think that Alix doesn't know and apparently imagine—at least so the story seems to imply—that she will not know after they are gone. It seems that to the conspirators, not their selfish indulgence but Alix's knowledge of it would be the crime. Alix, however, does know and drives the car with herself and Martin in it over the cliff, leaving a note to say it is the best way out. But Martin unfortunately (?) doesn't succumb, though he is to be an invalid for life, and Cherry, developed suddenly from a young chit to a very very serious woman, decides she'll be his mate and care for him. Peter finds Alix's note and this bothers him. He goes off with her dog into the hills and to travel.



If the book analyzed great love, and how selfishness and blindness and toying lust disguised as romance or soul expansion operates in some temperaments against great love, and if it left even some figure in the book realizing this and sure with achieved insight about great love, "Sisters" might justify itself as a novel and a piece of literature. As it is, Kathleen Norris never seems to have power over her material. She never presides and the material itself does not reveal. The book is physical and melodramatic. Its physical happenings never really become the progressive and revealing spiritual crises which develop character. Peter, a blind and shallow fool, doesn't seem to develop. Nobody, not even the strong and admirable Alix, seems to develop. This is possibly not in itself exasperating. But it is exasperating to feel that Kathleen Norris doesn't know any more about life than her characters know. In this book she is either spiritually stupid or artistically careless. So it may be proper to say that the book is an abortive attempt at tonic realism, a vivid, coated, ineffective pill.

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#### GERMANY'S MORAL DOWN- FALL

BY PROF. ALEXANDER W. CRAWFORD.  
New York: The Abingdon Press

THE reader who finds the search for truth baffling and sometimes almost hopeless will possibly put down this book with a certain fleeting wistfulness, a wistfulness for the *feeling* of Prof. Crawford's certainty. But it will be agreeable reading to all of us, (and indeed we are the majority) who have no doubt about Germany's moral cataclysm. For Prof. Crawford never wavers. He is a stranger to the weariness of doubt. In those moods when one longs to be dynamic even at the expense of being potent, and enthusiastic even if not wise, and active if not reflective, in such moods one envies Prof. Crawford. But if the old trick of wondering about things, of balancing issues

and weighing data and reserving judgment, returns, then Prof. Crawford's book becomes not entirely convincing. It produces pages of precise logical comment upon the last five years of human life but it does not realize enough. We confess that thoughtful writers of to-day are admitting that Germany's theories of life and state were many of them bad and awful theories. But they are finding those theories entangled in the whole fabric of modern life, and the insistent task of civilization, they are beginning to discover, is the task of disentanglement over that total area. Prof. Crawford's book, on the other hand, pulls all one way. "Germany" and "materialism" and "force" are queer strong strands in the warp and woof of twentieth century society. It will take all care and many hands and many, many minds, working long at the infinite task of life, before those strands are completely unravelled from the intricate and too barbaric pattern. Whether Prof. Crawford's convictions are accepted generally or not, his book will be read by many with interest and sympathy.

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#### THE RIDDLE OF MEXICO

HERE are two books: "Mexico To-day and To-morrow", by E. D. Trowbridge (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada), and "Mexico under Carranza", by Thomas E. Gibbon (New York: Doubleday, Page and Company). In the first Mexico's "new constitution and her international relations and attitude toward foreign capital are reviewed, and the financial, agrarian and educational problems that confront her are dealt with at length". The second is by a "lawyer accustomed to producing proofs that will stand the test before judge and jury". Both are from the presses of reputable publishing houses and yet anyone unacquainted with the situation in Mexico to-day, not to mention, as Mr. Trowbridge does, to-morrow, could read both and not



know anything, except by conjecture, so conflicting are they. Mr. Gibbon frankly shows his intention as a slayer of the Carranza régime, denouncing it as corrupt, extortionate, greedy, retrogressive and guilty of imposing outrageous injustices on "foreign" investments. "The experience of the masses of the people under the government given the major portion of Mexico by the Carranza Party furnishes a striking parallel to that of the Russians at the hands of the Bolsheviks. In every country there exists a predatory element whose chief ambition is to secure control of the machinery of government by violence and then to use it in depriving people of the property they have accumulated and dividing it among themselves. This element is represented in Mexico by the Carranza Party, in Russia by the Bolsheviks, and in the United States by the I.W.W." He cites examples to prove that the Carranza Government, "as a result of short-sighted and unpatriotic greed, prefers a few dollars of loot in the present to a great national benefit in the future". He refers to wholesale dismissing of school-teachers, while Mr. Trowbridge says that "Carranza is, unquestionably, a man of much force of character. . . His mind is set on certain ideals. This was shown in 1915, when, in the midst of general disorder and turbulence and at a time when the Government was scarcely established, he sent one hundred and fifty school-teachers on a tour to see the schools in leading American cities. . . The Government has made mistakes and has, at times, rushed through ill-advised measures to relieve temporary evils. It has not yet restored order everywhere in the country. It still has many problems to face. The fact, however, that it has established a government and brought a degree of order out of a seething state of anarchy entitles it to much credit and gives much hope for the future."

It is hard to reconcile the conflicting statements found in these two books.

—"Labour in the Changing World," by R. M. MacIver. (Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons).

"Janet of Kootenay," by Evah McKowan. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart).

—"The Builders," by Ellen Glasgow. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

—"The Branding Iron," a romance of East and West, by Katherine Newlin Burt. (Toronto: Thomas Allen).

—"Handy Guide to the Laws of Ontario," by Mrs. Edith Hollington Lang, B.A. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

—"The Sea Bride," by Ben Ames Williams. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

—"The Will of the People," by Francis Sullivan. (Los Angeles: The Ray Publishing Company).

—"Through St. Dunstan's to Light," by Private James H. Rawlinson. (Toronto: Thomas Allen).

—"A New Light on Lord Macaulay," by Albert R. Hassard, B.C.L. (Toronto: Rockingham Press).

—"Storm in a Teacup," by Eden Philpotts. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

—"The Naturalist in a Boarding-School," William Alphonso Murrill, A.M., Ph.D. (New York: W. A. Murrill).

—"Bob and Bill see Canada," by Alfred E. Uren, illustrations by W. Goode. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company), being an account for the young of the experiences of two rabbits on a trip across Canada.

—"The Selection and Training of the Business Executive," by Prof. Enoch Burton Gowin. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

—"Polly Masson," a novel embracing a discussion of politics in Canada and Imperial connections, by William Henry Moore, author of "The Clash". (Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons).

—"The Birthright: A Search for the Canadian Canadian and the Larger Loyalty," by Arthur Hawkes. (Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons).



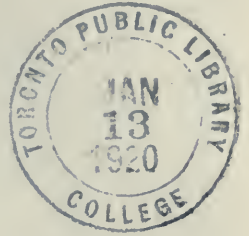




THE DAILY PORTION

Photograph by  
Edith S. Watson





# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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## BRITISH MINISTERS AT WASHINGTON

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN



THE new British representative at Washington, Viscount Grey of Falloon, succeeds to an inheritance on which both trouble and triumph have left their traces. What diplomacy could do to mend the old quarrel has, in the main, been done. But kinship does not necessarily mean friendship. Similarity of language and of origin will not in themselves produce peace and harmony. The traditional policy of England to bury the hatchet after a war was not effectively and quickly carried out in the case of the United States, and the Americans from the first sedulously kept alive all the bitter memories of the revolution. As early as 1820 the Washington mission was known in London as "the graveyard of diplomatic reputation". Even now it is not a coveted post. Lord Grey has had predecessors as able and accomplished as himself—

Stratford Canning, Lord Lyons, Sir Julian Pauncefote, Lord Bryce—and it is significant that under such men good relations were maintained and improved. The right type of diplomatist has never failed to gain the confidence of the United States authorities and for almost a generation Great Britain and Canada have been admirably served at Washington. The earlier periods of diplomatic history, however, are not nearly so satisfactory.

The first British Minister was George Hammond. The so-called treaty of peace in 1783 failed wholly to establish a basis for mutual goodwill. In fact it left every wound open, and for years England sent out no representative at all. Official intercourse, when necessary, was conducted through Phineas Bond, the British Consul in Philadelphia. This widened the gulf between the two Governments. The British resented the



treatment of the loyalists and the slowness in paying pre-war debts. The Americans objected to the retention of the frontier forts and charged that the Indians of the West and North were being incited to make war. President Washington felt that all the blame could not be charged to one side. "It was impolitic and unfortunate, if not unjust, in these States," he wrote to a member of Congress, "to pass laws which by fair construction might be considered as infractions of the treaty of peace. . . . Had we observed good faith and the Western posts had been withheld from us by Great Britain, we might have appealed to God and man for justice." Washington sounded the British authorities through a friend\* about the setting up of a regular channel of diplomatic intercourse, so, in August, 1791, Hammond was appointed to Philadelphia, which at that time was the seat of the federal capital. Hammond was only twenty-eight years old. Attached to the Paris mission during the negotiations of the treaty, he had afterwards seen service at Vienna, Madrid, and other European capitals. He appears to have been equal to his opportunities and was popular socially. He married Miss Allen of Philadelphia, a fact which still further qualified him for residence in the United States. He was able to ward off misunderstandings when war broke out between France and England, and during his term of office Jay's Treaty, regulating commerce with the West Indies, was successfully negotiated. The friendly attitude of President Washington aided his efforts. Hammond returned to London in 1795 and became Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He survived his American experiences by more than half a century. He and his son, Lord Hammond, were influential in the British foreign office for many years.

Sir Robert Liston, the second Minister, was a Scotsman of good education and ample diplomatic experience. He conducted the business of his post with discretion and maintained a close

correspondence with the governors of Canada. A proposal was made to him to countenance an attack upon New Orleans, then a possession of Spain. To this scheme, as likely to be regarded with hostility by the Americans, he turned a deaf ear. When he left Washington in 1802, the relations between the two countries were, on the whole, satisfactory, although they were soon to be strained to the breaking point. It is doubtful if any British Minister at this period could have done much to ward off the impending calamity of war. England was fighting for life and liberty against Napoleon and it was the desire of Napoleon to set England and America by the ears. If he failed in his greater designs, he certainly succeeded in this one. Liston was followed at Washington by Anthony Merry. His were not the qualities required at this juncture. Jefferson was President and preferred an understanding with France to an alliance with England. There was a disposition to inflict social slights upon Merry and his wife. Thomas Moore, the poet, who visited them, confirms the story, and Merry "the gentlest of diplomatists", as he has been described, found himself in a situation with which he could not cope.

It is a ludicrous chapter in diplomacy. Jefferson adhered to simplicity in social manners. This included absence of formality and untidiness in dress. Merry wrote home to his Government: "I, in my official costume, found myself, at the hour of reception he had himself appointed, introduced to a man as the President of the United States, not merely in an undress, but actually standing in slippers down at the heels, and both pantaloons, coat, and underclothes indicative of utter slovenliness and indifference to appearances, and in a state of negligence actually studied." Merry erred in supposing that it was a pre-arranged affront to the King's minister. There is ample American testimony that the President took no pains with his attire. He was especially ad-

\* Gouverneur Morris.



dicted to old slippers without heels which, by those who wear them, are said to be comfortable. The state dinners at which "the pêle-mêle system" prevailed also gave great offence. Mrs. Merry on one occasion was allowed to go in to dinner alone. All the foreign representatives were displeased at the absence of common civility as also were their wives. Jefferson wrote an explanation of these social difficulties to Monroe, the American Minister in London. He declared that Mrs. Merry was a "virago" and at this distance of time it is not worth while trying to decide the issue. He was in general an admirer of France and was credited with hatred of England. Towards the close of his life, his opinions underwent a change and we owe to him, in 1823, this prophetic utterance: "Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one or all on the earth and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause." This, unhappily, was not the spirit which animated him during Mr. Merry's term of office. The latter stuck to his post, but did nothing to check the rising tide of dislike and unfriendliness.

The Erskine episode did not improve matters. The Hon. David M. Erskine, who followed Merry in 1806, was the son of Lord Erskine, the famous lawyer and orator, and afterwards succeeded his father in the title. He possessed ingratiating manners and at once produced a favourable impression. It was his first duty to settle the ill-feeling aroused by the sea-fight between the *Chesapeake* and the *Leopard*. He had been given definite instructions how to act, but unwisely departed from them. This was one of the occasions where the slow communications across the ocean proved a disadvantage. Half a century later, when the "Trent" affair threatened war, delay helped to pre-

serve peace. When the foreign office at last learned of Erskine's error, he was recalled, and Francis James Jackson was sent out in 1809 to replace him. The two countries were steadily drifting towards war and perhaps neither fully realized it. Jackson, as instructed, took a firm line and the Washington authorities proceeded to quarrel with him at once. All concerned seem to have acted with bad temper. The disavowal of the agreement which Erskine had actually signed was annoying to Washington. The American Minister in London had written out prejudicing Jackson's efforts in advance, and he on arrival was not conciliatory. Madison he described as "a plain and rather mean-looking little man, of great simplicity of manners and an inveterate enemy to form and ceremony". Goldwin Smith says he was a "prim mediocrity". The war-hawks were forcing the President's hand, and the British Minister was soon a willing factor in the domestic politics of the United States. Attacked by friends of the Administration, he was given countenance by the Federalists of the North. Dismissed and handed his passports, he went to New York and Boston, where peace counsels prevailed, and was greeted cordially. It was not diplomacy, of course, and the wrong-headedness of everybody at this juncture well illustrates the aphorism of Oxenstiern: "Behold, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed."

England was at final grips with Napoleon. He had secured the friendship of the young Republic by the cession of Louisiana at a nominal price. Madison's party were keen on a second term and twisting the British lion's tail was a move in the right direction. Augustus John Foster replaced Jackson as British Minister in a vain effort to stave off what had by this time become inevitable. The declaration of war forced him to leave for the British possessions. From Halifax he made a last attempt to stop hostilities by pointing out that the order-in-coun-



cil affecting American rights at sea had been withdrawn. But the die was cast. For two years the English-speaking nations fought at the bidding of the war-hawks of the South and diplomacy had no work to do.

When the history of the war of 1812 is written without passion, the war will find few apologists. Goldwin Smith pithily summed up its results: "The schism in the Anglo-Saxon race had been renewed and Canada, instead of being annexed, had been estranged. On the restoration of diplomatic relations in 1819, Sir Charles Bagot was sent to Washington as Minister and warmly received. The enthusiastic greeting given him at a New York banquet when he proposed a toast to the Republic seemed to promise permanent peace. Bagot's charming social qualities fitted the situation. For nearly twenty years Anglo-American relations were on a distinctly better footing. To this period belong the missions of Stratford Canning and Charles Vaughan. The career of Canning is usually associated with his control of Turkish policy. The epitaph, written by Tennyson, upon the statue in Westminster Abbey has caught the eye of many a visitor:

Thou third great Canning, stand  
among our best  
And noblest, now thy long day's  
work has ceased,  
Here silent in our Minster of the West  
Who wert the voice of England in  
the East.

Canning went to Washington in 1820 and spent three years there. He was even more popular than Bagot, his predecessor, had been. In his memoirs are to be found interesting descriptions of the United States a century ago. Monroe was President and John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State. Canning's official relations were with the latter, and it is amusing to compare their estimates of each other in private memoirs which appeared long after. Canning records that "the duty imposed upon me by

the authorities in Downing Street was principally to keep the peace between mother and daughter". To accomplish this task, he had to cultivate patience, and he found Adams a man of "very uneven temper, a disposition at times well-meaning, with a manner somewhat too often domineering."\* Adams describes Canning as "a proud, high-tempered Englishman . . . with a disposition to be overbearing which I have often been compelled to check in its own way. He is, of all the foreign Ministers with whom I have had occasion to treat, the man who has most tried my temper."† Adams admired the British Minister for his sincerity, courtesy, and austere morality. He had a habit of leaving the door between his office and that of his secretaries open, so that when Canning called upon him the staff might enjoy hearing the British lion's tail being twisted. This irritated Canning. Here is a specimen of their conversational sword-play. The topic was the South American republics.

"So, Mr. Adams, you are going to make honest people of them?"

"Yes, Sir, we proposed to your Government to join us some time ago, but they would not, and now we shall see whether you will be content to follow us."

Canning departed in 1823 and his great gifts were applied to England's service in the East. He lived to be ninety-four, enjoying to the end what Shakespeare defines as the best rewards of old age: "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

The British mission was often left for a time in the hands of the senior *attaché* and this was the case after 1823, Sir Charles Vaughan not arriving at Washington until 1825. He remained until 1831 and made himself acceptable to the American people. Vaughan was the son of a London physician and was noted as an adventurous traveller. He had journeyed through the United States as early as 1800 and knew the country well. The subjects for negotiation at this time

\* Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, K.C. by Stanley Lane-Poole.

† J. Q. Adams's Memoirs.



were the unsettled boundaries with Canada, the slave trade, and the tariff. Toward the end of Vaughan's period as Minister, Andrew Jackson became President and instead of adopting a belligerent attitude toward Great Britain, as was half expected, his policy was friendly. He took up the question of the West Indian trade, which had failed of settlement under John Quincy Adams, in part at least owing to his intractable temper, and concluded a treaty on terms advantageous to both countries. The redoubtable warrior, who had defeated the British army so signally at New Orleans in 1814, used this language in his message to Congress: "It gives me unfeigned pleasure to assure you that the negotiation has been characterized throughout by the most frank and friendly spirit on the part of Great Britain, and concluded in a manner strongly indicative of a sincere desire to cultivate the best relation with the United States. To reciprocate this disposition to the fullest extent of my ability is a duty which I shall deem it a privilege to discharge."

"Old Hickory" could afford to utter soft words about the traditional enemy without endangering his chances of a second term. When the day for Vaughan's departure came, he was given a public ball and supper by Washington people, including many members of Congress, and the comments of newspapers dwelt upon the "unfeigned goodness of heart and generous hospitality" which had endeared him to all. He was to have returned to Washington after leave of absence, but upon consideration, declined the offer, and Henry Stephen Fox was sent out in 1835. The halcyon days continued for a time. Fox was a London man of fashion with agreeable manners. All went well, until the Maine boundary dispute assumed an acute phase in 1839. This was another of the unfortunate legacies of the treaty of peace. The ill-feeling was intensified by other matters, notably the activities along the Canadian border of sympathizers with

the rebellion in Upper Canada. Fox was not thought strong enough to handle the accumulation of trouble. In the technical sense, he was superseded, and Lord Ashburton arrived as special envoy in April, 1842. Affairs wore a serious aspect, and "the Aroostook war" in which armed forces were engaged on the Maine boundary furnished material for a general conflagration. This was avoided by the famous Ashburton Treaty which secured peace at a price some have thought too high, but which has been defended by others as a reasonable concession considering the original blunder of 1783. It is needless at this point to consider Canadian discontent with British diplomacy at Washington. This can be discussed more conveniently later on. Lord Ashburton had a hard time of it, from all accounts, and wrote home plaintively: "I continue to crawl about in these heats by day and pass my nights in a sleepless fever. In short, I shall positively not outlive this affair if it is to be much prolonged." His life was mercifully spared, but his credit as a diplomatist in no wise enhanced.

It fell to the lot of the next British Minister, Sir Richard Pakenham, to deal with the steadily growing excitement over the Oregon boundary question, and the slogan of the fire-eaters, "Fifty-four forty or fight", indicated that political agitation would do what it could—and that was a good deal—to prevent a settlement. However, the issue, after several years of negotiation, was settled pacifically on the basis of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude. It was not a British victory on the merits of the case, but removed a cause of war. The weakness of the British policy in boundary disputes was the slowness with which just claims were pressed and decided. Time was always on the side of the United States. The negotiations wearied Pakenham and upon returning to England in 1847 he declined to go back to Washington. To him succeeded Sir Henry Bulwer (afterwards created Lord Dalling), one of the ablest



of England's representatives. He was the elder brother of Lord Lytton. Bulwer's popularity and astuteness enabled him to secure the well-known Clayton-Bulwer Convention which lasted intact for fifty years, a long life for an Anglo-American agreement. It was abrogated by mutual consent in 1901. Bulwer's qualities exactly fitted him for the post. "The sweetness of his disposition," says one writer, "and his high-bred manners rendered him a universal favourite. Habitually sauntering through society with an air of languor, he veiled the keenest observation under an aspect of indifference. Whenever in his more delicate negotiations he was the most cautious, he seemed the most negligent." He subsequently attributed his success in making so durable an arrangement to the care he took, in framing the articles of the treaty, to employ terms with the exact meaning given to them in American treaties. The rule is a good one for Bulwer's successors. John Crampton, who enjoys the distinction of being the second of the three British Ministers dismissed by the Washington Government, was appointed in 1852. He never made himself acceptable to the Americans, and during the Crimean War he was charged with enlisting men to serve in the war. This he denied, but the tenor of his despatches when laid before Parliament gave offence to President Pierce and when Downing Street refused to recall him, he was summarily dismissed. Even Lord Palmerston thought this affront hardly warranted war, and the Government contented itself with defending Crampton's conduct and expressing regret at the unfriendly attitude of the President. After some delay, Lord Napier was chosen Minister, but his stay in Washington was short and uneventful and he gave way in 1859 to the justly praised Lord Lyons.

The approaching civil war was now casting its baleful shadow over the Union. Lord Lyons showed perfect comprehension of the situation. He knew that a strong and moderate-

minded American element was well disposed toward England. But this element did not control the Government or rule the country. "I should hardly say," he wrote to the Foreign Secretary, "that the bulk of the American people are hostile to the old country, but I think they would rather enjoy seeing us in difficulties." To deal with this human sentiment, his two watchwords were—caution and firmness. He soon had need of both. When Lincoln selected Seward as his Secretary of State, the British Minister knew he had to deal with a man who would invoke foreign quarrels to stave off war at home. The story of how Lyons showed such forbearance and sympathy in presenting England's demand for the liberation of Mason and Slidell, that the reply and apology were given within the seven days allowed, is too well-known to require re-telling. Two facts, often mis-stated, should be borne in mind about the "Trent" affair. It was Lord John Russell's suggestion that Lyons should first go to Seward without the despatch and break the unpleasant news in a tactful interview. The second point of importance is that the despatch was couched in grave and dignified terms so that a great and distracted nation could retreat without humiliation. Seward who had gone about threatening to fight the South with one hand and the Powers of Europe with the other had to climb down. But he paid a handsome tribute to the British Minister for the courtesy and consideration shown in handling the business.

Lord Lyons inspired liking and confidence—a useful quality in a diplomatist. His sterling truthfulness and simplicity were safeguards against intrigue and duplicity, and in social life, despite his indifference to the other sex, he was a favourite. On the score of his bachelorhood he was beset by gentle chaff and a determined attempt to get him married. "The American women," he wrote to a friend, "are undoubtedly very pretty, but my heart is too old [forty-three]



and too callous to be wounded by their charms. I am not going to be married either to the fascinating accomplished niece of the President, or to the widow of a late Foreign Minister, or to any other maiden or relict to whom I am given by the newspapers." A royal personage (not Queen Victoria) presented a sort of ultimatum to him that he should marry one of her ladies-in-waiting. With the trained alertness of his profession, he asked for and obtained a twenty-four hours' reprieve, and thus secured time to refuse. When he waited upon Lincoln with Queen Victoria's letter officially communicating the news of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, Lincoln instantly remarked: "Well, Lord Lyons, all I can say is 'Go and do thou likewise'". Lyons told Sir Edward Malet, who was one of his secretaries at the Paris embassy during the Franco-German war, that there were "very few men who could keep secrets and next to no women".<sup>1</sup> Small wonder that he died unmarried.

The choice of a successor to Lord Lyons, who received for his services the thanks of his sovereign and an earldom, fell upon Sir Frederick Bruce, a younger brother of Lord Elgin. Elgin's success in negotiating the Canadian treaty of reciprocity in 1854 has been attributed in large measure, and not unfairly, to his social gifts and his comprehension of the American character. Certainly no Governor-General of Canada enjoyed greater popularity in Washington than he, with the possible exception of Lord Dufferin. Bruce's appointment was made in 1865 and there is reason to think that he possessed some of his brother's tactfulness, and would have proved equal to the trying period through which Anglo-American relations were about to pass. But his health was delicate and he died at Boston in 1867. The place was given to Sir Edward Thornton, who remained at Washington for the unusually long term of thirteen years, facing the crisis which followed the civil war, the menace of the fisheries dis-

pute, and the perplexity of other questions in which the interests of Canada were inseparably and sometimes embarrassingly bound up.

A close study of the past explains the cause of Canadian criticism of British diplomacy. A general indictment cannot be laid. In nearly every negotiation Canadian interests were guarded wisely and well. There are exceptions, such as Lord Ashburton's complaisance in 1843, because, whatever may have been the value of the "red line map", his tactics were timid and he was no match for Daniel Webster. The failure to press for the "Fenian claims" in 1871 was long a grievance. This was due to an error in the terms of reference, and the British Commission, of which Sir John Macdonald was a member, was not guilty of the omission. In the correspondence of Macdonald from Washington, which is one of the most striking features in the Memoirs by Sir Joseph Pope, the letters (written usually at the close of the day's sessions) undoubtedly betray irritation toward his fellow-negotiators. Sir John Macdonald expressly excepts the British Minister, Sir Edward Thornton, from weakness during the proceedings, although he blames him for forgetting to include the Fenian claims.

Then, nearer to our own day, is the Alaskan boundary award. A furious outcry arose at the time. In all the boundary disputes, a fatal defect in our case has been the slowness of Canada to occupy, settle, and hold doubtful territory. But, acting for ourselves, could we have driven better bargains than Britain made for us? An impartial survey of a century's diplomacy proves conclusively that we could not have done so. This is the practical obstacle to an independent Canadian Minister at Washington. The prestige and authority of Great Britain, with her unconquered arms, are our buckler and our shield. The Canadian representative would wield no more power than the agent of a small South American republic.

<sup>1</sup> Shifting Scenes. By Sir Edward Malet.



The Washington Treaty of 1871 was denounced with equal indignation in Great Britain and Canada. Sir John Macdonald's Ministry was shattered to pieces over it in 1872. Yet, for us, it turned out eventually a complete success. The fishermen of our Atlantic coast were pleased with its fishery clauses, and when in 1877 an international tribunal sat at Halifax to adjust claims for the inshore poaching of American fishermen, Canada was awarded five and a half millions of money. We had cried out before we were hurt, as our pleasant custom is. The Alabama Award was England's loss and that injustice in the treaty was no concern of Canada.

Since Sir Edward Thornton's time the British representatives have been Lord Sackville-West, Lord Pauncefoot (in whose day the mission was raised to the dignity of an embassy), Sir Michael Herbert, Sir Mortimer Durand, Viscount Bryce, and Sir Cecil Spring Rice. With one exception, these names are associated with wise diplomacy, a thorough understanding between the two countries, and a discriminating comprehension of Canada's place in negotiations that affect her. The exception is Sackville-West, whose single excursion into the stormy seas of United States politics led to confusion and his own undoing. When President Cleveland was closing his first term of office in 1888 and was again a presidential candidate, he developed an unexpected passion for free trade. What more certain than that the economic pundits of England were luring him on to the destruction of American industrialism? Was not that ancient bogey "British gold" at the bottom of it all? While the nation burned with surprise and suspicion, an innocent letter reached the British Minister from California. The writer claimed to be a puzzled Englishman who had become a citizen of the United States. He wanted advice upon how to vote for the enlightenment of himself and others. The trap was devised, so report said, by a clever

newspaper reporter in Los Angeles. The British Minister fell into it headlong and wrote the following indiscreet reply:

Sept. 13th, 1888.

Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 10th instant and beg to say that I fully appreciate the difficulty in which you find yourself in casting your vote. You are probably aware that any political party which openly favoured the Mother Country at the present moment would lose popularity and that the party in power is fully aware of this fact. The party, however, is, I believe, still desirous of maintaining friendly relations with Great Britain and is still as desirous of settling all questions with Canada which have been unfortunately reopened since the retraction of the treaty by the Republican majority in the Senate and by the President's message to which you allude. All allowances must, therefore, be made for the political situation as regards the Presidential election thus created. It is, however, impossible to predict the course which the President will take should he be elected; but there is every reason to believe that while upholding the position he has taken he will manifest a spirit of conciliation in dealing with the question involved in his message. I enclose an article from the New York Times of August 22nd, and remain yours faithfully

L. A. SACKVILLE-WEST.

This embarrassing document was made public a few days before the election. It put the finishing touches to Cleveland's discomfiture. No one appeared to be more surprised than Lord Sackville-West that a few friendly words should be taken amiss by both parties. The Administration notified him that he was no longer acceptable and that no more business would be transacted with him. He was the third British Minister to be summarily ejected from the country, and there is every reason to believe that he will be the last. These events are thirty years old and now seem almost incredible in the light of the changes that have occurred and the new spirit that prevails. The post of British Ambassador at Washington is as important in the interest of the Empire as the office of Foreign Secretary.



# A MARRIED BACHELOR

BY J. S. FLETCHER

**I**T had been threatening to rain all that summer afternoon, and now, as Hesleton turned out of the high road into the by-lane which made a short cut to his farmstead, the overcharged clouds broke, and the splashing drops came down with a fury that was almost torrential. He was still a good half mile from home, and he ran for a shed that stood in one of his own meadows not far from the wayside, a shed primarily intended as a shelter for cattle and sheep. By the time he had reached it his shoulders were drenched, and recognizing for a moment that the downfall might be more than a passing shower, he hesitated as to whether or not he should make a dash for home. Then, remembering that he was no longer a very young man, and not fitted to sprint a few hundred yards, he entered the shed, and taking off his shooting jacket shook away the glittering drops that had clung there.

Unlighted, save by a narrow doorway from the meadow side, the shed was very dark. Having no need for its specific use until winter came on, Hesleton had caused it to be filled that summer with hay from an adjacent field, and there was accordingly now little room in it. But he knew that a disused corn-bin stood in a far corner, and being tired after a long walk over his land he went to it and sat down in the darkness to listen to the rain spattering upon the red tiles above his head and to ruminate on

the chances of the coming harvest. And he said to himself with a grim laugh that while he wanted rain for his turnips, he certainly wanted sunshine and plenty of it for his corn.

"That's the worst of being a farmer," he said, half aloud, "you want all sorts of weather at the same time. And you can't have 'em."

A woman's voice flurried, excited, interrupted his train of thought. He heard the gate of the meadow through which he himself had just passed close with a sharp clang; then came the sound of feet scurrying through the wet grass, and two women, whom he recognized as belonging to the village, hurried into the shed and paused, gasping, just within the entrance.

"Well, and I'm sure, Sarah Brewis, to think that it should come down like this here, and us both out without umbrellas!" exclaimed one woman, a stout and red-cheeked matron who got her breath with difficulty after her hasty retreat to the shed. "And fine as it were—when we set off from home this morning!"

The other woman, a smaller replica of the first, made no immediate reply. For the moment she was busily engaged in dashing the raindrops from her gown with the aid of her pocket handkerchief.

"Aye," she said at last, in a half commiserating voice, "and me with my best merino on! Howsomer, if it doesn't do us no good, it'll do good to the land, Mary Gough. Our Thomas were saying this morning that they want rain for the turnips."



"Why, it's an ill wind that blows nobody some good," said Mrs. Gough, "and as long as we've got to wait—for I'm none going to spoil my best bonnet—we may as well seat ourselves. It's a long time since I sat myself on a hay-mow. Let's see, this here shed is in Mestur Hesleton's land, isn't it?"

"It's his Ten-Acre Meadow," assented Mrs. Brewis.

Mrs. Gough seated herself in the hay, took a paper of ginger-nuts from her market basket, offered it to her companion, helped herself, and began to munch contentedly. Suddenly she sighed.

"Aye, poor Mestur Hesleton!" she said. "I'm sorry for him—I'm afraid there's trouble in store. Of course he's rather high-and-mighty gentleman, and thinks hisself a bit above most in these parts, but he's none a bad 'un, and I don't like to see trouble come to nobody, Sarah Brewis, especially when it's in family matters."

"What, you mean that young Mennill is coming home again?" said Mrs. Brewis.

"Aye, for sure!" replied Mrs. Gough. "For you've got to remember, Sarah, that Mestur Hesleton's a good five-and-twenty year older nor what his missis is, and we all know—if he doesn't—that her and young Dan Mennill were sweethearts before Dan went off to foreign parts."

"Oh, aye, everybody knows that!" said Mrs. Brewis.

"Aye, and they'd ha' been wed if Dan had only had the brass," continued Mrs. Gough. "You needn't tell me—the lass wedded Hesleton because he were a rich man. Her folk were poor enough. And I'm sure nobody can say, looking at 'em, that there's much signs of love atween 'em. Have you ever noticed 'em going to church—their faces is as cold as them stone images in the church porch. She didn't look like that when her and young Dan used to go courting!"

Mrs. Brewis dived into the depths of her market basket and produced a small flat bottle. She withdrew the cork.

"Take a drop, Mary," she said. "It's cold to the stomach sitting in this shed. Aye, well, of course, we shall see what we shall see. It would have made a deal of difference naturally, if there'd been any childer. When a woman's got childer to one man, it's not oft that she thinks ought about another."

"No, and she hadn't need!" exclaimed Mrs. Gough, returning the bottle and smacking her lips. "Take another ginger, Sarah. Aye, as you say, we shall see what we shall see. But they say she's left a deal to herself is young Mrs. Hesleton, for Mestur Hesleton's a busy man, and he's a handsome lad, is Dan Mennill, and now he's in foreign parts he'll have a way with him, no doubt, that'll be very agreeable to young ladies. And it all comes to this here, Sarah, as I've heard my poor mother say many a time—it doesn't do for May to wed with December, no, nor with September neither, so there!"

The rain ceased at last; the women took up their baskets and went away; the skies cleared and the sun came out, but Hesleton sat in his dark corner of the shed, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, thinking. He was looking back, trying to understand, to realize, to fathom, something that had never presented itself to him before.

It was just three years since he had come, a stranger, to the village, come to enter on the tenancy of the largest farm in the neighbourhood. He was a rich man, a man of some importance and his advent had been hailed with general satisfaction, for he brought a reputation with him from another part of the county. Before long he was on the Board of Guardians; a churchwarden, and a county magistrate. Men knew him for a man of vast energy and great administrative ability; it was wonderful, they said, what a lot of work John Hesleton could crowd into one day. Within a year of his coming he had found time to do all sorts of things—amongst them, to marry.



Looking back upon it now, in the light of what the two gossiping women had said, he began to wonder how it was that his marriage had come about so quickly. He was forty-seven years of age when he came to the village, and he had never had time to consider the idea of taking a wife. But on the first Sunday after his arrival he had fallen head over ears in love with Letty Cray, the daughter of Cray, the corn-miller, a girl of twenty who was acknowledged to be the beauty of the neighbourhood. And six months later they had been married.

He could scarcely remember now if there were, or were not, any incidents of their engagement — courtship it could not be called, since all was done in such a strict and formal manner. He remembered that he used to spend several evenings a week at the corn-miller's house. He remembered that in due time he proposed for Letty to her father and mother. He remembered that they had given their consent without hesitation or question — and that the mother had asked him not to speak to the girl herself for at any rate a week or two. And he remembered, finally, that when he had spoken Letty had accepted his proposal quietly; there had been, now that he came to think of it at this distance of time, something of the air of a business transaction about the whole matter.

As he rose from the old corn-bin John Hesleton also brought back to his recollection the fact that within a month of their marriage, Letty's father, Simon Cray, had borrowed from him a thousand pounds wherewith to pay off a mortgage on his corn-mill. And when he thought of that Mrs. Gough's words came into his mind — "The lass wedded Hesleton because he was a rich man!"

He pulled himself together at last, and leaving the shed went slowly towards his farmstead. For the first time in his life there was something in his heart and brain which had never been there before. He had a sincere, a true devotion to the girl who was

his wife, and it had never come into his head to even wonder if she had had lovers before him. But now—who was this Dan Mennill? He knew a family of Mennills, farmers, on the outskirts of the village. The father was a confirmed sot; the son at home was a little better; the two daughters were loud and flashy. Surely this Dan would not be any relation of theirs. And yet—what else could he be? And if it were true, as the women said, that he and Letty had been lovers, why had she never told him, her husband, of it? But he did not pursue that thought; something elementary within him told him that he was not sufficiently skilled in femininity to feel sure whether it was to expect Letty to lay bare all her soul to him. And he suddenly gave himself a vigorous shake.

"Bah!" he exclaimed. "What a fool I am to attach any importance to the idle gossip of a couple of old women! As if Letty wasn't only too well content with her life!"

Then he dismissed the subject from his mind, and strode briskly homeward. He looked with proud eyes at the substantial farmstead with its well-kept buildings, well-stocked orchard, trim gardens, and general air of prosperity — what woman, he thought, being mistress of that, would exchange it for—what? The same thought was in him as he stepped into the entrance hall—there on one side was the best parlour, bright and cheery with books and pictures and with the fine piano which he had given his wife for a wedding present; there on the other was the dining-room, and everything that was comfortable, and the table set for a high tea. All that, he said, meant home, and women cared, in his opinion, for nothing so much as for home. That, at any rate, was what he had been taught.

His wife was waiting tea for him; he thought she had never looked prettier, but he forgot to tell her so. They ate and drank together after their usual fashion; she politely interested in his accounts of his day's do-



ings; he talking of the weather, the crops, the prospects of harvest, what duties he would have at Quarter Sessions or at the next meeting of the Guardians. He was a great talker, and of the sort who never take the trouble to see if their subjects of conversation are agreeable, and his monologue invariably revealed his bachelorhood of long standing, and Hesleton was sublimely unconscious of it.

He lighted a cigar as soon as tea was over, and, having put out of his mind the old women's gossip, began to whistle between the puffs of smoke. For a moment he stood gazing out of the window over the smooth lawns of the garden. And suddenly his wife spoke.

"Shall you be very busy to-night, John?" she asked.

"Busy? Why?" he said.

"I—I thought perhaps you would take me for a drive," she said.

"I'm going to be very busy," he said. "I've got to give Martin all his orders for to-morrow, and I'm expecting Stevenson, the pig-buyer, about those young pigs, and then I've got the week's books to go through, and after that I've the Highway accounts to check. But you shall go, in your pony-carriage, Letty; I'll tell Bill to harness the pony at once."

She had no wish to go alone, but the pony and carriage had been his last birthday present to her, and it seemed ungenerous not to use it. So she acquiesced, and went off to get ready, and Hesleton presently saw her drive away into the summer evening. His only thought was that it was good to be able to give her all these things. Then he turned away to find his foreman with whom he was busy for an hour. Then came the pig buyer, a bluff, plain-spoken man, who from long acquaintance with the objects of his merchandise had come to resemble them somewhat in personal appearance. Their business in the yard over, Hesleton, after the usual custom, invited him into the house to take a glass of spirits.

"Tell ye what, Hesleton," said the

pig-buyer in his blunt fashion, "yon's a right smart little pony and carriage 'at your missis drives—Gow, it is so!"

"Oh, you've seen it, have you?" said Hesleton carelessly, pushing a box of cigars towards his guest.

"Aye, I passed her at the Four Cross Roads—she'd stopped to speak to that there young Dan Mennill, as has just come home fro' foreign parts," answered the pig-buyer. "Tell 'ee what, there's no doubt 'at travillin' does improve the young 'uns—he were allus a fine lad, Dan, but he's changed into a right strappin,' handsome man and no mistak'. But of course, ye wouldn't know him—he'd gone when ye cam'."

"Is he one of the Mennills of Low End?" asked Hestleton.

"Aye, but very different fro' any on 'em," answered the pig-buyer. "Varry different—might be another stock. Now about that theer Berkshire boar o' yours, Hesleton?—d'ye want to sell him? 'Cos if you do—"

When the pig-buyer had concluded his business and gone, Hesleton got out his account books, and sat down to his desk. For some reason which he could not explain the figures seemed to have no meaning, and he had done nothing with them when Letty returned, a little later. He did not look at her as she came into the parlour, but affected to be busy with the books.

"Had a nice drive?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, almost indifferently.

"See anybody?"

These were the two questions he invariably put to her when she came in from a solitary drive.

"I met Dan Mennill, who has just come home from India," she said, just as indifferently. "He arrived this afternoon."

"I didn't know there was a Dan Mennill," said Hesleton.

"He went before you came," she answered. "We were all boys and girls together, but I should scarcely have known him."

"I hope he is not like his brother—or his father," said Hesleton.



"Anything but," she said. "You would like him, John—I have asked him to call."

Then she went upstairs to take off her things, and Hesleton went on with his books, wondering. Those gossiping old women! Were their words true, or was it——

The rest of that evening passed, as most evenings passed with them. Hesleton, mastering the strange feelings which had come upon him, settled down to his books and papers; his wife took up her needlework. At half-past nine the maid-servant brought in the supper tray; while he munched his sandwiches and drank his ale, Hesleton talked of the bargains which he had just made about the pigs, Letty, as usual, listening politely to his enthusiasm about the quality of his stock. Then he turned to his desk again, and Letty once more took up her work. But after a while she let it drop on her knee, and she sat thinking . . . and looking into far distances. Once or twice she turned and glanced at her husband, and she repressed what might have been a heavy sigh.

At ten o'clock Letty rose, put her work away, and going over to Hesleton's desk bent down and kissed his forehead.

"Good-night, John," she said.

Hesleton turned and patted her arm—it was a trick of his which had always amused her—it made her think of the way in which he patted his favourite horse.

"Good-night, dear, good-night," he said. "I'll get through as quickly as I can. Get to sleep, Letty, get to sleep."

She moved away to the parlour door, knowing very well that he would stay up for two hours yet. He would finish his work; then he would put on his slippers; then he would light a cigar; then he would mix himself a whisky-and-soda and then he would settle down to read. He had done these things for nearly thirty years every night, and she supposed he would go on doing them for ever.

Married, he was still a bachelor in habit. Something prompted her that night to turn back, and to lay her hand on his arm.

"John"! she said.

Hesleton looked up, surprised.

"What is it, Letty?" he said, utterly unconscious of the wistful look in her eyes.

"I—I wish I could help you with all those papers and books," she said. "Don't you think I could?"

Hesleton laughed.

"Nonsense, little woman!" he exclaimed. "Why should you bother yourself with such things?"

She lingered, looking at him with yet another expression which he did not understand.

"But, John," she said, "isn't it— isn't it lonely for you to sit up by yourself? Would you not like me to sit up with you?"

Hesleton laughed again, and again patted her arm.

"I'll take care you don't child," he said. "I'm not going to have you robbed of your beauty sleep! Lonely! — why, I've got all the papers to read."

She went away, and Hesleton once more turned to his desk. But he suddenly laid down his pen and staring at nothing began to think. Was she dissatisfied? He grappled with this problem for some minutes, and then tossed it aside. Impossible! How could any woman be dissatisfied who had a comfortable home, with everything she wanted, servants, her own pony-carriage, a fine piano, a croquet lawn, gowns, fal-lals, everything, and a defined and good position? Impossible! And locking up his desk he lighted a cigar, mixed himself a drink, and took up the little pile of papers which he had been too busy to look at during the day.

When he went to bed that night Hesleton, shading the candle with his hand, stood for a moment looking at his sleeping wife. She looked a little more than a girl as she lay there with her hair spread out over her pillow, and for a moment he remembered



what old Mary Gough had said about her looks when she and Dan Mennill used to go courting. Courting! He strode away from the bed and set the candle down, and taking out his watch began to wind it with sharp jerks. Letty had been perfectly emotionless as she told of her meeting with Mennill. And yet Mennill was young and he was old, even if he was scarcely December to Letty's May. Then, while thinking of these things in a vague, indefinite way, he suddenly remembered an important transaction which would engage his attention in the morning, and he turned instinctively to it, and was still considering it when he fell asleep.

It was Hesleton's habit—a curious one for a farmer, but one which had grown upon him during his bachelor days—to rise at a late hour. He had a trick of waking at half-past six, of holding a brief conversation with his foreman (who from long experience was perfectly cognizant of all his master's little ways) through the bedroom window, and of then retiring to his couch again to sleep until he was minded to rise. This habit had originated in the other habit of sitting up very late, and Letty, whom it had at first surprised greatly, was by this time assured that it was one which her husband would never break off. But on this particular morning, partly because of his business engagement, partly because he awoke wide awake, Hesleton rose at for him an unusually early hour, with the result that by the time afternoon arrived and dinner was over he felt the need of a nap. It was his practice to walk out over his land in the afternoon, and had got as far as the end of his garden with this intention when drowsiness overtook him. He turned into a summer house which he had built when he came to the farm, and stretching himself out in one of the big basket chairs which were kept there fell fast asleep.

It was a hot June afternoon, and the languorousness of it, and the hum of bees in their hives and amongst the flowers, the cooing of wood-pigeons in

the coppice close by, and the murmur of a tiny stream that flowed at the edge of the garden helped to keep Hesleton sleeping longer than he had intended. He woke suddenly, to realize that voices were at hand, and becoming wide awake he heard Letty talking to someone, a man, whose voice was unfamiliar. Then he took in the situation—outside the summer house, facing a mimic waterfall, was a rustic bench, on which his wife and her companion were evidently sitting, unconscious of his close neighbourhood. And their voices sounded clearly through the open windows. Letty was speaking when Hesleton realized matters.

"I hope you'll be very happy, Dan," she said.

"Sure to be—at least it'll be my fault if I'm not!" said the man's voice heartily. "She's a brick—a real good 'un, Letty."

It was a strong, clear voice—the voice of a man of courage and action; something in it was expressive of cheery determination.

"I suppose you've got a portrait of her, Dan?" asked Letty.

"Down at home—yes. I'll bring it up next time I come," answered the man's voice. "I wonder what you'll think of her."

Letty laughed.

"Never mind what I think of her, Dan," she said. "The only important thing is what you think of her."

"Oh, of course, I think no end of her," exclaimed the man. Then with a nervous laugh, he continued, "I say, Letty, now that you're married, you might give a fellow some tips about—well, about what a woman expects—I mean what she wants in a husband. After all, you know, we men are such asses—we don't understand lots of things."

Letty laughed again—a shrewd listener would have detected a certain note in that laughter which was not of mirth.

"There's only one thing that a woman wants in her husband, Dan," she said in a low voice.



"Only one? Then that's—love, eh?"

"That's all," she answered.

"Nothing else?"

"That's all," she repeated.

"What about pretty frocks, and plenty of money, and—?"

"Don't, Dan!" she said. "That's nonsense. A woman likes nice things, but they're—nothing. If you want my advice—tips—as you call it—let your wife see every hour that you love her, and then she'll be happy, even if she's only one gown to her back. And give her as much of your company as you can—don't leave her alone."

There was something very earnest in Letty's tone, and her companion made no answer. For a moment or two there was silence; then Letty spoke again.

"Come round to the poultry run, Dan, and I'll show you my prize Dorkings," she said.

Hesleton heard them rise and go away, and after a moment or two left the garden and went over his land. And as he passed from field to field he thought deeply about things which had never occurred to him before.

He went home at tea-time to find his wife and Dan Mennill playing croquet in the garden. For Letty there came a surprise—Hesleton was usually extremely reserved in the presence of strangers; on this occasion he seemed to throw off all restraint, and to exert himself to do honour to a guest. He pressed Mennill to stay to tea and supper, made much of him, talked to him about his travels, and when he left late in the evening ac-

companied him to the end of the garden, and asked him to come again.

Letty was in the parlour when he went back, putting away her work-basket. Hesleton went up to her and put his arm around her. A quick flash of colour came into her face as she turned and looked at him, and saw something new in his eyes.

"Letty!" he said softly.

"Yes, John?" she said.

"Letty, I was in the summer house this afternoon when you and Mennill were talking. I'd been asleep—you woke me."

"Yes?" she said.

He released his hold of her, and dropping heavily into a chair bowed his head upon his hand.

"I heard what you said," he went on, "about — about what a woman wants. I'm afraid I'm — not what I ought to be. I expect I'm nothing but an old bachelor still! It's hard to get out of confirmed habits—and no doubt I'm selfish, and perhaps don't think. I always was dense about women. But, oh, Letty, I love you!"

She was on her knees at his side by that time and had got her arms around him, and she pulled his head down to hers and began to rock him as if he had been a baby. And Hesleton began to understand much.

"John!" she whispered after a long silence. "John!"

"Yes?" he said.

"John!—there's—there's going to be another bond between us!"

Then Hesleton, clasping her to him, understood more.



## THE PRICE

By ANNE ROBINSON

THE song of little birds at early dawn,  
The gleaming of the dew at break of day,  
The creeping shadows on the sheltered lawn,  
The opening of the jewel buds of May,  
The rareness of the poet's day in June,  
The bloom of summer and its noise of rills,  
The quivering stillness of the golden noon,  
The glory of the sun on western hills!

All these I knew and loved with heart at rest,  
For life was sweet, and this old earth was good,  
And soft and warm each bird had built its nest  
In the deep stillness of the sheltering wood.

And then you came! Oh, son of morning star!  
Oh, music of the spheres! Oh, bush of flame!  
A wonder and a glory from afar,  
A miracle, a new and unknown name!  
Had life been sweet? 'Twas now all cloth of gold,  
A pageant and a pomp all song and mirth.  
Behind the lifted beauty of your face  
I saw the shining soul of all the earth!

And then you went your way. With eyes grown blind  
I strove to see the glory on the hills.  
With trembling hands, I searched again to find  
The laving coolness of the little rills.  
Oh, common things, bring back your sober peace!  
Teach me again to walk the old-time way!  
Nay, sun from sky, and soul from earth; yea, these  
For love of love, I laugh—a small price to pay.







LADY MINTO

From the Painting by  
Robert Harris,  
in the permanent collection  
of the Montreal Art Association







Dyeing wool, rural Quebec

# BUBBLE, BUBBLE, BUBBLE

BY VIRGINIA HAYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON



FROM early spring until late in the fall, by every highway and by-path of rural Quebec, and almost as generally in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, the visitor happens upon many a housewife turning into multitudinous service a great iron pot or cauldron, neatly suspended from a log or perched skilfully between two heaps of field-stones.

These wayside cauldrons of eastern Canada, with their constant fires, and their contents always "a-bubble, bubble, bubble", unlike the witches' pot

on the heath of auld Scotia with its song of "trouble", are to our countryside emblematical not of disaster but of a wonderful domestic prowess that is far-reaching indeed in its scope and effect upon our national life.

For although many of these wayside pots are common-place-looking affairs in themselves, the crudest and least artistic of them represents the individuality and the effort of some man or woman who stands behind it, who fathers the thought of it and the work it is intended to aid in accomplishing.



A familiar scene in eastern Canada

Even when you pass one of these out-of-door pots, whose fires are extinct until wash-day or dyeing day comes round again, one unconsciously feels at once through the pot's suggestion that in that little farm-house, over there by the barn, dwells a woman with initiative, some strong capable soul—some mother of invention—who turns every simple object at her command into a tool of service.

Investigation of the pots in active service reveals a long list of different works which this one utensil is able to accomplish. The Quebec habitant woman graciously informs madame, that by means of the pot she accomplishes the great wash for her *grande famille*, that in it she dyes her home-grown wool clipped from the sheep grazing over there on the Laurentian

hillsides. After every operation she scrubs the interior of the pot thoroughly, so that though one day it accomplishes the dyeing, the next it may be used to heat the water for M'sieu to convert the big porker into winter meat for the family, etc.

Madame's faith in the great pot is expressed in her tones. To her mind the pot is indispensable on every well-regulated farm, an absolute necessity in every household. The very children take it for granted. The wood-pile and the pot-by-the-running-brook are as natural objects of the landscape as the blue-mountains or *La Chute de Montmorenci*.

Moreover, the pots are more than this in their *enfant* days. The youngest child of Old Quebec looks upon work *avec plaisir*. To little French-





A typical French-Canadian rural scene

Canadian children what we are pleased to call work is the highest form of play. Every child and nearly all grown-ups love to build and keep going, a wood-fire out-of-doors. The great pots of Quebec and Nova Scotia give children an opportunity to serve

and to serve with pleasure. A group of them runs about and gathers the chips and the flotsam and jetsam yielded by the nearby steam, or fallen branches from the trees while an older girl pushes the various contributions of





A real old-timer

wood into the bright and cheery bonfire under the pot that with the strange faculty of inanimate things often takes on a look of enjoying it all as much as the children. Thus wash-day or soap-making day becomes to these eastern households a sort of picnic. Many hands make light work, and madame of the *grande famille* of sixteen or eighteen children accomplishes her wash of seventy-five to a hundred pieces with signal ease and entirely without complaint through the pot's assistance—the pot that hangs under the blue skies above the glowing coals—the out-of-door pot that magnetizes the willing hands of natural children.

Dye-pots, wash-pots, soap-pots are essentially and quite naturally enough presided over by women. These things come under “women’s work”. Such pots, as I have hinted above, have their positions determined by the presence of some small brook that runs through the farm. The place of the pot of necessity follows the vagaries of the brook. (“If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain”). Thus it follows that the eastern Canadian wayside pot may be situated near the house or several hundred yards away in some pasture through which the brook flows. The pot is carried to the water, but the water is never brought





Washing by the brookside in rural Québec

to the pot, which is a thing to remember. Our Canadian women are canny! And, the farther away from home the pot stands, the more of a picnic soap-making day becomes for both mother and children. The ways of these wayside pots are past finding out to the casual man or woman driving these rural ribbon-roads of the Laurentides, unless this is remembered. For one pot may be so close to the road as to cause his horse to shy, while the next may be off in a field with no house in sight, and still another may be lost to sight down some stony river-gorge, the ascending smoke alone telling the tale. But apart from the dye-pots and their sisters there is yet another

class of pot found near the sea-coast regions. Pots that play equally as important a part in the upbuilding of our Canadian life. These are the tarpots, the lead-pots, the seal-oil pots, etc., necessary to the fishing industry of our extensive Gulf of St. Lawrence and Atlantic coast. These pots differ too from the first class in that these are presided over by men and boys. From Percé to Digby, the shore-road throughout its many hundreds of miles via Cape North and Halifax is "the way of the out-of-door pot" no less than "the road of fish".

When the magnitude and the significance of this is realized, it is easily seen that these out-of-door pots hold





Keeping the kettle boiling

in their iron sides considerable power over our national industries and our national life.

The sea-side pot is a sort of free-lance. It is a man's affair, often wearing a sort of devil-may-care expression, no doubt produced by environment. When the Nor'easter freshens to a gale it may strike the old pot abeam, just as at sea it strikes his master's schooner. But the pot never capsizes any more than the schooner's seams, which the tar-pot tarred, open. So the old pot squints an eye to windward and laughs in the face of the dun cloud and the freezing spume, knowing dory will come again to him for tar.

What fisherman can go after King

Cod or any other fish without "a sinker," and a heavy one, for his deep-water lines?

So the beach-pot is also a lead-pot. Any bit of lead, sheet-lead that lines tea-boxes, any old scrap however small the old-timer saves and consigns to the magic pot.

The king of the sea-board pots, in point of size is the dye-pot. In use for cooking the concoction of spruce-bark employed to dye the seines the pretty art-brown, which coast-fishermen consider the perfection of camouflage against the piercing "submarine eye" of the silver herring—so necessary as bait.

A pot of net a-soak or men and boys spreading the wet net from the





Boiling seal oil, Magdalen Islands

pot on the beach-stones to dry is a common sight on any fishing-beach of our Maritime Provinces.

These pots presided over by the men are never kept as neat as the inland out-of-door pot presided over by the women and children of the family, but their usefulness is by no means outclassed.

Up in the Bay of Fundy, nature in the great tides of that region aids the work of the tar-pot. When the tide goes out, leaving the great bottoms of the plaster-carriers bound New Yorkward hard-and-dry, then the tar-pot aiding the indispensable oakum of the caulker, closes once for all and to a certainty, the seams that open, insur-

ing the delivery of the cargo, aiding in its humble way the success of Canadian trade, no less than the tar-pot of the Atlantic coast and its brother-worker the lead-pot aids Canadian production.

The seal-oil pot of Les Iles des Madeleines approaches nearest to our idea of the witches' cauldron. Standing on a narrow sand-pit by the road to Havre Aubert, the black-smoke and the dancing figure of the man a-stirring the oil and the odour and the gray sea, a stone's throw away on either hand, make a dramatic picture such as, I am sure, would be encountered on no other highway in the world.



# HOW HENRI WON HIS MAPLE LEAF

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

**I**T was a cold, blowy day and black clouds chased each other across the sky. Henri had been trying to sail his kite, but the wind was too strong; it broke the string and away flew the kite across the river Marne and up, up till it vanished in the clouds. Then came a streak of lightning and Henri thought he saw his kite again, growing larger as he watched it till it changed into the form of an aeroplane. Round and round the great plane circled, lower and lower till it finally struck the earth, 'bumped across a ploughed field' and came to a standstill.

Two young men in khaki jumped out and nervously examined the propeller, assuring themselves that no great damage had been done. Henri slipped behind a bush and watched them as they inspected their map attentively and looked about them. He could hear them talking earnestly in an unknown language. Perhaps they were Boche—if so they would probably kill him or cut off his hands: perhaps they were English or American, who were said to be very kind to children. The funny part of it was that the aeroplane looked French—Henri could see the tri-colour painted brightly on it. But that proved nothing,

for he had heard of a French plane that had recently landed by mistake behind the German lines and the enemy had come over in it next day to take photographs of the camps. The French soldiers had eyed it with suspicion, but as it unmistakably bore all the distinguishing features of the Allies' air-ships they could not attack it and before returning the enemy airman had dropped a note—Henri's uncle had picked it up and taken it to headquarters, so he knew it was so—and the note said:

"A thousand thanks for your gift. We regret that we cannot use the pilot but the aeroplane will be most useful."

This could well happen a second time. Henri could not remember the colour of the German uniform, but it might well be khaki, and anyway they could borrow uniforms as well as air-ships. If they were spies it was clearly his duty to take them prisoners. It would be difficult to do this single-handed, perhaps it would be better to run to the village for help. Henri looked at the stretch of bare fields behind him: he would be instantly seen if he ran and the officers might take alarm and fly away. Clearly he must act alone.

The young men were behaving in a very strange manner, Henri thought.



They opened the valve in their gasoline tank and drew off some of the precious liquid, then one of them produced a box of matches. They were going to set fire to the beautiful new French plane!

Henri ran swiftly, darted between the legs of the stooping aviator and gave the can of gasoline a violent kick, spilling its contents. Then he felt himself seized with Boche-like ferocity and dangled at the end of a strong khaki-clad arm.

"*Etes-vous francais?*" said a voice with a strange accent.

Henri had a brief impulse to save his life by denying his country, but he quickly put it from him and made a motion of assent, the choking collar of his apron preventing speech.

The pilot (Henri knew he was a pilot because he had a two-winged badge on his tunic) muttered something that sounded like, "Thank God", whatever that might mean. He set Henri gently on the ground again and held out his hand. He was a tall man with merry brown eyes and a wide row of white teeth, Henri wanted to make friends but he had often heard that the Huns are cunning. Perhaps this was one of their tricks; he



decided to take no risks and so drew back gravely.

"You are my prisoners, messieurs," he said.

The two young airmen looked at one another and laughed.

"What do you take us for?" they asked.

"Germans, messieurs," said the boy without hesitation.

"Then aren't you afraid?" asked the Observer (who had but one wing on his badge).

Henri trembled visibly but shook his head and the Pilot patted him on the back in a friendly manner.

"It's all right, old man, we're Canadians," he said.

"Canadians . . . Ah!" Henri examined them with interest, then his face clouded again. "Then why were you going to set fire to the beautiful French aeroplane?"

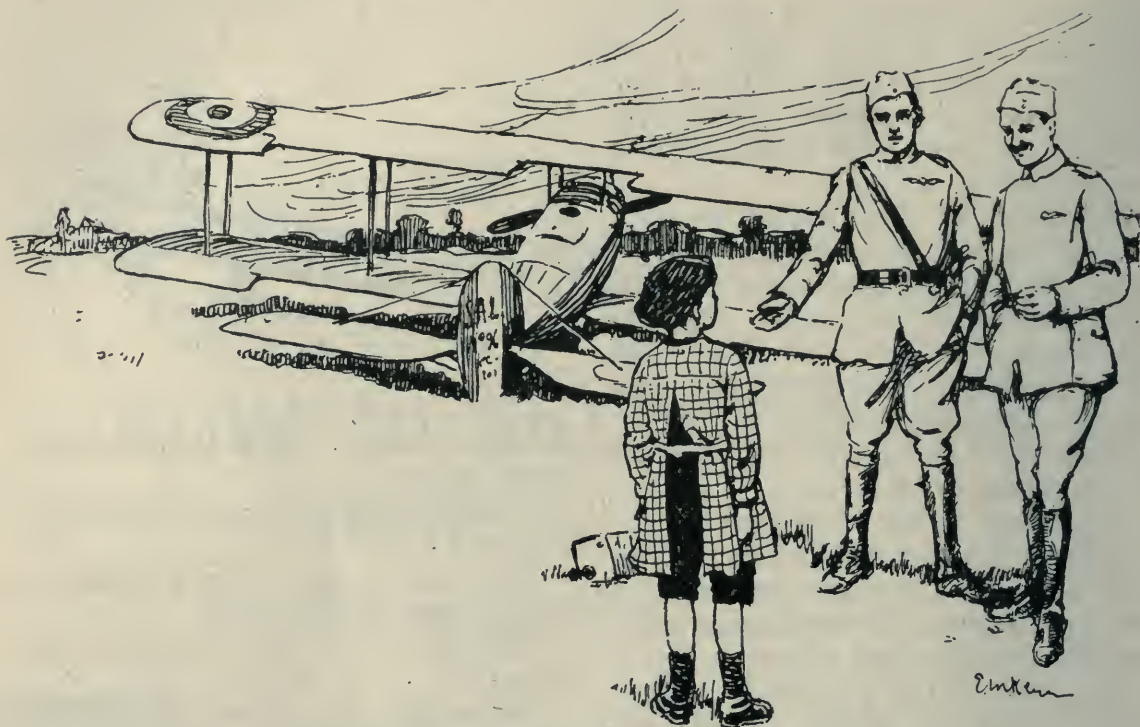
"We were afraid we might be in Germany—we lost our bearings in the storm—and we didn't want to present the enemy with a good airship as well as with our worthy selves, so we were taking precautions. If you had said you were German and we couldn't get away, you would have seen some fireworks. Now, do you want further proof or will you shake hands?"

"Very willingly messieurs, and I beg your pardon," said Henri pulling off his cloth tam o'shanter.

"We may demand a service from you to compensate us for your unjust suspicions and the loss of our gasoline," said the Pilot. "Do you know the road to Y——?"



"He saw his kite again"



“ ‘ Now, do you want further proof, or will you shake hands? ’ ”

“ Every house and every tree, ” answered the boy.

“ We have instructions to take this plane to the French aerodrome. If we go a mile too far we may land behind the German lines—and a mile is not far in the air. If we make another false landing we can’t reach our destination to-day, for our gasoline is pretty low. You’re sure you know Y—— ? ”

“ I was born there, messieurs. We came here in 1914 when the Germans captured it. ”

“ Very well, now jump in and we’ll see if we can start her up. ”

They lifted Henri into the rear seat of the aeroplane and the Pilot climbed up in front, then the Observer gave the propeller a few turns, and when the engine started he jumped in beside Henri and the plane bumped over the ground, turned and rose, heading into the wind, then turned again and soared over the tree-tops till the fields looked like a patchwork quilt beneath them and the hills flattened into the plains, only roads and railroads stretched like ribbons to mark their course. Henri, looking sometimes over the side of the ship and some-

times through the glass window at his feet, shouted directions into the ear of the Observer, who repeated them through the speaking-tube to the Pilot in the seat in front, and in an unbelievably short space of time they landed safely in the great aerodrome of Y——.

The Commander of the French aerodrome rushed up to greet them. He had received instructions that the plane was on its way and feared some mishap.

“ I was afraid you had got into Germany, ” he said.

“ We might have—if it hadn’t been for this young man. He surely deserves the rank of an Observer and, by the way, I’ve an extra badge in my pocket, ” and he solemnly pinned the single wing on the front of Henri’s checkered apron.

“ That’s all right, but I think he should be decorated for bravery as well, ” said the Pilot, “ I liked the way he prevented us from burning the ship and took us prisoners. ”

Henri blushed. He was afraid the Canadians were laughing at him, but the Pilot looked very stiff and serious as he said:



"In the name of King George and Canada, I have the honour to award you the Order of the Maple Leaf," and he pinned a bronze badge beside the Observer's wing.

Then Henri saluted and the aviators saluted and even the French *commandant*, looking slightly puzzled, saluted too and asked if Henri would like to ride back with a service *camion* that was taking mechanics to an airship in trouble near his home.

So Henri rode back, sitting very straight and proud beside the driver,

but once, when he thought no one was looking, he shyly fingered first the wing and then the maple leaf.

"I see you've been decorated," said the chauffeur.

"Yes," said Henri. "This is just to show that I am an aviator observer, —when I get to be a Pilot another wing will be added. But this, as he touched the maple leaf reverently and with a catch in his voice continued, "this is a Canadian decoration much the same as our *Croix de Guerre*."

## THERE IS ONE ALTAR \*

BY DUDLEY H. ANDERSON

THERE is one altar where I bow me low,  
 One priesthood fair to whom my soul confesses,  
 Not where soft shafts of red and purple show  
 On sculptured walls and saints in dim recesses,  
 But childhood's shrine, whose little priests' long tresses  
 Sweet brows of innocence and love o'erflow,  
 And chubby, dimpled cheeks and artless dresses:  
 Here little hands, all lifted up, bestow  
 The simple sacrament of fond caresses,  
 While ruddy lips and great round eyes do glow,  
 Fair fonts of every rapture Heaven possesses:  
 Here Earth's sad aisles to song and joyance grow,  
 And I forget the year's dark underflow  
 Of surge and sorrow that my soul oppresses.

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\*From the Merit Group in the National Literary Competition (Open Class).

# ONTARIO'S NEW LEADER

BY JEAN GRAHAM

**T**HE Province of Ontario had the political surprise of its life on October 21st, 1919, when it counted the votes, regarded the names of the successful candidates and wondered who would be premier. After decades of "straight party" government, when everyone seemed to be either a strong Liberal or an undiluted Conservative, there came the unrest of the Great War, followed by a year of political group-forming experiments. In June, 1914, Sir James Whitney's Government appealed to the province and was re-elected, with a large majority to comfort the leader whose race was nearing its finish. A few months later, Sir James Whitney passed away, and the leadership in the Legislature went to Sir William Hearst from Sault Ste. Marie, who held office during the stormy period of the war and made his appeal to the Province of Ontario on October 20th, associating the election with the referendum on the desirable percentage of Prohibition. The results showed, on the following morning, that Ontario is overwhelmingly in favour of Prohibition and distinctly weary of Party Government. The United Farmers of Ontario had a decided lead in the number of members elected, if not in the number of votes secured. Although Mr. E. C. Drury of Crown Hill, Ontario, the first president of the five-year-old U.F.O., had not been a candidate, he was chosen as leader by the U.F.O.-Labour party and was asked by His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, to form a Cabinet.

Since the first week of November, 1919, when Mr. Drury replied in the affirmative to His Honour's request, events have moved rapidly, the members of the new Ontario Cabinet being sworn in on November 14th, and suffering the usual ordeal from paragraphers and photographers. Naturally, a province accustomed to life-long Liberals and encrusted Conservatives regards with keen curiosity the proceedings of the new Government and, indeed, the whole Dominion is deeply interested in the U.F.O. policy and the manner of its execution. The Ontario Cabinet refuses, however, to be flustered by all this observation and calmly awaits the opening of the Legislature.

Those who know the career of the new premier (who is but forty-one years of age) are aware that Mr. Drury is no stranger to political and economic subjects. A son of the late Hon. Charles Drury of Crown Hill, who was Ontario's first Minister of Agriculture, naturally inherits, not only efficiency in agriculture, but an interest in political problems. Our new premier attended the rural school and afterwards the Barrie Collegiate Institute, where he proved himself a good student, with a taste for mathematics and a gift for debate. Later, the future leader took the B.S.A. course at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, showing a capacity for hard work and clear thinking which led the college authorities to predict a career for the dark-eyed boy with a firm jaw. Mr. Manning Doherty, a young associate professor, interested himself in urging the Crown



Hill student to cultivate his gift for public speaking, with the result that Mr. Ernest Drury, before he was thirty years of age, was known beyond local circles as a fluent and effective speaker.

When the U.F.O. was formed five years ago, it did not take the agricultural authorities long to elect a president—and Mr. Drury became the first presiding officer over an organization which jolted Ontario out of the old political ruts and which is now making the politicians at Ottawa extremely thoughtful. It is one matter to tell the farmer that he is the backbone of the country and that without agriculture Canada would be a vain thing. It is entirely another, to elect the U.F.O. to the dimensions of a dominating party and to have a practical farmer as premier of Canada's wealthy Province of Ontario.

Naturally, the public has been filled with curiosity as to the make-up and intentions of the new Cabinet. There is a certain urban class, more provincial, in the unpleasant sense of that word, than any other, unto whom the farmer is an object of ridicule. The members of this "league of darkness" are utterly ignorant of the conditions of life on the modern farm and of the mental equipment of the men who are officers in the U.F.O. Nearly every well-sized farm-house now has a telephone and it is more than likely that there is a motor car to take the family into the nearest town within half an hour. The farmer, as he appears in town, is a well-dressed business man, and the whiskers, so prominent in cartoons and caricatures of Old Man Ontario, are not to be seen. In fact, it is rather amusing to note that the only bearded member of the new Cabinet is the Attorney-General, Mr. W. E. Raney, a citizen of Toronto. Wherefore, if any aspiring humourist tries to represent the group of legislators, of whom Mr. Drury is leader; as a band of ignorant and uncouth bushmen, he will find this joke both flat and false. Mr Manning Doherty, Mr. Drury's early oratorical inspiration, is



HON. E. C. DRURY  
Ontario's New Farmer Premier



the Minister of Agriculture, thoroughly versed in the technicalities of modern farming and equal to any exigencies of debate.

Mr. Drury, as a boy, was familiar with political discussion, for Simcoe county farmers are unusually well-informed on political matters and the Hon. Charles Drury was a Minister of decided convictions. The son was familiar in boyhood with the works of Cobden and Bright and read Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" in his early college days. While favourable to the principles of Free Trade, Mr. Drury is not given to utter dependence on any particular tariff policy and is too shrewd to be a faddist in matters of finance.

At first, the lifelong Liberals and the die-hard Conservatives were highly disconcerted by the results of Ontario's voting, and wondered greatly what would become of this or that department and who would be the Leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition. As the days went by and no calamity appeared to befall the new Government, the fearful of heart took comfort from the fact that the farmer will be an uncompromising foe of any measures resembling Bolshevism. Men whose forefathers have possessed the land are not given to encore a speaker who deals lightly with property and who thinks the first duty of citizenship is to cause an upheaval. Mr. Drury and several members of the Cabinet he has formed are men who represent the third or fourth generation on the broad acres which they hold. Such citizens as these are not going to salute the Red Flag—nor will they tolerate the unfurling of its folds. The new Premier has promised that there is to be no class legislation—and he is a true democrat, with a due regard for law and order. He has indicated that the Big Interests have nothing to fear, so long as they are good and obedient, but that any tendency to play the game of "grab" will be summarily checked. The manufacturer's needs have been a prime consideration for so many years

that the farmer need not apologize for chuckling when he considers himself in the light of a land magnate to whom the corporation authorities may find it expedient to defer. Tariff matters are, of course, outside provincial jurisdiction, but an Ontario election may serve to show which way the trade wind blows. Wherefore, it is no wonder that the Federal authorities are regarding Queen's Park, Toronto, with no ordinary concern.

The policy of Prohibition will be carried out in accordance with the expression of Ontario's desire in the matter of as rigid restriction of the liquor traffic as relations with the other provinces will allow. Mr. Drury is personally in favour of Prohibition—as, indeed, are most farmers in Canada. The country tavern has proved itself a nuisance and a curse, and the farmer has seen for himself that John Barleycorn usually holds the first mortgage on the old homestead. So, the blind pig is not to be tolerated in the Ontario farmyard.

The homestead in which the Drury family enjoys both work and play is surrounded by two hundred and fifty acres of as fine property as the heart of yeoman could desire. Mr. and Mrs. Drury are descendants of English pioneers, the ancestors of the former coming from Shakespeare's own County of Warwickshire. Mrs. Drury, whose maiden name was Ella Albena Partridge, is of Devonshire descent and belongs to a family well-known throughout Simcoe county. Two hundred of the acres belonging to Mr. Drury were owned by his great-grandfather; but the old home which was the abode of two generations is near "Kenilworth", the handsome red-brick residence built by the Hon. Charles Drury and now the country home of Ontario's premier. It was just fifteen years ago, in January, 1905, that the marriage of the present host and hostess of "Kenilworth" took place, and there are now five bright and happy children gladdening the big homestead and enjoying the free life of "God's own out-doors". There



are three boys and two girls: Charles, Varley, Beth, Mabel and Harold, as healthy and bonny children as ever loved a country home and disliked the prominence in which the father's political success has placed the household. The older boys protest against the publicity; and so would Harold if he were more than two-and-a-half and able to realize how hard a lot it is to be the son of a celebrity.

Crown Hill is a delightful spot in which to be born and grow up, a picturesque elevation just five miles from Barrie, the county town, which has all Kempenfelt Bay smiling before it, except in the winter time, when it affords such skating as only Canadian boys and girls can enjoy. The Penetang Road leads out past Crown Hill, as pleasant a highway as can be found in that land of lakes and woods fragrant with pine and cedar. By the way, the Premier has sounded a warning note regarding the good roads of Ontario. He seems to consider it more important that the farmer should have a desirable road whereby he may get his products to market than that the motoring rich should have a road *de luxe* on which many thousands are lavished, to make it a speedway for those to whom a road means more fun than business. It will be discovered, ere many months have gone, that the bad roads in the rural regions of Ontario had much to do with winning votes for the U.F.O.

While the newness of the present Ontario Cabinet gives rise to many a rumour as to possible revolutionary changes, its very quality of "untriedness" is an advantage to the Ministers, who cannot be approached by those who are old supporters of the party and who therefore demand or solicit

official recognition. The novelty of a Government that is neither Liberal nor Conservative has the charm of being free from the old political servitor who seeks a job.

Whatever the distractions or dissensions of political life may be, the Premier of Ontario will find in his home at Crown Hill a safe retreat from the turmoil of public life. Mr. Drury has the cheerfulness and sense of humour which make even the attacks of hostile evening papers a matter for philosophic diversion. In his home he will ever find a scene of happiness and content which will assure him that the Province of Ontario is still prosperous and smiling. Mrs. Drury, like her husband, belongs to Crown Hill and also attended the Collegiate Institute at Barrie, teaching for a short time before she became the wife of one of Crown Hill's most ambitious "boys". Mrs. Drury protests that her life has been most uneventful and that the public is concerned only with her husband's political career. However, the people of Ontario are naturally interested in the environment of the man who has so suddenly been given leadership in the Legislature, are glad to know that he has a true helper and comrade in his wife, that his children are devoted to country life, and that the Premier, himself, though always a very busy man, likes to go fishing on a morning in spring. His political lot is not likely to be an easy one, but he likes a difficult task, and those who know him best believe that his fairness, efficiency and firmness will make a record for Ernest Charles Drury which will honour his father's memory—and of which those three boys at "Kenilworth" may be proud.



## THE CHANGING YEAR

BY ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THERE comes a pause, a hush upon the land,  
A standing-still beneath the golden sun.  
Hour into hour the drowsy moments run;  
And in the end of day, with night at hand,  
The bent, slow wagoner ascends the hill,  
The full fruition of the year his load,  
Walking beside great horses in the road,  
The world about, in purple shadows, still.

All this is the rich closing of the year,  
The quiet country with its great work done,  
Resting, and making pause, while, one by one,  
The slow leaves fall, and the brown limbs appear.  
'Tis still, 'tis beautiful; we feel it so,  
And, yet, we sadden as we homeward go.

## NIGHT

BY ARTHUR STANLEY BOURINOT

THE drummer sounds the summons to our room,  
The light-encircled play-ground soon lies bare  
And desolate, except where buildings loom,  
Limning their shadows on the vacant square.  
A gramophone grinds out a raucous song,  
And boisterous laughs resound along the halls.  
Now comes the muffling silence. Slowly throng  
The multitude of stars where darkness falls.  
Inside the room stentorian breathings sound,  
Or preparations made for nightly rest.  
Without the windows silence sleeps profound.  
Now comes the moon above the far hill's crest.  
Asleep the buildings seem in pallid light.  
Adream, we prisoners pass the peaceful night.



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A WINTER LANDSCAPE

From the Painting by

Frank Carmichael.

Exhibited by the

Ontario Society of Artists





# THE MYSTERY OF THE LACE VEIL

BY BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

**L**AURENCE RAND and I have a multitude of enemies, and for years we have walked daily in the shadow of danger. As a result of which, aroused by someone rapping on my door, I swung out of bed and caught up my revolver before I flung wide the door and saw in the hall Anton Werencki, one of the oldest and cleverest operatives in the Service.

"Mr. Rand is in Maryland, I know, but the chief wants to see you," he announced briefly.

I dressed, sent a telegram to Rand, and accompanied Werencki to Chief Stirling's room in the Hotel Bavaria.

"The matter is just this," explained that official, motioning us to chairs. "The Navy Department is making some experiments in steel which promise to be the greatest thing ever brought to light for use in building big guns. For weeks it has appeared as if the American navy was about to gain gun supremacy over the world. The work is proceeding in the navy-yard here, where a close guard can be kept. Now, Duncan, our puzzle is this: Though the twelve men who are engaged in the work are shut up as if they were in prison and communicate with the outside world only through the commanding officer, nevertheless a bulky letter that had burst its envelope and lost its address fell by mere chance into the hands of the Post Office Department and proved to be an anonymous communi-

cation to Berkelen Frères, the big Belgian shipbuilding firm, containing a complete report of everything the experimenting party had done up to last Sunday, four days ago.

"Of course Berkelen Frères are merely the receivers for one or more foreign governments. We have failed so far to determine which one it is that is trying to steal such important information, nor have we the slightest indication of where the avenue of communication lies.

Lieut. Richard Dunton is in chief command of the experimenting party, with Lieut. John Ormsby as second. The chemists are Eldridge, Spiegel, John R. Hart and Alfred Cinametti, the last one Italian-born. The others are enlisted machinists.

"The party does all its work in a low brick building fifty yards from the gun shop and with nothing near it except the blank wall of the yard. It is in plain view from the offices, as is also the section of new barracks in which the party eats and sleeps. When finished with their work in this temporary foundry and laboratory the men retire to the barracks. All are volunteers and are under watch day and night.

"Now, despite all this, one of our men in Paris cabled three days ago that the coterie of international spies there knew that the agent of some government had cabled home the news of his success in getting the results of the new experiments up to date. There is a clean leak in the navy-yard.



If we do not stop that leak, there is going to be trouble."

On my suggestion we went immediately to the navy-yard. It was nearly four o'clock and everything was dark and deserted, yet waking Lieut. Dunton we made a quiet inspection of both the living quarters and the laboratory. I first satisfied myself that when the laboratory was locked at night no one could obtain entry except by such burglarious methods as to leave abundant trace, and that when the sleeping quarters were locked the men were as if in a prison. Dunton had possession of all keys. I went carefully over both buildings to be sure there were no telegraph, telephone or electric wire connections. There was but one possible solution. Some member of the party had a means of sending notes or signals to the outside world in daylight hours. I said as much to Lieut. Dunton, and he replied:

"That is the result of any process of elimination based on these facts, but eight men stationed in and about this yard day and night, and Ormsby and myself inside the laboratory have watched every man for one suspicious move and every outside person for any indicative act, and I tell you positively *there are no written or signaled messages going or coming out of this place. Everything passes through me.*"

A sudden suspicion flashed over me. I whirled on him and looked at him searchingly. He understood instantly and said with deep feeling: "Yes, I know it is up to me. That I am the one avenue of outlet would be any man's logical conclusion. That is why I am so deeply concerned. I, alone of all of you, *know* there is another and most dangerous one, *for I have told nothing.*"

I liked the note of honesty in his voice and was pondering over the matter as we walked back toward the barracks. Suddenly Dunton stopped and picked up a long pole, round, well-polished and fully fifteen feet in length.



"'don't shoot,' I heard Dunton gasp, 'it's a woman'"

"What is that?" asked Stirling.

"Some material," said Dunton, "that is entirely foreign to this yard. I have served here four years and this is the first time I have ever seen anything like it within the walls."

I bent a closer attention on it. It was quite dry except it had lain on the moist ground. Everything else was river. I mentioned this fact. The damp with the night mist from the pole had been put there *within the last ten or fifteen minutes.*

It was still quite gloomy, as day was just breaking, when we reached the door of the barracks and I took a careful look round before we entered.





"McCready stooped and picked up a short piece of fine copper wire"

Not a soul was in sight, but it seemed to me that the shadow in a little niche of a building forty paces away was a little blacker than it should have been and I walked toward it. When within twenty-five feet of it a lithe figure dashed out, ran at right angles to my track, and shot around the corner.

I was in hot pursuit instantly and Dunton and Stirling were coming along behind me. Around the building we went, I gaining rapidly on the runner. He dashed across the open space, going toward the spot where the pole still lay and caught it up as he ran. Planting it deftly and securely in the pavement, he rose and cleared the high wall.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot," I heard Dunton gasp to the chief. "It's a woman."

Outlined for an instant against the lighter east was a figure in man's clothes, but long hair loosened by her efforts flowed from her head. It was a woman.

Pursuit was useless. She would be lost before we could get to the gate.

"There is but one thing that I can suggest," I said as we walked toward the gate, "that either Mr. Rand or I, perhaps both of us, be allowed to take up work with you in the laboratory in the guise either of workmen or chemists."

This suggestion pleased the chief. It shifted the burden of responsibility from his shoulders.

I arrived, properly accredited and equipped, at eight o'clock that morning, as a specially detailed chemical expert who had come on from Wash-



ington. Before I came to the yard, however, I had found time to write a detailed report to Rand.

I soon found that it was almost impossible to see from the laboratory where a receiver might stand concealed to take signals, and certainly there was none sent. Apparently not a man in the place paid the slightest heed to the outer world. Luncheon time came and we repaired to the barracks. On the way I watched the men to note if any of them seemed to be looking for anybody or anything, but the only incident of any sort was when one of them, a stocky little fellow named McCready, stooped and picked up a short piece of fine copper wire which he saw on the yard pavement. He put it carefully in his pocket.

Nothing happened during luncheon, and in the half-hour of rest thereafter the men all smoked or chatted except Sloane, a machinist, who sat down to write a letter to his wife. He took his place at one of the windows and used a large portfolio with a high roll, ink-well, and so on, at the end of it. He seemed very intent but wrote very little for the length of time he took, but there was absolutely nothing about him to indicate that he was signalling in any way; also the only persons who could have seen him were the civilian clerks in the headquarters building about two hundred feet across the yard, and none of them looked in his direction at any time. At one window were two laughing men, at another a girl stenographer and a young clerk obviously engaged in small talk, while at a third window another clerk, with hat and veil on, was apparently waiting lunch time.

It was late in the afternoon when Lieutenant Dunton at length stopped work.

As we were crossing the yard I saw two familiar figures approaching—Rand and the Secret Service Chief.

"Hello, Dunk! This is a pretty job," was Rand's greeting. "Vastly interesting, isn't it? What has turned up to-day?"

I detailed the day's events for him. "And you are sure no messages have been sent out?"

"Everybody has been closely watched."

"Look at this." He tendered me a fresh report from a Secret Service operative in the employ of the New York office of the Belgian cables, giving the cipher transcript of an anonymous message which had been filed for Berkelen Frères at three that very afternoon *giving the full details of our morning work!*

The thing was a physical impossibility, and yet before me was proof of its occurrence.

"Perfect! An absolutely perfect report," Dunton repeated.

"There you have given us the key to the premises," exclaimed Rand, studying the development of Dunton's head. "This transmission can be prepared and executed only by a man of high order of intelligence. Brains always show in the head and face of their possessor. Now, granted you and Lieut. Ormsby are in that class, let us see who else could qualify. Return to the barracks. The chief and I will visit your party in half an hour."

They did so and I noticed Rand surveying each of the men with close attention. When he went out he merely said to me: "Work straight ahead on the lines you have laid out for yourself until to-morrow evening, and if you have detected nothing then, leave the yard and join me at the club."

All night I lay awake, struggling with the mystery and listening for any movement among the men or any exterior sound that was suspicious, but there was nothing. From lack of sleep, much worry and the effect of the fumes, I was scarcely able to drag myself about at the hour for beginning work in the laboratory.

"We are likely to hit the big truth in the experiments to-day," Dunton had said early in the morning. "I dare not retard the work and I dare not puzzle the men on details. One



man cannot know what all the others do not, and so I hope to high heaven we tap this underground line very soon."

But when we quit work neither goal was reached. A few minutes' conversation with Rand made me ashamed of my weariness.

"I have just received notice that another message containing the last twenty-four hours' work has been filed for Berkelen Frères," was his opening remark.

"I'll stake my life that *it did not come from the experimenting party*," I answered with some heat.

"Go slow, Dunk, go slow," said Rand with that easy, provoking smile I knew so well. "*They alone* know the details of the work. I have more news for you. Permit me to felicitate you on the skill with which you took hold of this case and on the progress you have made from the outset. By the way, you remember the lady who vaulted the wall. I measured the wall and found it to be a good eight feet high. So I went to O'Rourke of the Athletic Association Committee and asked him where I could find a woman who could do that in passable street attire. 'There are only two,' he declared, 'that I know of on either side of the Atlantic. The one is Miss Sadie Nutter, of Chicago, and the other is Anita Yvonne Desarte, a professional, who was in this country with Barnum & Bailey this summer.'

"Miss Nutter has been in Chicago for months. Paul Desarte, brother of Anita Yvonne Desarte, says she goes down to Coney Island daily but always returns in the evening. Miss Desarte is a remarkable person. She speaks a number of languages, has written a technical work on electricity has traveled two seasons with a circus, and has a way of leaving home and disappearing for months.

"After securing this information I then sent for the pole found in the yard, and the marine who brought it over happened to get on the car with a conductor who said that he had seen a young man two nights before taking

such a pole with him along the street. The conductor's description of that young man fits in exactly with that of the woman at the navy-yard. Further, Miss Desarte, in height, weight and complexion is a duplicate of the woman at the yard."

At this juncture a page brought in two notes. One was from a well-known sporting goods house.

"Ah, by the way," said Rand, "I saw this firm's brand on the pole and sent the pole around by Tom Rahway. Here is a note from the manager to say that it is one which he presented to Miss Desarte, and gives her a character such as described. By jove! here is a note *from the young lady herself!*"

He read it with evident amusement and then passed it over to me. It read:

My Dear Mr. Rand:

Hearing that you have been making inquiries about me, and wishing to be of all the assistance to you that I can be, will you please meet me this evening at the New Amsterdam Theatre? I have the lower stage box on the left, and shall be alone.

Anita Yvonne Desarte.

"I must ask you to go, Dunk," said Rand. "It will do you good, and I must finish looking up the records of the men of the experimenting party. I might remark that both officers, all of the chemists, and two of the workmen are men of probably sufficient brains to compile and transmit these reports, and one workman is certainly a fellow of such ability that he is out of his place in life. He is the man McCready, whom you noted the first day."

An hour later as I stood at the head of the center aisle and looked at the little woman seated in the stage box watching the performance already begun, it flashed over me that I had seen her in broad daylight some time recently. I could not say when or where, but every line of her figure and something about her hat with its filmy drapery about the brim, was familiar.



"Good evening, Mr. Duncan," she said with a gracious smile as I entered the box. It was necessary for me to put forth an effort to repress surprise that she knew my name. "You are Mr. Duncan, are you not? Of course you wonder how I guessed it. I know Mr. Rand by sight and, as he did not come, who is so likely to take his place as yourself?"

I am extremely glad to meet you, Miss Desarte," I began, leading a trump. "I must confess profound admiration for the manner in which you cleared that wall the other evening. One of the officers with me wanted to try a wing shot at you but I am very glad he was restrained."

"Really, *was* some one about to shoot at me?" she responded gleefully and without the slightest contrainst. I had not stirred her in the least by my tactics. "That was most exciting. You know I do a very great deal of work for the foreign governments, especially the French, and I had made up my mind that there were a number of things in the shops which are going into the new battleships, that the Bureau Maritime would be glad to hear of, so I went over with my pole. I was very sorry to be compelled to leave it behind."

I could scarcely keep from smiling. She thought she had hoodwinked me completely, by her apparent candour; at least she had established a friendly though false basis between us which would be agreeable to both and would allow us to play each his or her own game in the background.

She was very pretty and most interesting, especially in her stories of experiences as a spy; in fact, we enjoyed the evening greatly, and if there was any constraint between us, neither showed it. I was amazed at her information about the great international cases of late years and realized for the first time that we were arrayed against a coterie well worth the struggle. Perhaps she *meant* for me to see this. Perhaps she was so audacious as to be willing to let me think that, in her, I had my hand on

the medium of the transmission of the information and to defy me to find out who the sender was and who the ultimate receiver.

As we were about to alight from the cab at her door, she said:

"Mr. Duncan, it is a fad with me, this going to the beaches, but will you meet me at Hedler's on the walk at Far Rockaway at eleven to-morrow morning. I may have some very interesting things to tell you."

The latter hint was bait, pure and simple. Of course I agreed to go and it was not until I got to the club that I made up my mind that she had no intention whatsoever of going, but was bent only on removing me from the scene of action.

The cabman called me back as he turned away from the club doorway.

"You have left something, sir," he said.

Another cab was passing at a slow speed and a tall dark man lolled indolently in it, watching me by the bright light as I stepped forward and picked from the bottom of my cab, a thin, black leather wallet closely filled with papers. Just then there was a rush from behind me. The wallet was snatched from my hand, and I turned in time to see the tall, dark man spring back into his cab with the agility of a tiger. Before my cabby could get under way the other cab was lost in the throng.

Of course I must tell Rand at once all that had happened, and I knew I would have a struggle to keep from choking him when he laughed at me. And well he might be amused. Doubtless I had had the whole secret in my hands, at least I could have made sure of whether or not the fair Anita was our prey.

Absently I stood in the library pondering the matter when one of the attendants came to me with a note on a tray. Under it lay the thin black wallet empty.

The note read:

Dear Dunk,—Go to Yorkville Court in the morning at nine and appear against the Baron von Oldenhaus, charged with





"Sloan was touching with his pen two tiny spots of bright copper on the end of the big roll of his portfolio."

larceny of your wallet on the street. Get a postponement. He is in the custody of Sergeant Creagan in the Hotel St. Auburn, and if remanded to Creagan's custody may be kept out of the game to-morrow. Join me at the navy-yard at noon. We are near the finish.

Rand.

I was too tired to puzzle over the last strange turn of events, and in half an hour was at home and asleep.

At Yorkville Court I found that the "Baron von Oldenhaus" of Rand's note was my tall, dark friend of the night previous. I got him remanded in Creagan's custody as suggested. It was nearing eleven when I left the court and I hurried to the navy yard, reading on my way a note which Creagan had passed me in answer to my whispered request as to what personal statement the Baron had made to him.

Creagan said that the Baron's version was that he had been instructed by his government to come to the United States, get in touch with Anita, establish relationship between them, and make sure she was properly

serving the bureau of military intelligence at Berlin in securing some *information on battleship construction*. He had followed her to the New Amsterdam theatre, had seen her encounter me and had trailed us to her home. Just after I left she had come running out in great excitement to look for her lost wallet. Hearing her story the tall, dark man had followed me, stepping from his cab, and had snatched the wallet out of my hands himself the moment I had picked it up. Just as the tall man thought himself safely away, a gentleman who spoke German had drawn up beside his cab in an electric hansom, and calling a police officer, had the tall man arrested, and the police had taken the wallet from him.

So Rand in person had been following Anita Desarte and me. Well, that was one of his ways, and he took a certain pleasure in his cleverness. That pleasure was plainly written in his smile as he said "good morning" to me in the commandant's office at the navy-yard.



"Creagan has already telephoned me the result in court," he began. "Now, let us see if we can do as well on this side of the river. We want the person taking the information and the sender in the party, and his method. *That* is where we balk. Never in all my experience have I been without a vestige of a theory as to how messages can be transmitted from one confederate to another under such a guard and such conditions. Why, we are even sure that as the reports cover the afternoon of one day and the morning of the next are filed in the afternoon before three o'clock that the information goes out shortly after noon. But *how, how, how?*"

He walked up and down a moment thinking, then he turned to the commandant and said:

"Is it possible for you to have a detail of eight men to carry Mr. Duncan and myself under sheets in stretchers across the yard back and forth once or twice during the noon hour. Have the men go slowly, and by the time we are through with that I will have found some other device for loitering before that barrack section from which the information must proceed, without appearing to be on the watch."

In ten minutes a stretcher detail took me as a sick man across the yard; in fifteen minutes another took Rand. I saw nothing though my eyes traveled over everything in view. As soon as he was around the corner of the building, where we awaited him, he leaped out of the stretcher and calling me to follow, ran to the back door of the barracks. He whistled in at Lieut. Dunton's window and at once got us admitted, and in another minute we stepped into the room where the men were resting.

All was quite as it had been the two days I was there. The men did not hear us enter. They were smoking and chatting, and by the window Sloane was laboriously writing to his wife a brief message that must pass under Lieut. Dunton's eye. A silence fell over the other men in the place.

They saw that something was about to happen.

Rand stepped quietly up behind Sloane and watched him closely for a minute. By Jove! I now saw that at intervals Sloane was touching with his pen two tiny spots of bright copper on the end of the big roll of his portfolio, and it was plain from the manner of his touch he was sending telegraphically. His movement was so slight that only eyes as keen as Rand's would have discerned it.

Rand stepped back from the window out of sight in the depths of the room.

"Sloane, come here to me," he said sternly.

The man sprang to his feet, pale and tottering. He hurriedly laid down his portfolio and pen.

"Bring that thing with you."

Sloane did as bid, then, and Rand tore the portfolio apart and disclosed the mechanism for a miniature wireless sender.

"Place all these men under arrest and guard Sloane and McCready carefully, Lieut. Dunton. Now to find the receiver. Come, Dunk, I think I know where to look."

We shot out the back way, popped into the stretchers, and in a few minutes had entered the headquarters building.

Leaving the two details we hurried straight through to the front, Rand leading the way. Then he stopped, puzzled.

"By George! that fellow was sending straight at these windows."

About the windows were some clerks and stenographers lounging most innocently just as I had seen them the first day. All were talking, save at one window where a woman stenographer with her hat and veil on, ready for the street, stood staring intently toward the gate of the yard, just as I saw her the first day. Rand looked at her keenly, then strode up behind her, peered searchingly at the back of her head, and said:

"Very sorry to interrupt you, Miss Desarte, but the man who was send-



ing to you is under arrest and so are you now. Too bad you spend so much time at the beaches."

She shrugged her shoulders and laughed as, at his suggestion, she took off her hat and its net drapery.

"Will you look at these, Duncan?" said Rand, examining them curiously. "This veil is traversed with a fine film of tiny receiving wires and on this broad hat it must act beautifully. In the crown is the remainder of the mechanism, and here in Miss Desarte's hand is a military telegrapher's receiving roll on which she pricks the dots and dashes of the notes she makes of the messages. Permit me to say, Miss Desarte, this is the most ingenious contrivance I have ever seen. Who is the inventor, may I ask?"

"I am," she said proudly.

"Is it all clear now?" said Rand as

we left the place after turning the three prisoners over to the commandant.

"All but Miss Desarte's night visit," said I.

"Oh, she brought that piece of wire to lay it where McCready had told her. I found it in the crown of his hat."

We were ready to prove our cases in their entirety against the fair Anita, the expert Sloane, and the very able and intellectual McCready, with the Baron thrown in for good measure, but having preserved its secret, the value of which will be apparent in the next war, the government impressed upon Rand that nothing be said of the matter or nothing made public until after the new guns were finished, and the fleet started for the Pacific.



# GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

VI.—EDWARD BLAKE



FIRST heard Blake speak when I was a boy attending school in the town of Napanee. He was then making his famous tour of the Dominion in connection with his last Canadian election campaign of 1887. I remember very distinctly that he spoke that night for nearly two hours. I also well remember that he was very sparing in his gestures, and that he changed his position upon the platform very little during the entire course of his speech. It was the man above the shoulders who was speaking. It was the head and not the other parts of the body that was performing the oratorical operations. Some years afterwards when I came to dwell in Toronto I heard him again. He still preserved the same manner in his address.

He has been accused, and perhaps with some justice, of being a speaker who, by omitting nothing from his speeches, was guilty of the offense of speaking with comprehensive and wearying tediousness. Some instances of this habit are given by Sir Richard Cartwright in his "Reminiscences"—a book which, notwithstanding its many admirable features, must be read with some reservations whenever it mentions the name of Blake. For a bitter jealousy of Blake is persistently visible through the whole of Cartwright's transparent pages. I myself remember one Monday morning early in the closing decade of last century, going into the old Ontario

Court of Appeal, which in those days sat in the southerly room of the west wing of Osgoode Hall in Toronto. An appeal, in which one of the large Canadian railway corporations appeared as a contestant was being heard. Blake had opened his case before the tribunal. On the following Friday afternoon I happened to be in that room again. Blake still was speaking, his argument even then not being concluded. This, however, was merely typical of the man. He always expended every resource on behalf of his client. He omitted nothing from his argument which might induce a court or an assembly, capable of understanding logic, to pronounce in his favor a decision upon the cause in question.

It admits of little doubt, that Edward Blake was, in his own lofty and perhaps slightly limited manner, one of the very foremost orators of Canada. He possessed a magnificent presence. He was tall, and constantly carried himself with a princely bearing. He wore glasses during all the years that he was in public life, and these served to accentuate his scholarly appearance, which, in truth, really required no assistance from material sources whatever. His personality and his manner were those of the man of learning, anxious to do justice, rather than those of the politician anxious to flatter, and hoping to profit by the flattery. He was the very reverse of theatrical in his style of delivery. He used scarcely any gestures, even in the most important





EDWARD BLAKE.

A Great Canadian Orator, as he appeared in 1892

of his climaxes or perorations. This may be ascribed to the fact that the courts, in which he received so much of his early training as an orator, were places where the gestures of the stage are felt to be as traditionally superfluous as the movements of an actor before an assembly of the blind. His voice was not ponderous, but it seemed to have a magnetic quality within it, which is so frequently absent from the tones of many who are wrongly rated as orators, but who are really only very ordinary speakers.

He captivated as much by that nameless something which is to be found in every true oration, as by the wisdom and the reasoning, which were the products of his mind.

He spent much time over his oratorical productions, subjecting his important public utterances to the most searching criticism, and giving them the most careful premeditation. It is said that his speech on the Riel question in the Canadian House of Commons, which took him more than five hours to deliver, consumed three

months of his time in its preparation. He exhausted every subject upon which he spoke. Had he published a book upon any theme, it is very probable it would have been as lavishly enriched with references to authorities as are the writings of Buckle and Macaulay.

It has been frequently remarked that it was Edward Blake's habit to stand almost motionless for hours, during which he was delivering a famous oration. But what he lacked in action, he supremely supplemented in thought. His speeches were models of refinement, scholarship, dignity, wisdom, argument, judicial fairness, and sometimes, indeed, almost lacerating invective. At times he was ironical, but the irony was the finished scorn of a polished gentleman, and not the virulent abuse of a bully. It is not denied that he was occasionally tedious, but he felt that it was the duty of a public man to instruct, even though he did so at the expense of humour and patience.

He was a commanding figure for years in the public life of Canada, and even his opponents gave him credit for virtuous inclinations, and a sincerity and honesty that were well meant. His great orations will live on deathlessly in history. His language was permanent English literature. The speech he delivered in Parliament during the last phase of the debate upon the Canadian Pacific Railway Scandal is said to have been the most effective ever heard in the Canadian House of Commons. It was unanswerable in argument, fertile in thought, perfect in style, and unapproachable in literary structure. He never spoke to an empty auditorium or a deserted parliamentary assembly. The indifferent felt by intuition that they must hear him. The superficial were awed by his powers and heard him with silence. Learned men listened to him in order that they might become more learned still. Among the well-informed his influence was measureless. His importance as a public man is not easily estimated.

He legislated not for his party, but for the nation; not with an election contest as an incentive, but to discharge a responsibility which he owed to humanity. Great evils perished when he stretched forth his hands against them. Mighty abuses were crushed, and vast events were moulded into use, by his skill. He was a unique visitor to this planet, and he performed marvellous tasks while he moved upon it. The world, which is now left without his influence, is supremely conscious of its irretrievable loss.

Edward Blake, the eldest son of the first Chancellor of Ontario, was born on the thirteenth day of October, 1833, in the family home in Middlesex, where the father had settled on his arrival upon this continent. The birthplace has changed much during the past eighty-five years. Not only has the rustic locality suffered from the lapse of time, but the wilderness has been cleared, and a very modern civilization prevails in its place. Recently I was in that locality, and the birthplace was gone; the name was known merely as an historical recollection, and not as a personal association. Old names of neighbouring hamlets have also undergone alteration. The village hard by the Blake homestead was known at the time of Edward Blake's birth as Cairngorm. This name, Dent says, was subsequently altered to Mount Hope, and later it received the name of Katesville. Katesville has disappeared, but there is still a tiny village known as Cairngorm, twenty miles beyond London, and it is not very far from the solitary street and simple precincts of this village, that the earliest Canadian residence of the Blake family was located.

It was while he was yet a child, that Edward Blake's parents moved from Middlesex county to the vicinity of Toronto. The new home was located upon upper Yonge street, some miles to the north of the city, and not far from the straggling village of Thornhill. The residence bore the name of



Woodlawn, and for many years, both before and after it formed the residence of the Blakes, it was a meeting place for the leading legal spirits of the time, who loved the relaxations of the social hour as much as they loved the earnest conflict of the courts. Later the family moved into the city, and occupied the spacious old mansion, then located at the corner of Wellington and Bay Streets. This building was well-known during the succeeding generation, for it housed more than one illustrious family. Like the Blake birthplace, however, it, too, has gone.

At the age of eleven young Blake was sent to Upper Canada College, where he distinguished himself in sports as well as in the classroom. He won the Governor-General's prize for general efficiency. He then moved on to the University of Toronto, where he won many prizes and scholarships. From the University he went to Osgoode Hall, Toronto, and in 1856 was called to the bar. In practice his choice was the Equity Courts, which adjudicated on claims arising mostly out of disputes concerning property.

Sixty years ago the courts were overwhelmed with litigation; and the Courts of Equity, which at that time regarded as one of the bulwarks of freedom, were thronged with suitors, all with their causes to be pleaded. To these courts Blake first addressed his talents. The equity lawyers were not numerous, and Blake's services began to be greatly in demand. In common with Mowat, afterwards Prime Minister of Ontario, Strong, subsequently Chief Justice of Canada; John Roaf and several others he was constantly active before these tribunals. At first he employed other counsel to conduct his cases after they were ready for trial, but before long his own voice was heard at the bar on behalf of his clients. He was speedily becoming of note in his profession. He bestowed infinite pains upon everything which was entrusted to his attention. Few distractions then existed even in a large city, and the lawyers laboured

with indefatigable industry. Type-writers had not yet been invented, stenographers were unknown. The master's hand had to do it all. Eighteen hours of continuous exertion, Dent says, were not uncommon to the men who led the Ontario bar half a century ago.

Blake soon became one of these leaders. It was observed as his appearance in the courts continued that he possessed great powers over witnesses, and in this branch of his work he rapidly attained a proficiency which caused him to supersede all his competitors. In many cases his services were sought exclusively for the purpose of crushing, by searching and exhaustive cross-examinations, important and frequently unsatisfactory witnesses. Writers also have paid to him the high tribute of affirming that he was frequently retained in serious cases, merely to stop him from becoming an opponent. His memory was as splendid as ever, and it, together with his other talents, combined to place him in the front ranks of those who had become the masters of the difficult art of being able to fully reveal the shrewdly guarded secrets of the witness box. It was his habit to study his adversary's case to even a greater extent than his own, and therefore, surprises seldom came to him when he was pleading before judges and juries.

As professional preferment came to Blake, so honours came to him as well. In 1864 he was appointed a Queen's Counsel, and seven years later he was elected a Bencher of the Law Society of Upper Canada. In 1879 he became Treasurer of the Society, a position which he continued to hold as long as he remained in active practice of his profession.

Besides the voice from the courts of law, there was another potent voice, which Blake heard earnestly and insistently calling from far on through the future, and he wisely and nobly responded to the call. This was the voice which came from the Parliamentary arena. His profession was his earlier love. After he had attained



to a national pre-eminence in that calling, he turned his thoughts to the service of his country. In adjusting the priorities of the two spheres of action, Blake adopted a policy which was at once marked by both judgment and prudence. He resolved at the commencement of his career, that he would not enter actively into political life until he had accumulated a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars. Apparently he had attained this position in life within ten years after he began to practise law, for when he first aspired to a seat in parliament, he asserted his annual income from his profession was greater than the combined salaries of the entire cabinet of the Province of Ontario.

As Blake's public career, which covered a period of nearly forty years, is well known through a multitude of publications, of every character, it is unnecessary to treat of it here.

During all the long and momentous years in which Edward Blake figured in public life he was faithful in his zeal for his country. He appeared on countless platforms, and spoke in all the great cities and towns of Canada. He displayed sterling ability as the leader of his party. He was constant in his attendance in parliament. The National policy had been devised by Sir John Macdonald shortly before Blake became the Liberal leader. This policy met with bitter and hostile reception at the hands of the opposition. Blake was incessant in its denunciation. He claimed that it was intended to deceive a vast section of the people, inasmuch as the benefits of the protection which it afforded to manufacturers were offset by the corresponding increase of prices which must be imposed upon the consumers. Although many other elements entered into the problem, and notwithstanding the imposition of the National policy upon Canada the country alternately prospered and suffered from reverses, yet the defence and the denunciation of that policy were favourite themes of public men for the twenty years following. The opposi-

tion of Blake to the policy was of a constructive character, and many of the improvements, which it has undergone, in passing years, are to be ascribed to his foresight and statesmanship. Other grave issues confronted the nation during those years, and on every occasion, while Blake occupied a seat in the Canadian House of Commons, he assisted materially and advantageously in their permanent solution.

When this great statesman felt that his tasks in Canada were done, he turned his eyes towards the unhappy island, from which his parents had come, and which he loved with almost the idolatry of a native. For years from beyond the seas there had been voices calling to him in Toronto. And when his public life in Canada was closed, it was destined to open in brilliant splendour upon a new and dazzling career on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. The Imperial Parliament at this time had just been dissolved, and in the elections which followed in the autumn of 1892, Blake was nominated to stand in the Nationalist interest for the riding of South Longford in Ireland. He was elected by a large majority, and represented that constituency in the Imperial Parliament during the critical and trying fifteen years which followed. Public life is more exacting in Canada than in England, where only the leading members of parliament ever require to give any real service to their country. Blake was already advanced in years when he left Canadian soil and Canadian politics. Indeed, on his accession to the British Parliament, Grattan's famous and eloquent assertion about the impossibility of transplanting an oak at fifty, had frequently been quoted. But the quotation was inappropriate, for Blake served in the newer and larger assembly with an ability, which meant much for the nation, and which would have accomplished much for unhappy Ireland, were it not for the fact that there is no such thing as ably serving a people who are cursed by perpetual



internal jealousies and discords, and the incessant plotting of warring creeds and factions, which are striving for mastery even to the death. He also fitted into the political life of England, and loyally served his new mistress not with a partisan's fidelity, but with a statesman's sagacity and resolution. He took his place in the Mother of all Parliaments, and there he quickly established a record which even a native of the British Isles might have envied. His speeches in the House of Commons and in other public places were finished efforts of masterly and persuasive rhetoric such as few English orators ever attempted. He mastered the details of Imperial politics to such an extent that although he was never a member of the Cabinet, still he was intrusted by the Government with parliamentary tasks of great magnitude, which he accomplished with his customary despatch and ability.

By the year 1907 this Prince of his profession and pride of two continents had become an old man, as public men are esteemed old in England and in Canada. He was then nearing his seventy-fifth birthday. In that year he withdrew from public life. He returned to his old home in Toronto, the great city of his early manhood, the scene of his long life's eminent honours, of his many vicissitudes, and of his many corresponding triumphs. There he contemplated spending in peace the closing years of his already abundant life. But his return to Toronto was but to linger a little longer there, and then to die. During the last months of his life, I frequently saw the mighty wreck of so much human greatness being moved about in a wheel-chair in the neighborhood of his home. One summer afternoon I observed him seated in that vehicle on Huntley Street bridge, a little way to the north of his ancient dwelling, gazing wistfully across the beautiful green valley of the Rosedale Ravine, toward the flaming sun, whose crimson beauty was preparing to be veiled in the approaching shadows of the

night. But even this mode of locomotion soon ceased. On the first day of March, 1912, this great man passed serenely away. Many members of the generation which had been so marvelously moved by his splendid talents had preceded him to the grave. But there were others, who were left, who were able to understand and to appreciate his mighty powers, and they mourned in silence when his genius was no more.

In the presence of a man like Blake, it is becoming rather to contemplate him with silent reverence than to obscure his genius by unreal vociferous adulation. The temptation to speak, however, has been irresistible. A figure, so noble, so sagacious, so necessary, was inevitable in Canadian life during the kaleidoscopic epoch when he transformed us with his presence. He had an amazing work to perform, and he performed it, if not to the satisfaction of the politician, then what is eminently more important, to the satisfaction of history. Dark and foreboding looms many a period in history, when strong minds are confused by the overwhelming suddenness and almost convulsing madness of titanic events, when deadly shocks are imminent, and the perilous undermining of civilization seems close at hand. In such times, the Johnsons, the Carlyles, the Goldwin Smiths, the Morleys, the Blakes, the men who descend to visionless depths and understand the fearful exigencies of events, as well as the stern urgencies of history, are absolutely indispensable. Such a figure was Edward Blake, a man whose place among Canadians may not be rightly understood for some generations, but who will irradiate in the larger light of years to come, and be accorded his true position among men who did not falter in the presence of perplexing problems, and who pointed out to a noble race of people the new and splendid pathways which it was meet for them to tread.

Stately, refined, massive, overwhelming, with an inexhaustible store of

learning, with a masterly gift of expression, employing the choicest, and weightiest words that were to be found in a consummate scholar's vocabulary, Edward Blake for more than fifty years was the flower of his pro-

fession, a statesman whose deeds are destined to live on forever, an orator whose like is seldom heard in any land, a man whom Canada justly remembers, admires, reveres and loves.

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The next article in this series will consider the great oratorical gifts and accomplishments of B. B. Osler.

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## MOONLIGHT

By MAY AUSTIN LOW

MOON so white and pure  
 In the purple sky,  
 You speak of peace to endure,  
 As the nights go by.

Peace! and the world is red  
 Again and again.

Moon so pure and white  
 In the purple sky,  
 Why do men rage and rage  
 With the blood of men;  
 Peace! and our hearts are bled  
 As the days go by?

Only because the roar  
 Of the market-place  
 Drowns the voice of God  
 And dims His face,

Drowns the voice of God  
 That whispers clear  
 To every heart of man  
 If he will but hear.





A LANDSCAPE

From the Painting by

A. Y. Jackson.

Exhibited by the

Ontario Society of Artists








# MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

## CHAPTER XIII

HE next day was what was known locally as a "weather-breeder". Instead of the wholesome tang of autumn, there was a hot, still, stickiness in the air which reacted upon all nature alike. Dogs snapped, cats scratched and humans grew restless and irritable. David found himself wishing that he hadn't invited Miss Sims to a show. He, too, felt uneasy, but not entirely on account of the weather. He had had a letter that morning from Cousin Mattie which had given body to fears for the health of Angus, which he had felt for some time. The carpenter had been failing for a year but he had never admitted it. Neither had he allowed Miss Mattie to admit it; both she and David knew that the surest way to annoy him was to ask after his health. He made no changes in his way of life but its pace was slowing. More than ever now he seemed to be as one who sits aside, letting the river of life run by. But no one must sit beside him; he was, as he had always been, alone.

This morning's letter had said, "Angus has just come in from the workshop and sends his love. He tires easily of late. Davy dear, I wish, whiles, you were here; but do not come for he would not like it."

The strain and tension of the day increased and toward night it was apparent that an unusual storm was brewing.

"It'll be a smasher too," predicted Billy Fish as he and David waited for the girls upon the veranda. "Say, p'r'aps the ladies won't honour us."

"I wish they wouldn't," said David and next moment he had coloured to the ears for there was a rustle of feminine drapery just behind him. If the invited guests heard the ungallant speech they gave no sign. Both of them were dressed in their daintiest, their specially arranged hair alone denoting their destination.

"Oh, they're going all right!" whispered Billy resignedly.

A low growl of thunder greeted them as they stepped out of the door.

"Oh gracious!" exclaimed Miss Weeks with a bunny-like shiver, "that's why I've had a headache all day. I always do when it's going to thunder."

David felt impelled to say that theatres were not good for headaches but in view of what they might have overheard he felt that the advice might not sound disinterested. Besides, Miss Sims was putting on her gloves.

"It won't break before we get home," said Clara calmly, "but I shan't be surprised if it's a wild night."

Bunny glanced at her friend curiously. She knew that Clara detested thunder, yet there had been a strange note of satisfaction in her prophecy.

No rain fell before they entered the theatre, nor did the threat of it seem much nearer, but it is doubtful if any



one of our small party really enjoyed the play. David, whose thoughts slipped continually to Millhampton, found the thread of the story hard to follow and the d  nouement illogical to a degree. Bunny was disappointed because, on account of the threatened storm, there were many empty seats and she loved a crowd; the feel of a packed house was better than a play to her. Even the irrepressible Billy was more subdued than usual. Of them all, Clara alone seemed pleasantly excited. Her face was slightly flushed, her eyes very dark. Between his flights to Millhampton David noticed this with approval. She was, he thought, an exceedingly pretty girl. And how warm and light the touch of her hand on his arm! He wondered what had excited her—the play was certainly very dull.

When it was over they came out into a night which was breathlessly waiting for the breaking storm. The streets were almost empty, playgoers were skurrying home before the coming of the wind. Billy, not displeased with the prospect of the long ride which Bunny's engagement with the lonely Miss Allenby entailed, hurried his charge into a passing car. But David, more considerate or with more money in his pocket suggested the safety and comfort of Miss Sims would be best served by a taxi. Miss Simms did not protest. She looked upon taxis as her right, anyway. As he sprang in beside her he became delicately aware of this and thanked heaven that he had not, through sheer ignorance followed Billy's example. He even went so far as to say, virtuously, that he was afraid Miss Weeks might get wet in that open street-car.

As he spoke the first stiff gust of wind snatched the words from his lips. A sharp crack of thunder followed and big drops turned the white pavements black and glistening.

"Well, we're quite all right here," he added with satisfaction. "Better pull up your coat though. You're not frightened are you?"—To his surprise his companion had let her ungloved

hand fall lightly on his sleeve, and the hand was trembling. David could feel the tremble: What ought one to do? While he was still debating this the hand withdrew, somewhat abruptly.

"N—o, I'm not frightened," said Miss Sims. "Of course I'm not afraid of just a storm, but——"

"But you're terrified of it just the same?" David had become quite expert in completing Miss Sims's sentences. It was plain that the poor girl was nervous. "You needn't be ashamed of it," went on her escort kindly. "My Cousin Mattie who is as brave as a lion, is quite foolish about thunder——"

A strange little sound from Clara made him pause to ask if she were quite comfortable.

"Cousin Mattie," he went on, "does the most absurd things——"

"I am sorry," said Clara in a choked voice, "if I have seemed absurd."

"You? Oh no, not at all. Certainly not. But it's natural for a woman to be nervous. Cousin Mattie——"

"Oh!"

Clara could hardly be blamed for her interruption this time since an especially vivid flash had caused the driver to cut a corner so sharply that she was thrown almost into David's arms. In the instant's flashing light he saw her face, flushed and vivid with parted lips red, and very near his own. It made him quite forget about Cousin Mattie for the moment.

"Steady!" he warned. "That was a sharp turn. It's all right though. We'll be home in a moment. I'll tell the driver to try safety first."

In the darkness he felt the girl draw back. He could scarcely see her but the vision of her vivid face seemed everywhere—Oddly enough she hadn't *looked* frightened! But one never can tell. He put out his hand toward her reassuringly and called to the taxi man to be more careful. The car slowed a little.

"There's no need——" began David. "Oh, I say—that was a twister!"



The storm, having decided to break, was breaking to some purpose. A blinding flash was followed by a roar which seemed to rock the car. Another flash came swiftly and then that ominous shattering crash which tells of a "hit" near by. David, startled himself, became conscious of a soft resistance against his reassuring arm and hastily turning was just in time to see Miss Sims crumple up in a most alarming fashion, her uncovered head falling limply on his shoulder.

"She's fainted!" thought the distracted young man in horror. "Oh, what utter fools we were to come! Now what in thunder do people do with fainting ladies in taxis?"

"Perhaps the taxi man would know."

"Hi! driver!" shouted David. "Stop up, can't you, or drive somewhere—the lady's fainted!"

The dark head on his shoulder moved slightly. Perhaps the stentorian call had revived it. "No, no," the girl managed to murmur, "I'm quite all right—a little giddy!—nothing at all!"

"What say?" bawled the driver, slackening speed.

"Nothing!" yelled David. "Go on! Get a hustle on!—Say, are you feeling better now, Miss Sims? Hadn't we better stop and get some salts—smelling-salts—or something?"

Miss Sims, who had resumed the perpendicular with amazing promptness, seemed unreasonably irritated by the idea of smelling-salts. David didn't catch exactly what she said but the tone of it was scarcely grateful.

"Cousin Mattie"—began David.

"Oh, good heavens!" said Miss Sims.

He almost thought she was going off again. But she didn't. She sat up quite straight and seemed much stronger. David was greatly relieved.

"By George, you did frighten me," he told her. "You seemed to go all floppy just in a moment. That crash was certainly a bad one. Thank heaven, we are just home. You'd better take my arm. A shock like that leaves one giddy."

Miss Sims was not giddy. She declined the aid of David's arm, she even declined his umbrella, with the result that her dark hair was very wet and somewhat draggled when she met (as late returning boarders were liable to meet) the landlady in the hall. Mrs. Carr did not fail to remark upon the proper uses of umbrellas, also upon a certain paleness and perturbation noticeable in Miss Sims.

"She has had a slight shock," explained David. "That last crash seemed to miss us by about two inches."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Carr. She said nothing else. Her cold prominent eyes swept over the disarranged Clara with the pitiless directness of a searchlight. Then she passed on. David, passing on too, wondered why he felt uncomfortable!

Safely within his room, with the door shut, the blessed usualness of things reassured him. There was nothing to feel uncomfortable about, nothing at all! The evening had not been exactly a successful one, but it was over. He hoped Silly Billy had got Miss Weeks safely to her destination. Had Billy refrained from taking a taxi from economical reasons, or because—well of course there could have been only one reason; Billy was sure not to have had any spare cash. Besides, street-cars are fairly safe, safer perhaps than taxis when drivers turn corners on one wheel. Poor Miss Sims, how nervous she had been! And how embarrassed. The poor girl must have felt when she realised that she—he supposed that some fellows would have enjoyed—

"Oh, don't talk rot, you hypocrite, you"! he said fiercely to his thinking self. "You know very well you'd have enjoyed it yourself if you cared for the girl! Even as it was you enjoyed it. Don't lie to me!"

Having admitted this and placated his own honesty, he had time to feel thankful that he at least had had the grace not to add to the embarrassment of the lady by in any way taking ad-



vantage of her nervous state. He was glad that he had behaved like a gentleman. It would have been too bad to have imperilled a very pleasant friendship.

David got ready for bed. It was still very hot and close. The sharp shower of rain had worn itself out; the thunder had reduced itself to rumbles; yet one felt that only the outposts of the storm had passed. In pyjamas and dressing-gown David pottered about the room. Never had he felt less inclined for sleep. Electricity in the air had always quickened him. It quickened him now. His mind grew clear, alert; it assumed an expectant attitude. The inventor in him recognized that strange expectancy and leaped exultantly to meet it. It is in moments like this that inspiration comes! David looked at his work-table and all thought of sleep vanished. His mind had already shaken itself free, and was away, down the endless road of speculation and possibility. Presently on the paper before him his pencil began to trace strange lines. He did not hear Billy Fish come in and whistle in his key-hole as he went upstairs. He did not hear Mrs. Carr bar the front door and pass along the hall. He did not hear the thunder gather and break again. His mind pursued his vision—farther, farther! Now he almost touched it; now he lost it altogether. And always he tasted the wonder and excitement of the chase!

The sultriness died out of the air but in his absorption he did not notice the change; he did not know that a cold wind, wet with rain, blew directly in through the open window. It might have been months or hours that he sat there, noticing nothing, then, for no explicable reason, the searching mind faltered, wavered, turned back upon itself.

"Mr. Greig!"

It was his own name that had recalled him. His own name spoken low but in a tone whose penetration had reached him when the thunder had

failed. David stirred and dropped his pencil.

"Yes?"

Still dizzy with dreams he turned, only to feel sure that he was dreaming still. The door, the door into the hall, had opened and was just closing, while inside it and bright against its dark panels, her hand still on the door-knob, stood a girl in a red kimona. David in his first dizziness thought he had never seen the girl before, she was startlingly strange—all red and white with black hair tumbling about her shoulders. White face, red lips, red drapery over something white from beneath which a white foot peeped. A midnight dream of a girl, with dark eyes and—by George, it was Miss Sims!

"Oh, Mr. Greig!" The strangeness vanished as the vision spoke. "I am so terrified! I am sure there is some one in my room—the window on the balcony! Something woke me—I was so *frightened*. Every one's asleep but I saw your light—I just ran——"

David was wide-awake now. Burglars belong to the world of every day, there is nothing in the least dreamy about a burglar.

"Stay here a second," he said excitedly, "I'll go and see!"

"Oh, please!" the girl was breathing so quickly she could scarcely speak. "Please go. Wait a minute! Don't make a noise, go quietly!"

David nodded his understanding. Naturally, one doesn't make noises if one wishes to catch burglars.

He opened the door, gently so that it might not squeak.

There was wind in the hall, a heavy draught from somewhere, but no burglar, only Mrs. Carr who had just come down the attic stairs!

Mrs. Carr was decorously clad in bedroom slippers, a wrapper and a boudoir cap. In her hand she carried a large white object which looked like a sheet.

"S—sish!" said David, but as no one ever said "S—sish", to Mrs. Carr she naturally did not do it.



"Still up, Mr. Greig?" said she, "that is so fortunate. I feared I might have to disturb you. I hope you won't mind, but the lightning is so bad. I found myself unable to sleep knowing that your mirror was uncovered—Mr. Fish's too. I have just been covering his. Mirrors attract lightning as I suppose you know, but young men never think of these things. We might all be burned in our beds. If you will allow me——"

"S—shish!" repeated David.

"What?" asked Mrs. Carr.

"There's a burglar!" explained David. "He——"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Carr. "I never have burglars. If you will allow me!"—she did not wait to be allowed but threw open the door herself.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Carr.

It was incredibly funny! David knew it was funny. He would laugh at it presently but just now there was the burglar to be considered. He waved both ladies farther into the room.

"You stay here," he ordered, "I hope to goodness we haven't frightened him away!"

With swift, light steps he made his way toward the door of the invaded room, then with a strategic rush, so as to give the intruder no time, he entered. The room, like the hall, was full of wind. The draught came from there for the window was wide open. The long curtains blew straight out. But, save for its ordinary furniture, the room was empty. David made a thorough search, then he closed the window and, opening the door, beckoned to the waiting ladies to come nearer.

"It's quite safe," he assured them. "There is no one here."

"I didn't suppose there was," said Mrs. Carr with horrible brevity.

"Eh?" stammered David.

Miss Sims, who had drawn her red kimona very completely around her, said nothing at all. She looked frightened.

"What's the matter?" piped a shrill voice. A head, decorated with curling-pins, was poked inquisitively out of Miss Walker's door.

"Nothing at all," said Mrs. Carr austerely. "Miss Sims became alarmed. Mr. Greig and I have been reassuring her."

"Oh!" said Miss Walker.

David felt his head begin to swim. What did "Oh" mean, when said like that? What did it mean when said as Mrs. Carr had said it when she opened his door and saw Clara? Women oughtn't to be allowed to use a word with so many meanings. It amounted to little less than a universal language! Well, thank heaven it wasn't his business. He stood aside to let the ladies pass in.

Neither of them stirred. The episode was apparently not ended. Mrs. Carr, having looked carefully at the closed doors of the corridor, cleared her throat. Judges always do that.

"If a man entered by the window," said Mrs. Carr, "we will doubtless find traces upon the carpet."

The pouring rain outside was proof enough of this deduction.

"Why of course," said David, "we may get a footprint. Let's look!"

Miss Sims still said nothing. She followed them into her room silently. Mrs. Carr went over to the window which David had closed. The window-sill was still running water, the carpet beneath it was drenched. The rain had made good use of the open window, but nowhere, in any part of the room, was there the slightest trace of any other intruder. The light carpet would have shown a footmark as plainly as if stamped in ink.

"You must have dreamed it!" said David a trifle crossly.

"I must have," said the girl. She spoke with a curious little gasp.

"Under the circumstances," said Mrs. Carr, "I must ask you, Miss Sims, to take a week's notice."

If one of David's precious experiments had suddenly exploded he would not have been half so startled.



"Why, what do you mean?" he asked.

"I think there is no need for words." Mrs. Carr had inadvertently draped the sheet over her left shoulder, thus conveying an idea of classic justice which was exceedingly comic. David felt an impulse toward convulsive mirth. But something in the grim eye of the statue steadied him.

"I came down," went on the statue, "intending to protect my boarders from possible extinction by lightning and I find——" a large and comprehensive gesture of her unencumbered arm seemed sufficient exposition of what Mrs. Carr had found. "I say nothing. It is not my place. But a week's notice, Miss Sims, will I think be sufficient."

At last the girl spoke. But her words seemed curiously to lack conviction. "I was frightened. I ran into Mr. Greig's room——"

"There were," interrupted Justice, "other rooms to run into."

This was so true that David found himself quite seeing the point of it.

"Yes, I know. But I thought that a man——"

"There is a man much nearer than Mr. Greig," said Justice. "A man old enough to spare you any embarrassment. Mr. Worsnop would have been delighted to have reassured you."

Never had David blushed as he blushed then.

"The blush of confusion well becomes you, young man!" said Mrs. Carr sternly.

"Oh but—but this is absurd!" stammered David. "Mrs. Carr, I assure you—if you had come into the hall a moment earlier——"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Carr. It was another word of the universal language.

David sought the girl's eyes for something like "oh", only more so.

"I am sure you can take our word," he began again with some dignity. "The explanation is very simple. Miss

Sims thought a burglar had entered at her window. That she was mistaken has nothing to do with the case. She had just at that moment run into my room, seeing my light and being too terrified to care where she went, and I was just running out——"

"Excuse me. You were not running out, Mr. Greig, you were peeking out."

"Well, naturally, to see if the coast were clear."

"Exactly."

"I wanted to catch the fellow, didn't I?" David was getting heated. "I had to surprise him!"

"You surprised me instead," said Mrs. Carr. "I ask you, Mr. Greig, not to consider me a fool." Then, softening a little at the look on the young man's ingenuous face, "I am not blaming you unduly. You may believe that what you say is correct. But I must insist that if Miss Sims were really alarmed by a supposed burglar the natural, the proper, thing for her to have done is sufficiently apparent."

"The natural thing!" cried David, now thoroughly confused and agitated. "But she *did* the natural thing!"

"Why?" The implacable question silenced him. He knew there must be a satisfactory answer, but for the life of him he couldn't think of it. His brain seemed unable to function. He looked at the girl with a wild trust in her woman's wit. "Tell her," he said, "tell her the reason!"

An instant change took place in the girl's averted face. The fright, real or feigned, died out of it. Suddenly she seemed mistress of herself and of the situation. "Shall I?" she murmured with delicate hesitation.

"Certainly," said David.

"Well, you see," Miss Sims smiled a soft smile right into Mrs. Carr's hard eyes, "it was quite natural for me to run to Mr. Greig the moment I was frightened, because I—we are engaged to be married!"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Carr.

(To be continued.)



# RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

THE ADMINISTRATION OF LAW IN CIVIL DISPUTES



I HAVE sometimes startled my friends in the legal profession, by the very advanced views I hold on this question. I had a case before me once, in which a woman had employed a lawyer to prosecute a civil case for her against a defendant. The case was decided in her favour for \$511.00 with costs. Her lawyer paid her some thirty odd dollars, and retained the balance. The woman applied to the Police Court for a summons against the lawyer for the theft of the money which he had retained. I tried the case, and found that the lawyer had made so many motions, and taken so many legal steps, that he had made up a bill of costs to cover all the money received except a very small balance. I found that although morally the woman had been done out of her money, legally the lawyer had a good defence. I made some caustic remarks on the method in which civil law was administered, and the members of the profession began writing letters to the Press, attacking my views, and *The Canada Law Journal* took up the defence of the Profession generally. I answered this in a letter to that journal dated November, 1900, most of which I reproduce:

I find in your issue of the 1st instant an article commenting on some remarks made by me in reference to our system of

administering law. I have taken no notice of one or two abusive letters from one or two lawyers, but when your Journal, the organ of the profession, has taken up the matter, I ask permission in your columns to correct some errors into which you have fallen, and to place my views clearly, so that there may be no misunderstanding. You say that I accused the Solicitor of misappropriating money; that I made wholesale charges of wrong-doing against the profession as a class, and that I charged it with being a degraded thing. In reply I say that I did not make charges against the profession, but against the system of the administration of civil justice. This system has been in use with constant attempts to amend it, for hundreds of years, so that the present members of the profession, only follow the practice and traditions of centuries. I hold that the system is wrong, and should be reformed. Slavery was a wrong, handed down for many generations, yet a man might have denounced the institution without being charged with reflecting upon the character of the slave-owners, who were born under it. Slavery has been reformed out of existence in all civilized countries, and when the public fully appreciate the wrong of the present method of administering law, a change may be made to remedy it, and this could be done without injustice to the present members of the profession. . . .

I will now state my views in reference to the administration of civil justice. The State has taken upon itself the duty of settling disputes between citizens. This is an absolute necessity, unless we relapse into barbarism, where no man would have any rights, unless he was able to defend them by force. The State having taken upon itself this duty, and having the power of organized government to enforce anything it undertakes, it follows that



the individual citizen is at the mercy of the system which the State devises, and is helpless in its hands. I hold therefore that when a man is a peaceable citizen, obeying the laws, paying his taxes, and conforming to the rules of organized society, he is entitled if he gets into any difficulty, or dispute with a neighbour, which they cannot settle between themselves, to be able to appeal to the State, to see that justice is done, and I feel that this duty should be performed by the State with the least delay, and the least possible expense to the individual.

Now what is the usual course under the present system? Two neighbours in a business transaction, have a dispute or a misunderstanding. It often happens that there is a good deal to be said on both sides. The differences however are irreconcilable, and the citizens have to appeal to the State to decide. One citizen goes to his lawyer, lays the whole case before him, naturally with his own colouring, and gets an opinion on the law. The Counsel knows well that no one can positively tell what the law is, but probably gives an opinion that his client has a good case, and one that is worth fighting in the Courts. A letter is written to the other side or a writ is served, and the defendant goes to his lawyer for advice. The lawyer hears the defendant's statement, looks up precedents and advises him to defend the case, although he also knows there is no certainty as to the law. The case is now fairly started and the costs begin to roll up. Motions of all kinds can be made—to set aside appearance—for security for costs,—for particulars of statement of claim or defence—to strike out statement of claim or defence—for better and further affidavit on production—to compel attendance of witnesses, and so on. Then the examination for discovery and other examinations, conducted at great length, and with tiresome reiteration and repetition; all taken down in shorthand, all extended in full, all rolling up heavy expense. Then after all these motions, and filing of affidavits, and examinations upon them, and attendances and drafts and engrossings, etc., the case at last comes before a jury. Technicalities of law are brought up and discussed and overruled and reserved. Then witnesses are examined again, and with the same reiteration and repetition, all again taken down in shorthand. Objections are raised to questions. These are also argued and the objection sustained or overruled, with points again reserved. These things all tend to confuse the minds of the jury, as to the real merits of the case, which are often to be found on both sides. Then follow long arguments of Counsel; then the Judge's charge, the reserving of more points with the result that the jury will probably give the ver-

diet one way, while the Judge has reserved law points, to settle whether the decision should not be given the other.

The case may then come up before the full Court, and the points of law (concerning which if the law is the great science our profession claim it to be there should be no question) have to be decided. Three Judges supposed to be experts, impartial, upright men, who have devoted their lives to the study of the law, sit for hours and listen to the same arguments, on the same evidence, with the same precedents quoted, under the same magnetic influence and ability of the Counsel on both sides, without the slightest reason apparent why they should differ, if there is anything in our boasted science of law, and at the end of it all, two of the Judges will decide one way, and one the other. Then an appeal is taken to the Court of Appeal. The same thing happens, only the Judges of this Court are supposed to be still more highly trained experts, and here also, two may decide one way and two the other, on exactly the same facts and arguments. Then follows an appeal to the Supreme Court, when the same old story is told, with the result possibly, that three will decide one way and two the other. Lastly comes the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and then a final decision is made one way or the other, but apt to be the nearest right, because they have no appeal above them, and do not trouble themselves nearly so much about precedents as about justice.

"Then what happens? One man wins and the other loses, neither being altogether in the right, neither altogether in the wrong; but one gets everything and the other loses everything, his own costs and his opponent's taxable costs, while the successful man is heavily punished in his Solicitor and client costs, and in the mental worry, loss of time, etc. The total costs in a case like this will probably amount to thousands of dollars, if not tens of thousands, and might have been as satisfactorily settled, without expense and with just as much certainty, if the parties had tossed a penny to decide it at the start. It must be remembered that a man once in the law cannot avoid this. If a poor man is fighting a rich one, or a rich Corporation, he must absolutely give up his right to have the case decided, or run the risk of ruin.

"It was against this system that I based my remarks, and expressed my hope that some day the people through their Parliament would be able to reform it. I think that the State should legislate so that the Judges should decide disputes quickly and simply without formalities, and without regard to anything, except the absolute justice in each case; that there should be only one appeal which should be final, that



musty precedents perhaps the mistakes of men gone by, should not be worshipped or followed to create injustice. If the State did this, did away with fees of every kind, and hired the lawyers at fixed salaries to assist the Judges, in bringing forward the evidence, there is no occasion why disputes could not be settled in one-tenth of the time and at one-twentieth the expense now incurred."

This letter was published in November, 1900, and now fully nineteen years have elapsed, and I still hold the views I then expressed.

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#### RICE, JONES, AND RUTLEDGE

ONE of the most tragic cases that we have had, was that of the burglary of the Standard Bank, Parkdale, and a double burglary at Aurora, for which three men named Rice, Rutledge, and Jones were arrested in Chicago, and extradited to be tried in Toronto. They were handed over to the Canadian authorities, on the 3rd April, 1901, and were tried for the Standard Bank burglary on the 23rd May when the jury disagreed.

On the 3rd June they were brought up for trial on the charge of committing the burglary at the Aurora Post Office. The next day they were taken from the Court to the jail, in an ordinary double cab. The prisoners were shackled together, Jones being in the centre, and they were put upon the back seat of the cab with two county constables, Boyd and Stuart sitting on the seat facing them. While driving through the streets, some man suddenly threw a parcel into the cab on the knees of the prisoners, the parcel contained two loaded revolvers which Rice and Rutledge seized, and at once presented at the two constables, telling them to hold up their hands. Stuart held his up, Boyd made some show of resistance, and was shot and killed instantly. The three men then jumped out of the cab and ran off as well as they could being shackled together. Constable Stuart followed and fired at them with his

revolver as they were running, and wounded Jones very seriously. The prisoners jumped upon the vestibule of a street car, which was passing, and attempted to take control of it. The motorman seized one of them, and one or two men standing in the front vestibule, helped him, and they with Constable Stuart succeeded in disarming Rice and Rutledge, Jones being helpless.

On the next day they were found guilty of the Aurora burglary. On the following day, the 6th, Jones died of his wounds in the jail. On the 7th June, Rice and Rutledge were sentenced to twenty-one years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary for the Aurora burglary, and were also charged with the murder of Constable Boyd. That same evening as the jail prisoners were being marched across the main hall of the jail, Rutledge suddenly broke from the ranks, and ran up the spiral stairway to the top, several storeys, and sprang over the railing and threw himself downwards upon the paved floor of the hall. He was instantly killed.

Rice was tried for the murder of Constable Boyd and was found guilty and was hanged on the 18th July, 1902. He belonged to a respectable family in Chicago, and was said to have had a university education, but had got into bad company. He was a young man. Constable Boyd who was murdered, was an old man of seventy but in good health and vigour. Three violent deaths in a few days, followed by an execution made a deep impression upon the community.

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#### IMPOSTORS

SINCE I can remember, the City of Toronto has been visited from time to time with impostors and adventurers who have flashed across the firmament like rockets, exploding and disappearing in the same way.

The most distinguished in his assumed rank was Prince Athrobald



Stuart de Modena, the same man who became notorious in England, by his relationship with the Countess Russell. He took rooms at the finest hotel in the city, became acquainted with a few people who entertained him, and introduced him to others, and for a time spent money freely and incurred debts still more freely, and before long came before me, and was sent to the Central Prison for some months for fraud. While he was there, a negro had been serving a term in the prison for theft, and when the official was giving him a suit of clothes to wear when being discharged, the negro said to him:

"Is it not extraordinary the number of prominent men dere happen to be in dis prison just at de present moment?"

"Why so?" he was asked.

"Why," he replied, "we have a prince, and we have a colonel," (in for a political offense) and look at me, I am de President of de Coloured Liberal Association of Chatham.

Some years ago, one of the Judges of our Court of Appeal, when coming home from a trip to England, accompanied by his wife, chanced to meet on the steamer, Colonel the Hon. H. Annesley (formerly commanding the 16th Lancers) who was accompanied by his wife. They were presentable people, and became quite friendly with the Judge. They told him that they were to pay a visit to Government House at Ottawa. When they were separating at the port of debarkation, the Judge and his wife invited them, if passing through Toronto, to pay them a visit. A short time after they arrived in Toronto, and were welcomed at the Judge's house. It soon became known that Hon. Col. Annesley and Mrs. Annesley were guests of the Judge, and his friends gave entertainments for them. The daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor suggested to her father, that it might be well to invite the Judge and his guests to dinner. This was done, and the Lieutenant-Governor took Mrs.

Annesley in to dinner. While at dinner she was telling the Governor of their mythical visit to the Governor-General's, when he told her that Capt. Chater, one of the aides de camp from Ottawa, was at the table, and he pointed him out to her. She calmly looked at him and said "he was not there when we were there". After dinner Capt. Chater and the Lieutenant-Governor's aide, went to the library and looking up the Peerage, and the Army list, discovered they were impostors. For the sake of the Judge and his wife, they decided not to speak of the matter till the morning.

As soon as the wife had an opportunity to speak to her husband, she evidently told him that the game was up, for in the carriage driving home, he told the Judge that he was very sorry but they would have to leave by the early train for the East. This they did, and about two hours later the Governor's aide called at the Judge's house, to tell him that he had been imposed upon. It was discovered afterwards that the man was the organist of a church in a small country town in Ontario and had come out to fill that position.

Another case somewhat similar occurred in this way. Capt. the Hon. Conyngham Denison, R.N., came over on a passenger ship to Boston. On arrival he received a cablegram recalling him at once to England. An impostor who travelled on the same ship had stolen from him a few pages of crested notepaper and envelopes, some marked handkerchiefs, etc., and knowing that Capt. Denison was returning at once to England, he assumed his name and rank, and came on to Montreal, and his arrival was announced in the papers and then he came to Toronto. He evidently heard that there was a family of Denisons, here, so he did not remain, but left for Buffalo within twenty-four hours. There he was made a good deal of and defrauded a number of people, and I think served a term in prison.



Another impostor named Signor Ramponi, also managed some years ago to get an introduction into some families in Toronto, and was invited to entertainments. He was in the habit of searching the dressing-rooms when the houses were thrown open for dances, and stole a quantity of jewelry. The police heard of it and having a suspicion of Ramponi arrested him suddenly, and found some of the stolen articles in his possession. He was tried before me and I sent him to the Central Prison for three months.

I received the following letter from a cunning Chinaman, giving a false English name :

City Dec'r 5th 1913.

Dear Sir

Quen Yee Co.

99 Queen Street West City.

The store deal on Sunday forenoon, and keep gamble down cellar every Sunday and night. Mr. Ing Hong gambler keeper and take commission.

Next Sunday from 4 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. tell 5 detective go catch gamble and Sunday deal sell wine. Make him do not against law please.

Yours truly

Geo. Wilson.

Please do not tell other body may be other body let he know.

This was evidently the result of a bitter feud between Chinamen. This assuming of an English name was another instance of the guile of the Heathen Chinees.

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#### DR. TUMBLETY

IN JUNE, 1859, I was at the Carlton Racecourse, then situated on Keele Street, and was riding home after the races along Dundas Street, when a man rode up behind me, and opened up a conversation—I turned to look at him, and he was certainly a man to attract attention—He was flashily dressed in a black velvet coat with side pockets, a showy waistcoat and a black velvet cap. He wore a large gaily-coloured silk necktie. He had a fine horse and his saddle and equip-

ments were good. His seat, however, was remarkable. His stirrups were too long, and his legs which were also long were stretched straight out in front. His toes were pointed outwards at an angle of forty-five degrees from the horse's sides, reminding one of the remark of a cavalry riding master, in one of *Punch's* cartoons, yelling to a raw recruit: "There ye go agin, a sticking yer toes hout like a hinfantry hajutant".

He was very communicative, making complimentary references to my horse. He told me he was Dr. Tumblety, the celebrated Indian Herb Doctor, and said that the day before, he had driven his horse and buggy to Becket's, on King Street, then the principal drug shop in the city, and had gone in to order some medicine, leaving his horse untied. The horse ran away down east on King Street, ran into other vehicles, and smashed the buggy. The Doctor was summoned before the Police Court, and was fined for leaving his horse untied. From his demeanour as he told the story, I was satisfied he had planned the incident purposely in order to attract attention, and to advertise himself. I looked up the report in the newspapers, and found he had stated accurately what had happened.

I was at first surprised at his addressing me, and accompanying me, but I was young, not yet twenty, and I was riding my father's charger, which was one of the finest saddle horses I have ever seen. It had taken a prize at the Exhibition, and the late T. C. Patteson, one of the best judges of horses in the country, often told me years after, that the horse I used to ride in my youth, was the finest he had seen in Canada.

Dr. Tumblety was desirous of advertising himself, and was willing to speak to any one, and made use of my horse, as a subject on which to open the conversation.

Not long afterwards I heard that Dr. Tumblety had been tried for practising medicine without being qualified. He was tried at the Assizes,



and sentenced to pay a fine of two hundred dollars. He walked up to the Clerk's seat in front of the Judge, and taking out a great roll of bills from his pocket, he flung it in front of the Clerk saying: "There! take your change out of that".

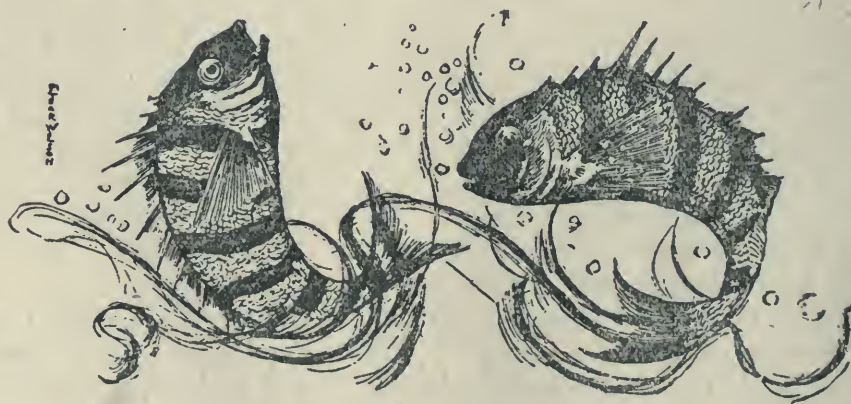
He went to Montreal after a time and played another of his pranks to get talked about. He went into the principal drug shop, on the main business street in Montreal, and bought some article, and then, putting his hand into his pocket to get money to pay for it, he pulled out a handful of coins, gold coins, and half dollars, and quarters and small silver. Looking at his hand full of this mixed money, he said loudly, so that all the people in the shop might hear him. "How did I ever get that trash in my pocket?" He picked the gold out in one hand and walked to the door and threw the handful of silver out the door, and across the sidewalk on to the roadway, where there was soon a scramble for it.

I always afterwards took an interest in news of him, as he was occasionally referred to in the Press. The Civil War in the States broke out

shortly afterwards, and during the tremendous struggle I saw Dr. Tumblety's name mentioned in the newspapers, showing that he was doing something on the Northern side in Washington.

The greatest triumph in his special line occurred in 1865. On the 14th of April of that year, the whole world was shocked at the news of the assassination of President Lincoln, and for some days the confusion and excitement was intense. The next day the authorities discovered that Dr. Tumblety had suddenly disappeared with great secrecy from Washington, carefully covering his tracks. For a couple of days, the wires in every direction were buzzing. Rumours came from various places that he had been seen, but after two or three days, he was captured in some place in Missouri, while he was still apparently struggling to escape. He was brought under guard to Washington, and held in custody for a time. Within a week it was announced that Dr. Tumblety was discharged, because it was discovered that his pretended flight was just another scheme to advertise himself.

(To be continued)





# FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

## I

THE federal bye-elections indicate a condition of unrest throughout the Dominion as acute as that which produced the political revolution in Ontario. In Victoria alone is there any comfort for the Union Government. It is true that Sir Henry Drayton, who succeeds Sir Thomas White as Minister of Finance, was elected by acclamation in Kingston but he was not opposed. It is suspected that there was an understanding that Mr. King, leader of the Liberal party, should be elected by acclamation in Prince, P.E.I., on condition that Sir Henry was not subjected to a contest in Kingston. This was a natural and rational agreement since both sooner or later would have got seats somewhere.

Significant  
bye-elections

In Assiniboia Hon. W. R. Motherwell, a former member of the Liberal Government of Saskatchewan, was overwhelmingly beaten by Mr. Gould, the candidate of the organized Grain Growers. No Unionist candidate appeared, and it is significant that the Liberals sought to establish an understanding between Mr. Gould and the Ottawa Government. It is certain that a Unionist candidate would have done no better than Mr. Motherwell who, failing to poll one-third of the total vote cast lost his deposit of \$200. In Glengarry the candidate of the farmers beat a Unionist by 1,900 while in Carleton, New Brunswick, which was represented by Hon. Frank Carvell, a member of the Union Government until he was appointed Chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission, a farmer, repudiating any connection with either of the old parties, was returned by 3,540 majority. In North Ontario a farmer candidate triumphed. In Assiniboia the Liberal candidate, who lost his deposit, was supported on the platform by Hon. Walter Scott, former Liberal Premier of Saskatchewan, and by leading members of the Liberal opposition in the House of Commons. The constituency, moreover, was one of the old Liberal strongholds of Saskatchewan. In Carleton, N.B., Hon. Arthur Meighen, Minister of the Interior, Hon. G. D. Robertson, Minister of Labour, and Hon. P. E. Blondin, Postmaster-General, held meetings for the Unionist candidate who also lost his deposit.

There was no doubt of the result in Quebec East after Mr. Ernest Lapointe became the Liberal candidate. Although only half the electors cast their ballots his majority was 4,000. He resigned his seat for Kamouraska and appeared in Quebec

East in order to unite local factions which could not agree on a local candidate, but also and chiefly to drive Mr. Armand Lavergne, one of the leaders of the Nationalists, out of the field. Mr. Lavergne had not actually agreed to be a candidate but it is believed that he would have contested the constituency and probably would have been elected if Mr. Lapointe had not intervened. The French Liberal group in Parliament were determined that Laurier's old seat should not be captured by a Nationalist. They remember the inflammatory Nationalist appeal against the Laurier Naval Policy and the long and bitter pursuit of the old leader by Mr. Bourassa and his associates.

**Bourassa  
Losing in  
Quebec**

Steadily Mr. Bourassa loses authority in Quebec. His health is not good, he has had sickness and death in his household, and it is said that he has become a religious ascetic. For years an extreme Ultramontane in religious opinion his mind turns more and more from this world to the world beyond. If he had pursued a different course he probably would have succeeded Sir Wilfrid Laurier as leader of the Liberal party, for there was a time when few men had such a position in Parliament. As a speaker in French or English he had hardly an equal, while his personal integrity never was impugned. But he became an extreme Provincialist, invincibly hostile to all movements toward Imperial unity, and a busy fomenter of misunderstanding between Canada and the Mother Country. Lavergne was his most active and effective ally, and for a time they challenged even Laurier's ascendancy in Quebec. But Nationalism seems to be a spent force in the French Province, and whatever may be the future attitude of French Liberals towards Imperial proposals they will co-operate with the Liberals of other Provinces, and, subject to their conception of the rightful position of Canada in the Empire, loyally maintain the connection with the Mother Country. Mr. Lapointe, who succeeds Laurier in the representation of Quebec East, also becomes the recognized leader of Quebec Liberals. Young, ardent, eloquent and courageous, he has achieved great distinction in Parliament, and there is a happy prospect that he will succeed also to the regard and respect which Laurier enjoyed in the English Provinces. Even among Unionists there is a feeling of satisfaction over his decisive victory in Quebec East and the final blow Nationalism has sustained in the French Province.

But the bye-elections suggest other and momentous considerations. There are a dozen Western Unionists in Parliament who are in general sympathy with the political programme of the Grain Growers. It was expected that they would support the Union Government until conditions in the country were more settled, until the soldiers were re-established and until a definite fiscal policy could be formulated. But the triumph of the United Farmers in Ontario and the victories in Saskatchewan and New Brunswick disturb these Western Unionists. They may feel that further adhesion to the Ottawa Government will hopelessly prejudice their chances of re-election and that they must rid themselves of any sus-



picion of an alliance with Eastern protectionists. It looks at the moment as though the organized farmers would carry many of the federal constituencies in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Possibly they may attack the Provincial Governments in the three Prairie Provinces. For the farmers are definitely and resolutely in politics and determined to have no connection with either of the old parties. It looks also as though they would take not a few constituencies in Ontario and make some considerable impression in the Atlantic Provinces. In Quebec the Liberal party holds and doubtless will maintain the advantage but nowhere except perhaps in British Columbia is the immediate outlook very favourable to the Unionists. There may yet be a strong rally upon the fiscal and industrial issue, but Labour probably will carry a score or more of the industrial constituencies and if the farmers and Labour can unite in the Dominion as they are uniting in Ontario it is doubtful if any single party will control the next Canadian Parliament. Among Unionists there is great lack of cohesion while Sir Robert Borden's long absences from the country and subsequent illness have greatly affected the whole political situation in Canada. The impending resignation of Sir Robert further obscures and complicates the outlook.

## II

**T**HERE has been general comment on the fact that the first woman to be elected to the British House of Commons is an American. Another fact as remarkable has been overlooked. The woman is also a peeress. Moreover, the peeress was opposed by Labour and Liberal candidates. The fact that Lady Astor had a title apparently was not a disadvantage in the contest. No one seemed to feel that "democracy" was threatened or that a "class" would triumph in Lady Astor's return. The people elected the woman, not the peeress, and seemingly never imagined that she was in any way disqualified to represent "the people". It is easy to understand why Lord Astor was reluctant to go to the House of Lords. The upper chamber at best is a minor legislative body, with powers actually far more restricted than those of the Commons. That is one reason why such men as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Lloyd George do not accept peerages. They would have to leave the House of Commons, where the business of the nation is actually transacted and enter a chamber which at most revises and amends legislation, and not always to the general advantage. It is true that many British political leaders do not accept titles, but Mr. Lloyd George, with all his professional radicalism, probably has conferred more titles, in proportion to his time in office, than any other premier in British history.

A Peeress in  
the Commons

## III

**T**HE annual municipal elections afford curious revelations of the working of democratic institutions. A good deal of the campaign talking and writing suggests that every candidate has some secret alliance with "the interests" or is actuated by some evil ambition to betray or plunder the

The Municipal  
Elections

public. In actual experience few of these charges are ever established, and yet in the fever of conflict they are believed by multitudes of people who in their private and business relations would never be seriously affected by blather and rubbish. It has been suggested that two or three weeks before polling in each year generous extracts from the speeches and newspaper articles of the previous contest should be republished and widely circulated among the voters as samples of what should not be believed and as affording a valuable contrast between what was predicted and what actually happened.

One would think sometimes that half the people were organized to destroy the Hydro-Electric System and that a profession of devotion to "Hydro" was the only qualification necessary for public service. As a matter of fact there is no serious movement against "Hydro" nor any real division of opinion over the value of the service to Ontario. Moreover the credit of the Province and of the municipalities is so deeply involved in the system that no Government would venture to embarrass its operations or to deny necessary support for its maintenance and extension. There may be differences of opinion over individual radial projects, and it surely would be unwise to duplicate radial roads as steam roads have been duplicated all over the continent. On the other hand there is no doubt that radials create new traffic and that a radial may be justified where another steam railway would be indefensible. It is natural that the municipalities should be jealous of any invasion of "Hydro" territory and should desire to protect its revenues against private competition. A great co-operative undertaking, its success is vital to the municipalities and to the industries of the Province. But in a free country a public-owned enterprise should be as open to frank and legitimate criticism as any private undertaking.

**Public Owner-  
ship and  
Criticism**

There should indeed be complete freedom to criticize all public-owned services. A municipal abattoir should not be supported out of the general taxes. Nor should a street railway, a waterworks service or a lighting service. Public ownership can be justified only by results. Where the results are not satisfactory criticism is legitimate and necessary. It is not fair to contend that such criticism is necessarily an attack on the principle of public ownership, nor is it even true that devotion to the principle is the only test of good citizenship. If we are to get the best results from public ownership a vigilant public opinion must be maintained and every detail of policy and management must be open to the fearless scrutiny of the press and the public.

**Should be  
Women in  
Council**

Unquestionably Labour should have direct representation in municipal councils. There should also be women in the councils and on the school boards. It is just as desirable that the financial, manufacturing and commercial interests should have representation in municipal bodies. Success in business is not necessarily evidence of unfitness for public service. A banker may be a good citizen. A capitalist may have private virtue and public spirit. But too often a man who has been successful in his own affairs is made an object of suspicion if



he appears as a candidate for public office. Somehow or other the impression is created that because he has succeeded he has betrayed "democracy".

There could be closer co-operation, too, among municipal councils and Boards of Trade and other voluntary associations. Too often, however, such bodies adopt an unsympathetic attitude towards the elected representatives of the people. They are more willing to coerce than to co-operate. If they were as wise as they should be they would recognize the legitimate authority of those who have been chosen by the ratepayers to govern the municipality and would act with and through them instead of against them. The City Hall should be the centre of all civic activities, and a primary object of voluntary associations should be co-operation with elected councils rather than coercion and dictation. There is too much contempt for municipal councils often displayed by men who make no sacrifices for the public and neglect the elementary duties of citizenship. We all took our share of the load during the war and accomplished results which gave Canada peculiar honour among the nations. Why should we not have a like union of all classes and interests in time of peace for the municipality, the Province and the Dominion.

#### IV

**I**T is a curious contention that the organization of the Farmers as a political party and the advent of the Independent Labour party has abolished political partisanship in Ontario. *The Farmers' Sun* is as devoted to the programme of the United Farmers as was ever any Liberal or Conservative organ to the platforms of the old parties. *The Industrial Banner* is as faithful to the interests of the Independent Labour party, and like *The Farmers' Sun*, is as downright and severe in criticism of opponents as was ever any of the Liberal or Conservative newspapers. Although he had long been an active and influential leader of organized Labour, Mr. Robbins was opposed in Riverdale by a Labour candidate because he accepted the nomination of a Conservative convention. The United Farmers would have no fellowship with any farmer, however representative of his class, if he appeared as the candidate of the Liberal or Conservative parties. Indeed, anyone elected as a representative of the United Farmers is subject to discipline and recall if he ventures to disagree with the governing body of the organization. No more absolute tests of obedience have ever been imposed upon candidates of the old parties, and it is true that new parties are not distinguished for excessive tolerance. Whatever, therefore, may be the achievements of the Farmer-Labour party in administration and legislation it is idle to pretend that partisanship has been abolished. We may have new phases of partisanship but they are as rigid, as inveterate and as human as the old.

Generally, however, the utterances of the new Provincial ministers have been moderate and liberal. There have been

Tests of  
Partisanship

no evidences of hostility to the urban communities or of any disposition to embark upon revolutionary courses. The ministers, too, must soon become convinced that nothing is more absurd than the notion that farmers are objects of suspicion and contempt in the cities. It is clear that the common desire of city people is that Mr. Drury and his ministers shall not be subjected to unsympathetic and factious criticism, that their motives shall not be misinterpreted, and that they shall be treated with all the consideration and respect which men chosen by the people for responsible public duties have the right to demand. Indeed there are evidences of a common feeling that because the ministers are farmers and workers and because they have no experience in office they have a special title to sympathy and support. They are not asking for consideration, but they must be conscious that they are regarded with good-will rather than with suspicion and distrust. They will be judged ultimately by the character of their legislation and administration and will be neither praised nor blamed because they represent agriculture and organized Labour. In the meantime the pretence that political partisanship has been abolished will be regarded with an amiable and tolerant but very positive scepticism.

## V

#### Better Housing in Ontario

**R**EMARKABLE building activity is reported under the Ontario Housing Act. In all ninety-one municipalities are using the credits provided by the federal and Provincial Governments. For Windsor the appropriation is \$1,000,000, for Ottawa \$750,000, for Fort William \$250,000, for Saulte Ste. Marie \$200,000, for Galt \$200,000, for Brantford \$250,000, for Hamilton \$500,000, for Guelph \$250,000, for London \$400,000, for Welland \$250,000, for Oshawa \$600,000, for Trenton, \$200,000, for Stratford \$250,000, for Walkerville \$250,000, for Mimico \$200,000, for New Toronto \$200,000, and for York \$500,000. Twelve townships have also secured appropriations and applications from other townships are under consideration. Toronto under a special Act has also spent \$800,000 in the construction of inexpensive houses.

More than sixty municipalities are actually building houses, a few have been completed and 1,300 are under construction. For these the loans will amount to \$4,600,000. In the spring at least 5,000 more houses will be under construction and it is estimated that by the end of 1920 not less than \$20,000,000 instead of the \$10,000,000 provided will be required by the municipalities. The houses are attractive and convenient and the monthly repayments—\$20 a month for twenty years to pay the principal and interest on a \$3,000 dwelling—are hardly equal to the rents which are now charged for the same class of houses. All the plans have been approved by the Housing branch of the Bureau of Municipal Affairs, under Mr. J. A. Ellis, and it is understood that no friction has developed between the Provincial Department and the municipalities. It seems to be also true that private builders and architects are co-operating heartily with the Municipal Housing Commissions.



# THE BLUE LAWS OF NOVA SCOTIA

SOME CURIOUS OLD STATUTES OF THE ASSEMBLY OF NOVA SCOTIA

BY R. F. DIXON

**I** HAVE been making some researches of late in in a very rare and interesting volume, now the property of Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S., and included in the valuable library purchased by that Institution from Col. Plimsol Edwards, of Halifax, which contains a list of Acts passed by the Assembly of the Province of Nova Scotia from its first session in 1758 to the year 1775, just previous to the formal secession of the American Colonies. The Legislature of Nova Scotia has the distinction of being, if I am not mistaken, the oldest colonial House of Parliament in the Empire, as constituted to-day and antedates that of Ontario by exactly forty years. It is furthermore the only surviving pre-Revolutionary British Legislature on the Continent.

The volume in question like the majority of the books of those now remote days, elaborately and almost artistically gotten up, and a most creditable specimen of printer's work, is "dedicated" to "The Right Honourable Lord William Campbell, Capt. General and Governor-in-Chief in and over His Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia and the territories thereon depending", by his "Most devoted, most obedient servant, Jonathan Belcher", the first and well-remembered Chief Justice of Nova Scotia.

With a laudable desire to put itself on record in the matter of religion,

and especially to clear itself of any possible imputation of favouring "Popery", then rampant in the neighbouring French Provinces of Cape Breton and Quebec, the Legislature proceeds at a very early date to pass "An Act for the establishment of Religious Public Worship in the Province and for the suppressing of Popery", with the following preamble, "Forasmuch as His Majesty, on the settlement of the Province was pleased in his pious concern for the advancement of God's glory, and the more decent celebration of the divine ordinances amongst us, to erect a Church according to the usage of the Church of England, in humble imitation of his Royal Example, and for the most effectual attainment of His Majesty's pious intentions, we enact that the sacred rules and ceremonies of Divine Worship according to the liturgy of the Church established by the laws of England, shall be deemed the fixed form of worship amongst us". The second section of the Act grants full toleration to all dissenters. In the third it is enacted that "Every Popish person exercising any ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and every Popish Priest or Person exercising the function of a Popish Priest, shall depart out of the Province on or before the 25th day of March, 1759. And if any such person or persons shall be found in this Province, after the said day, he or they shall on conviction be adjudged to suffer perpetual im-



prisonment, and if any such person or persons shall escape out of prison, he or they shall be adjudged to be guilty of felony without benefit of clergy."

The late Bishop Courtney used to say that this Act, so far as the Anglican Church was concerned, has never been repealed. Later on, after the American Revolution, and the appointment of Bishop Inglis, and the establishment of a number of parishes in various parts of the Province, the Bishop became a member of the Legislative Council ex-officio, and considerable land grants were made to the new parishes, some of which they still hold. The Bishop ceased to be a member of the Council about the middle of last century, on the death of Bishop John Inglis, son of the first bishop. This, at the time, was, I suppose, considered tantamount to disestablishment.

The section regarding Roman Catholics, as far as I can ascertain, remained a dead letter. Somewhere in the twenties, a Mr. Cavanagh, a Roman Catholic, was elected to the Assembly from Cape Breton, and was by connivance allowed to take his seat, on the advice, I believe, of the Home Government. I am not sure whether or not the clause has been formally repealed.

It was enacted in the same year (1758) "that every person which hath once been admitted to benefit of clergy, being afterwards arraigned, shall not be admitted to Benefit of Clergy, and that every person convicted of manslaughter shall be burnt with an M on the brawn of his left thumb—these marks shall be made by the gaoler in open court".

In the same year "Papists" were forbidden to hold any land in the Province, other than by direct grant from the Crown. In an Act for the Better Observance of the Lord's Day it is provided "that if any Person or Persons whatsoever of the age of twelve years or upwards, being able of body and not otherwise necessarily

prevented by sickness or other unavoidable necessity, shall for the space of three months together absent himself or herself from Publick Worship of the Lord's Day, he shall be subject to a fine (that is to say) for every head of a family ten shillings, and for every child or servant four shillings, to be recovered upon complaint before any of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace".

In 1761 an Act prohibiting the exportation "of all raw hides, sheep and calf skins except to Great Britain" was passed. This Act was repealed some years later.

In the same year wilful desertion and failure of support for three years, besides the usual other causes, were made grounds for divorce. This Act was disallowed by the English authorities as being contrary to English law.

In the following year all retailers of liquor are forbidden to "suffer or harbour apprentices, bound servants or negro slaves to sit drinking in their houses—without a special order from their masters or mistresses". These "bound servants", it is likely, were of the same class as the transported convicts, who were sent over to Virginia in pre-Revolutionary days from Great Britain, and sold for a term of years to the planters. It would be interesting to know to what extent this practice prevailed in Nova Scotia. Negro slavery was, it is known, widely prevalent. In the same year (1760), the Province contracted its first public debt of £4,500.

About the same time was passed an Act to prevent fraudulent dealings with the Indians, and empowering the Governor and Lieut.-Governor upon complaint of the Indians, to proceed against persons defrauding the Indians of their "furs and other merchandize". The same year saw the prohibition of the manufacture of "Squibs, Rockets, Serpents and other fireworks and the firing of them on any road, public street, or passage of water—the Governor and Lieut.-Gov-



ernor and commander of his Majesty's troops being excepted".

In 1766 All persons were forbidden to leave the Province without a pass, and an Act was passed against "Forstallers and Regrators". A forstaller was one who bought any goods in transit to a public market with intent to resell at a profit; a Regrator, one who bought in market with the same object. An important Act "Concerning Schools and Schoolmasters" was passed in this same year in the following terms: "No person shall set up or keep a Grammar School within the Province, till he shall be examined by the Minister of the town, or where no Minister is settled, such examination shall be conducted by two Justices of the Peace, together with a certificate of good morals from at least six residents." The Act provides further on that "if any Popish Recusant, Papist or Person professing the Roman Religion, shall be so presumptuous as to set up any school within this Province, such offender shall suffer three months imprisonment without Bail or Mainprize, and shall pay a fine to the King of Ten Pounds". Provision is also made for the setting apart in each township of 400 acres for the support of a school. The scholastic qualifications of the prospective schoolmaster, as will be noted, are not even hinted at. Apparently all that was needed was a decently well conducted man, of good average physique, who, as our grandparents used to say, could "cypher" and write a legible hand, and keep the fretful brats in awe. Those were primitive days, no doubt, but I have my own recollections of almost equally easy going times in England, and to a certain extent in Canada, when the general impression seemed to prevail that schoolmastering required no special qualifications, and was "anybody's job". The man who could do nothing else was generally put at it, and judging from the salaries of many of our teachers down here, I am not quite sure that his idea has died out.

For many years a great part of public education in Nova Scotia was carried on by the Anglican "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts", at a very large cost, some of which I have been led to understand, was supplied by the Provincial Government, and the rest was raised by subscription in England.

In 1774 an Act was passed for "punishing Rogues and Vagabonds and other disorderly Persons—who run away or threaten to run away and leave their wives and children upon any Township and all persons who unlawfully return to such Township or Place, from which they have been legally removed by order of two Justices of the Peace, and all Persons, who not having wherewithal to maintain them live idle, and refuse to work for the usual wage".

In the following year, (1775) with which the volume ends, the passing of only one Act is recorded. The storm clouds presaging the coming conflict between Britain and her colonies, were looming thick and black and had all but reached the breaking point. Already ominous unrest was manifesting itself in the Province, which was shortly to culminate in Eddy's expedition against Fort Cumberland, the old Beausejour of the French. Throughout the counties of Cumberland, Hants and Annapolis, almost entirely settled by immigrants from the provinces to the south, disaffection was rife, and sympathy with the cause of the American "rebels" was everywhere openly expressed. Montgomery's expedition for the capture of Quebec was already under way, and must have been generally known in Nova Scotia. The Micmac Indians also, still strongly under French influence, and numbering several hundred fighting men, stirred up by emissaries from the "Continental Congress" were massing at Miramichi, and other points and threatening the settlements. At this critical and fateful juncture the Legislature seems to have



met and passed the following Act, and then to have immediately adjourned to enable its members to take an active part in the defence of the Province, against the expected attacks from New England, which materialized later on: "An Act for the ready Admission of such of His Majesty's subjects in the Colonies on this Continent who may be induced to take refuge in this Province, from the Anarchy and Confusion there, and for securing the Peace and preserving the Loyalty and obedience of the inhabitants of this Province.

"Whereas there is at this time a most daring and unnatural Rebellion subsisting in the neighbouring Provinces, against His Most Sacred Majesty and his Government, and as many of His Majesty's subjects of dutiful and loyal Deportment, desirous of removing from such confusion and unnatural Rebellion are seeking an Asylum in this Province, be it enacted (1) All persons above the age of sixteen coming into this Province, with intent to dwell therein must take the Oath of Allegiance. (2) All persons taking such an Oath shall be esteemed and reputed to be an inhabitant of the Province, and entitled to all the rights and privileges and immunities thereof—And whereas many evil designing persons have, and may hereafter come into this Province with an intent to corrupt the minds of His Majesty's subjects, be it enacted that any person coming now from the Provinces, now in Rebellion, against His Majesty's Government, shall be tendered the Oath of Allegiance, and on his refusal be forced to find bail for his good behaviour by two householders, and any person living in the Province holding traitorous correspondence with any persons in the aforesaid Colonies, now associated in arms against His Majesty's Government shall suffer such Pains and Penalties as in such cases are provided."

A considerable number of loyally disposed people, I believe, accepted this invitation, and left the American colonies before the Declaration of In-

dependence, or in the early stages of the War. Among those who settled in Nova Scotia under the terms of this Act, was General Timothy Ruggles, a Brigadier, in the French Wars, the ancestor of a number of Nova Scotians of that name. General Ruggles, it is said, was approached by the Revolutionists, with the object of persuading him to become Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. But he pleaded his age, and his unwillingness to fight on either side.

The Acts recorded in this volume are, of course, those specially relating to Nova Scotia. A large number of English Statutes seem to have been enacted en bloc, and wherever a local statute has been found to conflict with the law of England it appears to have been disallowed.

It would be an interesting, but I fear a somewhat laborious, undertaking to ascertain how many of these early or obsolete or lapsed statutes are still unrepealed, or abrogated by subsequent legislation. If unrepealed they are still in force in Nova Scotia, and can at any time be invoked by anyone sufficiently determined, or unscrupulous or regardless of public opinion, as was done by a man in England in my own father's time, who when sued for his tailor's bill, appealed to an obsolete but unrepealed statute of Henry VIII, making it illegal for any one under the rank of a nobleman to expend more than a very modest specified sum on his apparel, and although the Act was repealed at the next meeting of Parliament, he won his case. These remarks I hasten to assure my readers are as Artemus Ward would say, "made promiscuous", and do not forshadow any project on my part for getting even with my recalcitrant parishioners, although it is only fair to state that I have every reason to believe, that the "Act for the better observance of the Lord's Day", with its clause fining all habitual absentees from church ten shillings a quarter, being unrepealed, is still in force in Nova Scotia. We are certainly a religious people down here.



# SIR JOHN WILLISON'S REMINISCENCES

BY MARJORIE MacMURCHY



SIR JOHN WILLISON'S *Reminiscences* deal with the inner spirit of public life. They are a text of "government for the people by the people".

Perhaps never at any other time have so many people been anxious to understand Canadian parliaments, or to learn how public opinion and legislation can be made to serve sane and useful purposes. Those who wish to equip themselves for such intelligent political action are not likely to find a better guide than the present volume.

To the critic of Canadian letters, however, the book's special charm is because of the tradition in our literature which it carries on and amplifies. For a comparison, the reader turns back to the work of Haliburton. He will not find a resemblance in style or subject. But there is a resemblance in fabric. Those who know Canadian books, few though they may be, do not need to argue about the nationality of this country, whether it does or does not exist. Nothing except nationality can explain the writings of Haliburton or account for the circumstance that songs of Canada were written before Confederation. It is possible that the ploughing of war over the fields of national spirit may have brought up some essence from deeper down which belongs to union between a country and its people. However that may be, while Sir John Willison's *Reminiscences* should be re-

viewed by authorities as a contribution to Canadian political history, the follower of letters will believe that the most lasting claim of the book is as literature, judging by the test of Arnold, for it is a criticism of life.

The reader, therefore, will notice first that everything about the book is natural and unaffected. It is not meagre in subject or dressed in borrowed clothes. The subject for a book which is more native than any other to the Canadian is politics. Politics, humour, and the art of living here, in this country, are root, stem, leaf and fruit of Sir John Willison's narrative. It seems probable that both the author of this book and Haliburton would be shocked if they were accused of any intention of writing literature, of getting down to the heart of Canadian character, or of writing a criticism of Canadian life. Men who take an interest in politics as a matter of reasoned judgment do not compare in ardour with the natural born political genius, and writers who think it pleasing and advantageous to compose are different mortals from those who might like to stop writing at times if they could. The works of Haliburton were produced because he could not help being their author. In the same way, these *Reminiscences* are the outcome of a genius for politics, which is a national characteristic, and of endowment as a writer, in this instance an individual gift. Writing with natural ability on a subject which is

more absorbing to the people of a country practically than any other would seem to be the inevitable way to make a contribution to national literature. In the case of this book, it is an inevitable way.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, in one of his tales, describes the situation of four people desirous of regaining their youth who are offered a draught from the miraculous fountain of Ponce de Leon. There are citizens of Canada who continually bewail the poverty of intellectual and artistic life in this country. Here is no home for art or the amenities of intercourse, they would have us believe. For such unbelievers one would advise an open-minded reading of this book. The art of living, like the fountain of life, is found here a little and there a little, drop by drop. Those never discover artistic opportunities or the genius of social intercourse who have them not in themselves. It is precisely because\* Sir John Willison's *Reminiscences* contain so much of this elixir of life—the art of living—that the book is to be valued most. As an example of this value given to mortal beings, one would instance the first chapter, with its description of the awakening to the landscape of Ontario, and the thrilling approach to the political pageant which has never lost its powerful attraction. No novelist could wish a finer theme. And novel-

ists should note the writer's deep interest in character, well-repaid by the varied, enthralling, provocative personalities depicted by his just and kindly pen. After reading such chapters it would be absurd to say that Canadian life is not rich enough to justify disciples of literature and art. Politics and political life in Canada have been handled so finely here that following writers must benefit.

Finally, the best of the art of how to live is in the author's attitude to other men and their work. To find his way to truth in contemporary history, and to do justice and a little more to men of different shades of political opinion, are not only the effort but the success of his book. He rejoices in actions which result from talent, genius and uprightness. It would be hard to find a better example of the treatment of what may be called romance in character than Sir John Willison's chapter on Edward Blake and Sir John Thompson. Here, the reader is made to feel, were depths that had not been exhausted, a force of character which had not been brought into full play. One of the merits of the narrative is its ample and generous spirit. To give just praise to others has unfailing pleasure for Sir John Willison. These *Reminiscences* will convince his audience that they should be given by him other books of the same quality.

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\**Reminiscences, Political and Personal*, by Sir John Willison, Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.







A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

## AN EDUCATIONAL MEMORIAL FUND

**D**URING the month of December an unusual and inspiring campaign was carried on throughout the Dominion, in behalf of the Memorial Fund of the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire. The object is to raise half-a-million dollars, which will be used for educational projects of a thoroughly practical nature.

The word, "Imperialism" has so often been applied to what is objectionable to those who think democratically, that it may not be out of place to state that the ideal of the members of this Order is one of service, in recognition of our great responsibility. The vastness and complexity of the British Empire do not arouse in any thoughtful citizen the desire to boast or to vaunt our extent of territory or the wealth of our resources. The effect of a close regard of the Imperial relationship is rather to deepen a sense of responsibility and arouse a spirit of helpfulness in the work of reconstruction that must follow such a convulsion as the Great War.

The War Memorial Scheme, as determined by the members of the I. O. D. E., at the annual meeting

keeping with this true Imperialism in Montreal, June, 1919, is one which is ever constructive, and looking to future needs, while not forgetful of the lessons of past achievements. This Memorial Fund is to be expended:

(a) To found scholarships of sufficient value to provide a university education or its recognized equivalent, available for and limited to the sons and daughters of—(1) the soldier or sailor or member of the Canadian forces killed in action, or who died from wounds, or by reason of the war prior to the declaration of peace; (2) the permanently disabled soldier or sailor; (3) the soldier or sailor, who, by reason of injuries received in service overseas, dies after the declaration of peace. In those provinces where other organizations or institutions have made similar provision, scholarships will not be given.

(b) Post graduate scholarships, according to the plan proposed for Saskatchewan, but from a National Fund to be distributed among the Provinces.

(c) A Travelling Fellowship, to be competed for by the I. O. D. E. and provincial scholars.

(d) A lecture foundation in Canada for the teaching of Imperial history.

(e) To place in schools, selected



Mrs. John Bruce,  
President, Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire

by the Department of Education of each province, some of the reproductions of the series of Canadian War Memorial pictures, painted for the Dominion Government by leading artists of the Empire and placed permanently in Ottawa.

(f) To promote courses of illustrated lectures, free to the children of Canada, on the history and geography of the Empire.

(g) To place, within the next five years, in every school in Canada, where there are children of foreign-born parents in attendance, a Daughters of the Empire historical library.

Canadians who have lived in the

older and more settled corners of the Dominion hardly realize how large was the influx of newcomers in the sixteen years following 1898. Most of these immigrants came from other than British countries. There are eighty-five languages and dialects and fifty-three nationalities in our young Dominion and it is plain duty—the initiation of the newcomer into our customs, to say nothing of instruction in our laws and the making of patriotic and loyal citizens. We have thought that our cousins to the South went too far in their teaching of the flag salute and the matter of American citizenship. Now that the melting-pot in Canada is fairly



seething with strange ingredients, we realize that the educational authorities in the United States were quite right in making the primer of the new citizenship as direct and forcible as possible.

Mrs. George H. Smith of St. Catharines, the national educational secretary of the I. O. D. E., who has made a tour of the West in behalf of this Memorial Fund and in support of a patriotic educational propaganda, gives a most satisfactory report of the response to her appeal. The overflowing attendance at our schools this autumn shows how eager is Young Canada to gain every advantage that school or college can give. The vast debt we owe to those who gave their lives in their country's service can be discharged no more creditably than by flinging open the gates of opportunity to their children.

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#### A WRITER OF INDIAN TALES

IN giving us her two volumes of Indian stories, Miss Margaret Bemister, of Winnipeg, has materially enriched Canadian literature. Just what the collection and adaptation of these stories cost in time and labour can best be appreciated when one realizes that many of them had never been in print; they were given the author by trappers, missionaries, fire-rangers and a few by Indians, themselves. And even those already incorporated in collections had to be sorted and selected—most of them entirely re-written, for the scientific form in which they had been treated was not at all adequate to Miss Bemister's requirements.

The task she had set herself seemed, though unique, so arduous, that my curiosity was piqued, and I set about discovering what ever led a young girl without any particular reason for choosing Indian lore, to attempt so vast an undertaking. . . .

As a child she loved to tell stories. She told what she read, and when these gave out, she invented more.



Miss Margaret Bemister,  
A Canadian writer of Indian tales

Being one of a large family, Margaret Bemister rarely lacked an opportunity to gratify herself in this respect. There was always a little group of children to be kept quiet and fairy tales never failed to be a magic muffler. Greek, Roman and Norse mythology varied the simpler tales and when the young story-teller exchanged her home circle for a class in a school room, these were most often called for at "story time".

Miss Bemister had such a charming way of telling stories that she began to attract notice and an appreciative friend suggested her writing them—history tales and myths, for the most part—exactly as she had made her adaptations, and submitting them to a publisher. They were returned, but not with discouraging indifference. On the contrary. In the collection there was an Indian legend and this had so



pleased the publisher that he suggested the collection of several similar—enough to make a book if possible. He remarked that no one had done this work for children; all the other writers of Indian lore having collected tales for scientific purposes.

In this way, the path was pointed, not a long and dreary trail, but one hung with the fairy magic of old. Following the path led far afield—interviews with a great many people whose information although valuable and appreciated, resulted in the garnering of amazingly few legends. It seemed to the seeker as though fur-traders, H. B. factors and even missionaries had shown little interest in the camp-fire story for which she was so eager and which they must have heard when an old Chief handed down the legends of the tribe to his own children.

She planned a trip to an Indian camp but had to abandon it on learning that the object of her visit would not tell his stories in the presence of a white woman, much less to Miss Bemister!

In spite of set-backs, however, the collection grew. A priest, a scientist, a fire-ranger, an old newspaper discovered in the Provincial Library, all yielding something of use and interest. Then an old Okanagan chief gave, in broken English, the main incidents of two legends.

"His grave dignity," said Miss Bemister, "made me realize that a great honour was being conferred upon me when he graciously answered my persistent questions, and unconsciously, I must have returned the compliment when I offered him my hand at part-

ing; for his keen eyes brightened suddenly and he gave a pleasant grunt as he took it and said good-bye."

From the Anthropological Bulletins of the Smithsonian Institute, Miss Bemister collected sufficient material to make up her book. But reading and making selections was tedious work, requiring concentration and endurance. The contemplation of tackling Anthropological Bulletins would be enough to sap the courage of most of us! The volume won instant approval and was brought out under the title of "Thirty Indian Legends". Later, when its success was assured, the Macmillan Company, of New York, asked the author to prepare a book for them, as their handling of the first one more than justified it. This volume bears the name "Indian Legends".

Miss Bemister feels that she is standing but on the edge of a limitless field and that what she had gathered of Indian lore is like taking a few berries from a heavily-laden bush. There are so many types of stories that there is fruit for all—fairy tales for the lover of beauty, facts that can be found nowhere else concerning the customs, manners, and mode of life of the primitive red man, for the student of history pictures of the Indian as he is, his feelings, his viewpoint, his convictions of right and wrong—pictures painted by himself and not by a white man, for the student of human nature. And for the ordinary common garden reader who simply wants to shut the doors of everyday things and venture into romance and mystery, Miss Bemister has given us a rarely beautiful composite of all three.





# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## PRIME MINISTERS

By G. W. E. RUSSELL. Toronto:  
J. M. Dent and Sons.



LIKE all this right honourable gentleman's writings, this book is notable for its literary style, its lack of affectation, its familiarity with the subject in hand, its kindly attitude towards the great personalities that have come under the author's observation and into his acquaintance. Mr. Russell writes familiarly of men who held large places in British political life as far back as the time of Lord Palmerston, whom he remembers even because of his outward characteristics—"his large, dyed, carefully-brushed whiskers; his broad-shouldered figure, which always seemed struggling to be upright; his huge, rather distorted feet, his strong and comfortable seat on the old white hack which carried him daily to the House of Commons." He says of his uncle Lord John Russell that he was in appearance "very short, with a head and shoulders which might have belonged to a much larger frame. When sitting he might have been taken for a man of average height; and it was only when he rose to his feet that his diminutive stature became apparent". Lord Derby had "in richest abundance, the great natural gift of oratory, with an audacity in debate which won the nickname of 'Rupert' and a voice which would have stirred his hearers if he had only been reciting Bradshaw". According to Mr. Russell's opinion it was evident that nature had not intended Mr. Balfour for a public speaker. "Even at this distance of time I can

recall his broken sentences, his desperate tugs at the lapel of his coat; his long pauses in search of a word, and his selection of the wrong after all." Henry Campbell-Bannerman is described as one who had "marched with the times from Whiggery to Liberalism; who had never lagged an inch behind his party, but who did not, as a rule, outstep it". Farther on he is estimated as one who was "not a good speaker, and he had no special skill in debate". To Gladstone Mr. Russell gives the fulness of his praise: "For my own part I say advisedly that he was the finest specimen of God's handiwork that I have ever seen; and by this I mean that he combined strength of body, strength of intellect, and spiritual attainments in a harmony which I have never known equalled". Here is the picture of Disraeli: "If I had not known the fact, I do not think that I should have recognized him as one of the ancient race of Israel. His profile was not the least what we in England consider Semitic. He might have been a Spaniard or an Italian, but he certainly was not a Briton. He was rather tall than short, but slightly bowed, except when he drew himself up for the more effective delivery of some shrewd blow. His complexion was extremely pale, and the pallor was made more conspicuous by contrast with his hair, steeped in Tyrian dye, worn long, and eked out with apparent artificial additions."

The whole book is exceedingly interesting. It concludes with two stories, presumably true although they are classified as fact and fiction—"A forgotten Pause" and "A Crimean Episode".

## "THE RIDIN' KID FROM POWDER RIVER"

BY HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS. Toronto:  
Thomas Allen.

AFTER reading a book like this it is interesting to do a little analysis of one's interest in it. Of course there may be high-brow persons, secure in their self-imagined superiority, who wouldn't read such a book; they would repudiate it loftily, maybe with a French shrug, and pass on. But most ordinary mortals do read such books as this, the type that Mr. W. A. Fraser has made peculiarly his own in his achievement through "Bull Dog Carney".

The "Ridin' Kid from Powder River" is a yarn about a waif lad picked up on the prairie, rescued from a cruel horse-trading master, and taken to live on a little farm with a man who becomes as a father to him. When the foster father is killed, the lad defending him, becomes the "Ridin' Kid" and has adventures of the typical Westernese variety, eventually marrying the girl of the story.

What is it about such a yarn that leads business men, teachers, preachers, lawyers and even professors to read it? For such do read it. Many such have been caught with this kind of book on them. In a word, people read these stories because they like them. And people like them because the imagination along one line of its exercise, the easiest, along the line of pell-mell physical eventfulness, is free as the prairie wind. People like to be able to travel (in imagination) with a good horseman along lines of prairie trail. They like to be in the roon (in imagination) where the smoke wisps writhe and twist and where the gun play is quick—they like the picture of a man cowing a bunch of other men "by the sheer power of his personality and of his will". The thrilling thing dwelt upon is the strength of the one strong man, and somehow (the story is always so played) the debilitating and unpleasant

thing of the weakness of the ten cowards is always eliminated from any position of importance from which it could distress the reader.

Such books justify themselves. We don't want always to watch Hardy or Bennet or Conrad put the knife in. We even get tired of Wells's hilarious brandishings, ever on the edge of operating upon the body politic. When we get tired we turn to "The Ridin' Kid from Powder River" and his mates.

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## UNCENSORED CELEBRITIES

BY E. T. RYMOND. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.

THIS is a book of light, entertaining sketches of big men in Great Britain, beginning with Lloyd George and including Asquith, Balfour, Earl Grey, Lord Milner, General Smuts, Horatio Bottomley, Lord Northcliffe, Walter Long, Lord Beaverbrook, Winston Churchill, Sir Edward Carson and Bonar Law. It will be noticed that the list contains the names of two Canadians—Lord Beaverbrook and Bonar Law. The sketches are more in the nature of sidelights than searching studies, but nevertheless they reveal the subjects in the light of an informed observer, and are altogether unusually entertaining appreciations of character and achievement.

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## MARE NOSTRUM

BY BLASCO IBANEZ. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

BLASCO IBANEZ drove into Canada behind "The Four Horse men of the Apocalypse". It is just possible that he may ride out again on "Mare Nostrum" (Our Sea). The first is a spectacular book. Its title alone evoked interest. Its great physical eventfulness fed and maintained that interest. As a character study it is negligible. The book is not a novel of life. It possesses neither subtle and revealing analysis nor fine gradations of insight. But



people are not always after "character study" and "real life", thank Heaven. If they were, it is true, why discover Joseph Conrad for what he is, instead of for what he seems to be? Which might be doubtful gain.

Like "The Four Horsemen", "Our Sea" is not a profound study of human motive and action, and it has not the lure of continual eventfulness which puts the *pop* in popular novel-writing to-day. "Our Sea" is in the main, an essay on the Mediterranean, at times beautiful, moving and passionate. The people in the story are always the excuse for the Mediterranean and the Mediterranean the excuse for the people.

Certain of those who love the descriptive essay more than the eventful novel will probably be won to Ibanez by such a book, but their winning will mean the loss of a good many of "The Four Horsemen" readers. Some at least of the "Four Horsemen" readers will put down "Our Sea" and feel that the Ibanez glory is departed.

"The Dead Command", a third book by the same author, is different. It is a book somewhat between the other two. It is a steady story, moving through a certain amount of zig-zag philosophizing to a conclusion that can be called happy. It has something of the sea and the sun in it, and Ibanez, as always, shows his power to achieve physical brilliance.

Ibanez is not a new writer. His first novel was written in 1894. His first English translation, "The Shadow of the Cathedral", appeared in 1909. He has become a fad in this country, but fads have their function and often a basis that is sound. The function of this interest in Ibanez, which becomes a fad, will be to make Canadians a little more cosmopolitan, a little readier to receive "foreign" work, a little more experienced and more sophisticated in matters of literary taste. After "The Four Horsemen" is a little forgotten and the rest of the Ibanez books cease to be read in its borrowed light, Ibanez will be really

discovered as a modern writer whose chief characteristic lies in his power to evoke scenes, to give a sense of brilliance and clarity in the eye of the reader.

There are passages in "Our Sea" which are like colour photography—a bit of the shore of the Mediterranean when Ferragut steered his ship close in, old Uncle Caracol swimming out to sea after the disaster and the cask striking him riding down the vivid billow—the berth of the *Mare Nostrum* when in port.

Ibanez will be loved and remembered for these things even by the people who think Freya is ill-drawn. He is an author who comes near to greatness, but not greatness in character sketching.

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#### WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCH- ING HOME.

BY MILDRED ALDRICH. Toronto: The  
Musson Book Company.

THE reader has grown a bit wary in the matter of published letters in these latter days. One remembers the cruel hoax of "Christine", and another imagines that Coningsby Dawson, as he wrote those intimate and moving home letters, knew nevertheless that they were for printer's ink and public barter. The only thing that justifies "letters", as letters, is that they are letters. Miss Aldrich, in those further letters of hers from the Hilltop on the Marne, has a way of making misgivings evaporate. Somehow one doesn't imagine her writing these pages carefully and deliberately with an eye ever lifted, not to her intimate correspondent, but to her publisher and the general public. One doesn't imagine her doing this, though how she could avoid it is a mystery, with two or three Hilltop books of letters, acclaimed by the public, to her credit. At any rate these "letters" have verve and personality and charm — and opinions!—If you could dangle President Wilson before Miss Aldrich's eyes you wouldn't have to dress him in red in order to make her see large areas of that interesting colour.



The letters begin August 16, 1918, and end May 29, 1919. As will be readily noted, they cover a tremendous period in modern world history. Because Miss Aldrich is so frank and untrammelled in her comments and so fresh and eager with her opinions, these letters make interesting reading for anyone who wants to know what one woman on a hilltop nearby thought about things when the war was ending(?) and peace was beginning(?).

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### THE I. O. D. E. YEAR BOOK

Toronto: The Bryant Press.

**C**O-INCIDENT with the appeal to the Canadian public for the I. O. D. E. war memorial the first Year Book of the Order after nineteen years of existence has just been issued. It is a bulky volume of more than twelve hundred pages, and although it contains much information regarding the personnel and activities of the organization, it is composed mainly of chapter reports, the inspiring record of an enormous patriotic and social service work accomplished during one year.

The compilation is the work of a mother and daughter, both members of the National Executive—Mrs. A. W. McDougald and Mrs. Philip G. Kiely, and is but an illustration of the indefatigable volunteer service of this body of 50,000 women. The I. O. D. E. Year Book is sold to the Chapters at cost price.

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### BOOKS RECEIVED

—“Dr. Jonathan,” a play in three acts, by Winston Churchill. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—“The Black Drop,” (a novel), by Alice Brown. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—“A Private in the Guards,” (a study of the great “Guards” regiment and some of the men, by Stephen Graham. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—“The Wonder Garden,” a volume of nature myths and tales for children; edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Limited.

—“The Vital Message,” experiences in psychical research by Arthur Sir Conan Doyle. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Limited.

—“The Girl of the New Day,” a consideration of the girl’s place in the present everyday life by E. M. Knox, Principal of Havergal College, Toronto. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

—“From B. C. to Baisieux,” being a narrative history of the 102nd Canadian Infantry Battalion by L. McLeod Gould, M.S.M. Croix de Guerre. Victoria: Thomas R. Crusack Presses.

—“God Speed the True,” a volume of verse by M. A. Maitland. Toronto: The Baptist Book Room.

—“Explaining the Britishers,” a record of the British Empire’s mighty record in liberty’s cause by Frederic William Wile. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.

—“On the Makaloa Mat,” short stories by Jack London. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—“The Street of Adventure,” a novel of world newspaperdom by Philip Gibbs. New York: E. P. Dutton Company.

—“The Workshop and Other Poems,” by Gay Page (Florence N. Horner Sherk). Fort William: The Times-Journal Press.









SHEEPFOLD IN FLANDERS

From the Painting by  
M. Scheepers.  
Exhibited by the  
Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.





# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 4

## THE BIGGEST BUSINESS IN CANADA

BY FRANK YEIGH



**T**HINK of a business that has fifteen thousand branches or factories, each with a manager, a staff and a large working force—a volunteer force, be it remembered, serving for the love of it and for the most part not looking for or expecting any reward, financial or otherwise. Of no other business in the world can this be said. Then think of more than a million shareholders in this biggest business, all drawing dividends, even in a poor year, and with something placed to the rest account.

Next, consider the industry this business represents. It takes material, more or less raw, and works it over by a series of moulding, polishing and refining processes until there is a more or less finished product. It is however, a product that varies in its finish. It is, moreover, a product that is in special demand in many another country, and for which orders

are almost always booked ahead.

This biggest business in all Canada is the Church.

What! the Church? Come the interrogations from many quarters.

Yes, the Church—in the widest, deepest and broadest meaning of the word and the institution; wider than any sectarian boundaries, broader than any one creed or set of rules.

"I thought the Church was virtually dead," frankly asserts one man. I think he's sometimes called "the man-on-the-street", who is supposed to be a depository of wisdom beyond the ordinary and an unerring judge of other men, events, institutions and movements. "In fact, I've understood the Church is dead," continues this typical observer, "and only awaits burial; that it has ceased to function; that it repels rather than attracts discerning people, and that the only use for a parson is to marry a couple according to law (for a modest fee that keeps his wife in pin money), or



Rev. E. E. Braithwaite  
National Organizer, the Canadian United National Campaign

to read the funeral service over the dead as a sort of religious fetish."

"I gather," remarks another, "from my visits to the theatre and the movies that the average clergyman is a simpering, limp, anaemic brother, barely tolerated by men of the red-blooded type, and only accepted by less discerning folks of the feminine persuasion as a desirable adjunct at afternoon social functions.

And yet a third confesses to an opinion that the church is made up of an aggregation of hypocrites, who, while toadying to the rich parishioner, places the poor in the back pew under the gallery; or that the membership

is composed of "joy-killers" and "uplifters" and "restrainers of personal liberty".

That the biggest business in Canada is the Church is the challenge and the answer to the critic.

It is not only the biggest business but the one most worth while, worth vastly more than wheat and fish and minerals and timber put together and added up on a monetary basis—because its chief and only basis is the "Christian faith"—an old-fashioned phrase that some timid people are afraid of, and yet that has stood the test of centuries.

The fifteen thousand branches of





Mr. G. Herbert Wood

Chairman of the National Executive Committee of the United National Campaign

this biggest business are the fifteen thousand Churches in Canada; and while widely diversified in their beliefs and methods, and representing scores of denominations or communions, yet they constitute as a whole the most important factor in the life of the Dominion.

If there were space to outline the programme and activities of an individual Church, it would add materially to the evidence. Each congregation constitutes a microcosm of the Church at large. Each enlists the interests and touches the lives, through its varied activities, of a hundred, a half-thousand or a thousand people, ranging through all the seven ages of man, from the cradle roll baby to the

octogenarian member. This total, when multiplied by fifteen thousand, creates an aggregate of interest and effort and influence colossal in its dimensions, and including probably ninety per cent. of the eight-million population of the Dominion.

Moreover, this biggest business in Canada is doing or planning to do a bigger business to-day than ever before. It is going in for Reconstruction. Talk about the Church being dead! Talk about its having been put out of business by the war! On the contrary, it has been stimulated and revived, for its basic ideals of fraternity and service were identical with those fought for by the Allied nations. And so thousands of its



Rev. Dr. Chown  
Head of the Methodist Campaign

choicest sons sprang to arms, and were among the best soldiers in the field. Hundreds of hearts in Christian homes are bleeding to-day, but with the keen eye of faith and the re-consecration that follows true sacrifice, they will once more prove that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church". The honour rolls of the 15,000 churches of Canada would make a mighty list that would forever silence the slanderer of the Church as an effeminate factor in the national life under the test of war or any other call to the heroic.

Most, if not all, of the Canadian religious bodies have decided upon greatly enlarged programmes. One of the first communions in Canada to formulate a Forward Movement was the Church of England. Being alive to the needs and demands of a new

day, its Forward Movement will be on a large scale for new work in extensions and equipment. It will include as a special fund the raising of \$2,500,000, as a war memorial and thank-offering for victory and peace with a four-fold objective—Missionary, General, Beneficiary and Local Diocesan. One-third of the amount will be devoted to missionary work among the Indians and Eskimos of Western and Northern Canada (which, for more than a century has been of high grade and has shown most beneficial results), and to their no less successful foreign work in Japan, China and India, and among the Orientals in Canada.

Large sums will also be asked for such praiseworthy objects as the denominational Sunday School Commission and Council for Social Service and War Service Commission, and for





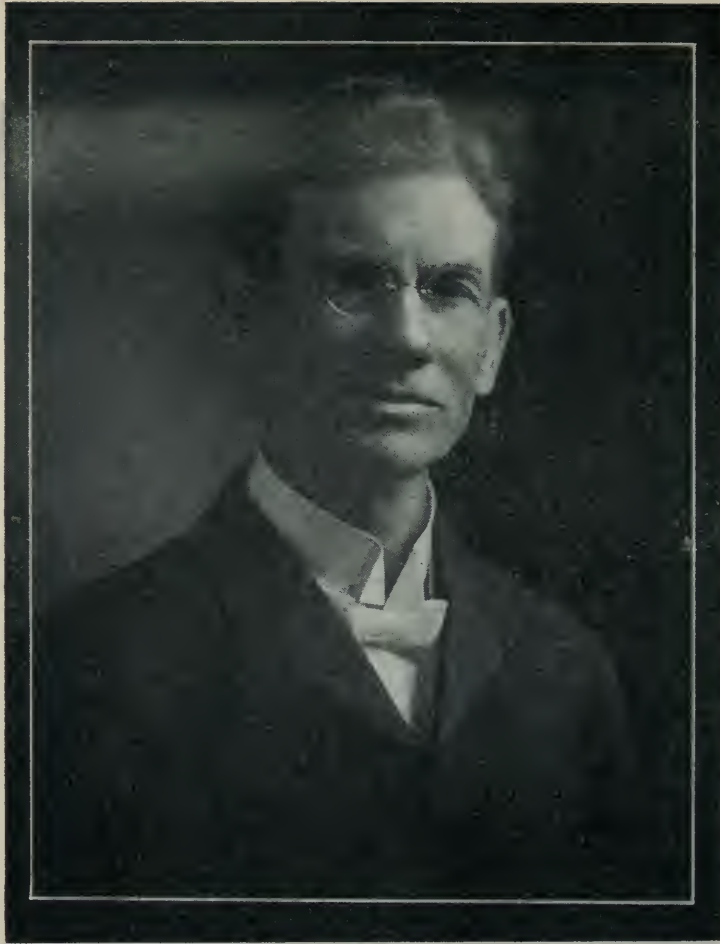
Rev. John Pringle  
Presbyterian Propagandist of the Forward Movement in Canada

the establishment of a capital fund for general supervision, through the Executive Committee of the General Synod. Adequate central headquarters are also among the needs of this denomination, as well as the putting of the beneficiary funds of the Church, on behalf of widows and orphans and superannuated ministers, on a proper actuarial basis, while a variety of diocesan social needs will be provided for.

Among the further aims set forth in their literature besides an immediate survey of the total financial needs of the Church is the insistent re-assertion of the spiritual values and issues of life; the enlistment of men in

the ministry and both men and women for other forms of active Christian service, and the necessity of the hour for the awakening of the spirit and practice of Christian giving in stewardship. This historic and influential denomination, so vitally connected with the life of English-speaking Canada from its foundation, was never so energetic and aggressive as now, proof of which is afforded by the launching of such a far-reaching enterprise.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada inaugurated its Forward Movement in June, 1918, when a resolution with the following suggestive preamble was passed:



Rev. M. Kelly  
President of the Congregational Union of Canada

"The General Assembly, profoundly convinced that the hope of the World lies in the awakening of a Christian consciousness powerful enough to dominate all other forces and enlist them in the service of humanity, and that the hour has come when the Church should awaken to a new sense of her responsibility and take action worthy of the impressive times in which we live, has, through the Forward Movement, issued a call to prayer and to such individual consecration of wealth and life as will serve to conserve and perpetuate in the service of Christ, the spirit of sacrifice and devotion so nobly exemplified during the war."

A Committee of Fifty, clergy and laymen, representing the entire Dominion, was appointed to carry out the programme. With characteristic

Presbyterian thoroughness, the Movement was first made the chief subject of discussion at scores of Synodical and Presbytery meetings, followed by gatherings in individual congregations or local communities, covering the country from ocean to ocean. The financial objective includes the doubling of the Church revenues in five years, or approximately from one to two millions, and the raising of an extension and equipment fund of \$4,000,000.

This great National Campaign of the Presbyterian Church is well under way and gives full promise, judging by the earnestness with which it has been taken up, of reaching its objectives, which are a quickening of the spiritual life of the Church, issuing in a more aggressive evangelism at home and abroad; reinforcing missionary



enterprises in Canada, India, China, Korea, Formosa, Trinidad, British Guiana; training of children and youth in home, school and Church for Christ and the world; recruits for the ministry and other workers to meet the new demands of a new era; stewardship obligations of time, wealth, personality and life; and a financial objective of \$4,000,000 as a Peace Thank-Offering for an equipment and extension fund, and the doubling of the annual revenue for the maintenance of the work in the next five years.

The great Canadian Methodist Church of a million members and adherents is also in this progressive procession, as she was bound to be unless denying all her traditions. It is called "The Methodist National Campaign", with objectives on a broad basis. On the spiritual side, they include 100,000 additions to Church membership; 100,000 new Sunday School scholars; 50,000 new members of Young People's Societies; 200,000 enrolled Intercessors; 200,000 enrolled Personal Workers; 100,000 enrolled Christian Stewards; and 5,000 Volunteers for Life Service.

The financial objective is \$4,000,000 (in addition to the usual current revenues of all Church funds), viz., Missions: Equipment and Extension Fund, \$1,500,000; Superannuation: Endowment Fund, 1,500,000; Educational Society: College Debts and New Buildings, \$75,000; Special Fund, for Current Revenue, \$250,000.

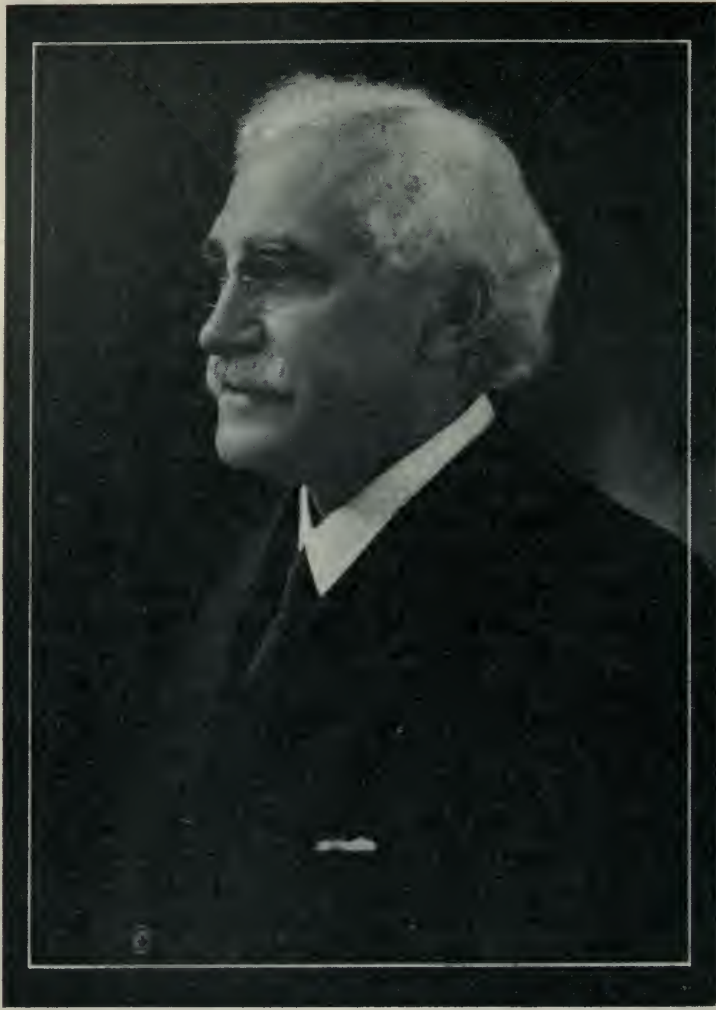
They also term this new movement "The Call of the Cross". "We are called, in this critical hour, to a new committal to the cause of Christ," runs their manifesto; "to confront in His Name, non-Christian assumptions and principles with a calm but determined assertion of His supremacy; to awaken a new and passionate loyalty in the hearts of our young people to their Lord, so that His standard may be carried by their strong hands into every department of life—political, social, commercial, domestic. The Church should begin this Forward Movement by burning the bridges be-

hind, and should look back gladly upon the towering pillars of smoke. We want a faith reckless in its daring, full of venture and enterprise in the cause of the Kingdom. Our rallying-cry should be that of the warrior-monks of old, "Christus Imperator".

The Baptists of Canada have also definitely linked themselves to the Forward Movement, and their objective reaches out in several directions such as a new stress upon evangelism and inspiration, a new emphasis on stewardship, a call for recruits for active Christian service, and the raising of \$700,000 for denominational enterprises. Of this amount, \$300,000 is to be raised by the Ontario and Quebec Convention, as decided at their recent meeting. This is designated among the various enterprises as follows: Foreign missions, \$110,000; home missions, \$60,000; education, \$60,000; Grand Ligne Mission, 40,000; Sunday Schools, \$10,000; ministerial superannuation, \$10,000; Western Canadian missions, \$10,000. This objective by the way is a larger one relatively than that attempted by any of the other denominations.

The Congregationalists of Canada are enthusiastic as well over a forward movement for their own denominational development along every line, and especially the enlargement of their already excellent missionary work in British West Africa; in fact, it sent out in 1918 despite the war, the largest reinforcements it has ever sent to this distant field.

The Salvation Army in Canada is no less active among the religious bodies; in fact, it has a perpetual Forward Movement programme, with its round thousand staff and field officers, its 350 corps, its 125 outposts, and its thousands of Loyal and enthusiastic followers. It is a religious organization that thrives on activity. Included in their after-the-war objectives in an increase of their Sunday Schools, life-saving Guards and Scouts, and Corps-Cadets classes, with a view to training for Army service, both at home and abroad. Their



Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, D.D., LL.D.  
Head of the Baptist Campaign

military programme includes hostels for returned soldiers, maternity hospitals, and various other forms of social service. In the realm of foreign missions, the Army is now one of the great missionary societies of the world, having recently added China to its list.

While the plans for the foregoing Church bodies are specifically mentioned, there is equal reason to believe that other communions in Canada—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish and other faiths—have similar objectives, cast in a different mould and using different terminology, but with similar aims.

There is also to be recorded the equally significant signs of co-operation among many church bodies in

the Dominion. One of the most marked is that taken by five Protestant denominations, viz:—Presbyterian, Methodist, Anglican, Baptist and Congregational—co-operation in a great Inter-Church Movement known as the United National Campaign.

The first steps toward this promising united, simultaneous effort have already been taken. Each branch of the co-operating communions will work out its own programme and administer its own funds, but, acting together in the same spirit and for the same ends, each will be helped by the others. Such a widespread effort will gather to itself new sympathies and forces that will greatly enrich the life of the Nation and the



work of the Kingdom. A culminating feature will be a great nationwide simultaneous drive for \$12,000,000 to be held in February, 1920.

This quintette of communions came together on the following basis:

"As there are phases of the National and World task which cannot be effectively carried through by the denominations acting separately, and as all are actuated by the same spirit and working for the same great end, there ought to be a simultaneous and co-operative campaign in which the whole Church will be faced with its whole task and a definite effort made to utilize for constructive Christian effort the readiness to give and serve and suffer for a great cause which the War has revealed.

"The unifying force within this Movement is the desire in the hearts of Christians of different types and temperaments to re-establish the Canadian Church in new spiritual power in the life of the individual, the family, the nation and the world. Its aims are distinctly spiritual. They include the revival of personal religion, a new emphasis on religious education, and the training of the young for life service, the enlistment of young men of the highest type for the Christian Ministry, and the creating of a new sense of the stewardship of money as well as of life."

But there is a larger programme yet. Beyond the plans of individual United National Campaign, there has come into existence the Inter-Church World Movement of North America, which is by far the most stupendous combined religious undertaking ever known. Already, this union of the Christian forces of Canada and the United States bids fair to be an epochal one. It means the combination of several millions of Protestant Church members, including scores of faiths, so that a unified programme of Christian service may be presented. It will also serve to unite the Protestant Churches of North America in the performance of their common task, thus making available the values

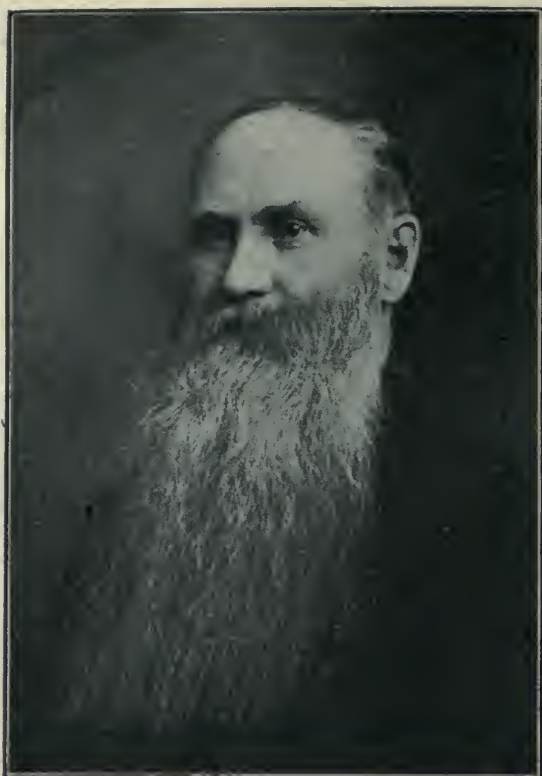
of spiritual power which come from unity and co-ordinated Christian effort.

This sweeping programme, remarkable in its scope and audacity, includes a scientific survey of the home and foreign missionary fields of the world, to be followed with a powerful educational movement to acquaint the people of North America with the facts of the case. Succeeding this step, a field campaign will be inaugurated to sound anew and with new power the message that the time has come for the Church of Jesus Christ to take its central place in the matter of international as well as national and home relationships.

Believing that the child of to-day will determine the church and the nation of to-morrow, all the denominations stress the importance of the Sunday School as the only existing system of religious education, and these fifteen thousand Canadian "Junior life factories" are to be included in the assets and activities of the Church. Not only is each denomination including an extensive programme of advance in this department, but the Sunday School Associations of the Dominion are co-operating to the same end.

It is interesting to note in this connection that The Religious Education Council of Canada is yet another co-operative religious movement on the part of most of the Protestant Churches. It has been recently set up to advance the work of Religious Education by conferring and advising on matters of common interest; by giving expression to common views and decisions; and by co-operating in matters common to all, each co-operating body retaining complete supervision of its own work. It is already dealing with training for leadership, teacher training, religious education in the home, and kindred objects.

So it is evident that there is still some life in the Church. Many of the current criticisms to which it is being subjected will not stand the test. The reiterated assertion, for example, that



Most Reverend S. P. Matheson, D.D., D.C.L.  
Primate, Church of England in Canada

there is a complete cleavage between the church and the working-man is far from true. In many of the 15,000 churches of Canada the toilers not only predominate but constitute the entire membership. Every industrial centre has its quota of churches, supported and conducted by its dwellers, and they are among the most aggressive and successful ones in the entire land, carrying on fine programmes of applied Christianity at home and abroad. The church is, in fact, largely supported by the so-called artisan, and if the farmer is to be included as a toiler, and his churches included in the total, it would provide yet another denial to the charge of alienation between church and worker, in the sweeping terms sometimes used.

The foreign missionary enterprises of the Canadian Churches is another phase of this big Church business that should be remembered. Whatever the non-churchman may say in criticism of missionary propaganda, and regardless of the current sneer or joke

at its expense, it is a striking fact that the majority of the denominations thoroughly believe in this department of their work and back up their belief by contributing millions in the aggregate to its support. Hundreds of Canadians of both sexes are engaged in the work, touching every continent and scores of foreign countries—not only along definite religious lines, but as doctors, teachers, industrial experts and social workers. Many varied types of the human family are thus helpfully reached, from the Chinaman, Japanese and East Indian of Asia, to the aborigines of Africa, the Indians of Peru and the Eskimos of the Arctic Circle.

Every missionary Church believes, as has been said, that it is part of the marching orders to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, in the challenging words of Christ; and, so far from receding from that position, every one is planning more vigorous campaigns for the future and is calling for more re-



cruits than ever before for the work.

"It is easy to criticize the missionaries, to say humorous things and to see the ridiculous, but their work is good," says Dr. Morrison, the correspondent of *The Times* (London) in China. "Whenever I hear anyone abusing missionaries and saying that their work is valueless, I set him down as a fool. He simply does not know what he is talking about. One cannot travel a week in any direction, even in the remotest corners of China, and not run upon a mission. These places are sources of good, and only of good. They are the greatest forces for the uplift of this country."

Equally strong evidence could be produced to prove the value of the Empire missionary in relation to the war, not merely that hundreds served with distinction, but chiefly in the impress they have made during the years on native tribes which in turn led to loyal attachment to the flag despite all the intrigues of Germany.

The story of Mission work in Canada itself is also a thrilling one. It is definitely religious in its motive and aim, but, as in the foreign field of missionary effort, is also truly national and patriotic. The Canadianizing influence of the Church, through its missionary programme, would alone justify its existence and the expenditure of time and money and human effort involved.

Or yet again, few realize the contribution of the Canadian Churches to philanthropy and education. What does a Church missionary hospital (to which patients come for hundreds of miles) mean to a sparsely settled region in the Canadian West, for example? What does a Church "School Home" mean to the scores of Ukrainian boys who are its pupils and inmates? What did it mean, through the recent "flu" epidemic, to have doctors, missionaries, nurses, and deaconesses serving in the name of Christianity all over the Dominion?—not a few making the supreme sacrifice in so doing. It meant at least scores if not

hundreds of lives saved. Or, abundant evidence might be produced of what a Redemptive Home, or a Social Centre, or a City Settlement, or a Fresh-Air Camp, means to its beneficiaries—and all these alleviating agencies are the direct by-products of the Church and are a part of its big business.

When the wide range of benefactions to all kinds of "good works" are considered—war, patriotic, Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. campaigns, Hospital and Home Funds, and all the varied calls upon the charity and generosity of a community, no one will dispute the assertion that these same "Church people," these psalm-singing, go-to-meeting folks, at least hold their own and do their part—if not more!

So much for a mere outline of the Biggest Business in Canada. The writer ventures to think the claim is justified and the title to it proven. The Church, individually or corporately, is far from perfect, but even Governments and Councils and Secret Societies and unions of Capital or Labour have not attained unto the desired goal. It is no doubt true that the Church is a reservoir of unused powers, of unreleased influence, and that it has too many silent partners.

But admitting all this, and much more, and after making all allowance for human frailty, unworthy motives and deep-seated selfishness on the part of some Church members, the assertion is confidently repeated that it is not only the biggest, but the most important business in Canada; that it is not only the largest, but the determining factor in the higher life of the nation; that the influence of a Church in a community no matter how circumscribed, is a more definite and vitalizing influence for good than any other organized expression of life; that the Church in Canada was never more alive, that Christianity was never a more dominating force, and that Religion was never such a vital necessity as to-day—critics, sneerers, and *antis* to the contrary.



# THE WEDDING FEAST

BY F. ST. MARS



VEN far up in the heart of the great prickly furze thickets on the white-mantled, still, calm hills the wild folk could hear the pealing of the bells.

The rabbits, in their gambols on the open spaces, stopped to listen. The hares, moving downhill to their night feeding-grounds, paused in their finicking canter to wonder. The foxes, trotting along on their own private and secret affairs, checked to sniff or sit down and hear the rising and falling sounds that marked the joy of men.

One fox in particular there was, a very red fellow with very black muzzle and feet, and a thick brush that any fox could be proud of, who, as he poked his sharp head from the furze on his way down hill, fetched up, all standing and alert, to gaze out over the wooded lowlands stretched calm in the cold, moonlit haze.

He, this cunning one, had three quests on hand this night; water, food, and a wife. The first was hard to find, for nearly all was frozen; the second was harder, for, times being hard, only the most cunning quarry had survived; and the third was hardest of all, for, though foxes swarmed on the downs, there were not enough ladies to go round; and even if there had been, a vixen is a vixen all the world over, and not every fellow's spoil.

First, our red friend trotted to the dew-pond near by; but where only last week he had drunk, he could walk now—or, at least, he could slide. Then, he too, headed down-hill.

All the world seemed to be heading down-hill this night towards the dim lowlands and the magic church-bells. He overtook a badger, a slow-moving low gray daub in the pale light, and farther on another fox, at whom he snarled and parted from, and farther on still a hare and two rabbits—all three of whom saw him first, however. All the world was, in fact, hungry, and closing in down-hill to raid the land and abodes of men.

Then, quite suddenly, just after he had passed through the lowest hawthorn thicket and crossed the first hedgerow, he came upon actually all three of his quests at once. It *was* a surprise!

Firstly, there was a bubbling, gurgling chalk stream; secondly, on its bank was a wood-cock; and, thirdly, lying flat, but quite visible in the little cover she could find, was the sleekest, neatest, smartest-looking vixen that ever you did see. She wasn't smart enough for the wood-cock, though, for he wasn't there so to speak, when she pounced on him. He had removed on quick wings just a fraction of a second before.

Our friend threw back his head, pointed his nose to the moon, and announced his presence. It was rather like the yap of a terrier, but more weird, and with a peculiarly yearning, guttural ending.

The vixen drank, unmoved.

Our friend might never have spoken at all, for all the notice he received. He might, indeed, have been off the earth. But he didn't appear to care. He went and drank also instead, and, waiting motionless till



each had finished, the two whipped round at each other and at the same instant, and met with lifted lips displaying glistening fangs, and with a snarl. For a moment they remained thus, apparently more than likely to fly at each other's throat, and then, pivoting about, the vixen trotted off.

It did not appear to be a case of love at first sight, anyhow, but the ways of the wild creatures are strange, and—one never knows!

The dog-fox, anyway, seemed of this view. He waited a minute or so to scratch his right ear, then jumped off at a gallop on the trail of the vixen.

In a few seconds he could see her dim, slim form crossing the white expanse of the field in front, and then he beheld her turn all at once right-handed, and begin to "work" the hedge that bounded the field. She hunted it along diligently, our friend following, and alertly watching and waiting for anything to bolt out. Nothing did, but the vixen persevered, and hunted the next hedgerow, and the next, and the next. Twice she gave chase to a hare, which is usually a fool's trick as far as foxes go, and once she lost a rabbit through over-eagerness by letting it see her too soon and get to its burrow. Once she turned, and glared at the dog-fox with eyes so fierce and so alight with blood-thirstiness that even he drew off a little.

And then, I think, it was that the truth dawned upon him. The vixen, this wild-eyed, gaunt beast, was starving; was nearly mad with hunger, in short, and would, I verily believe, have almost eaten *him* if she had at that moment got the chance. *He* took jolly good care not to let her get the chance, however, but he saw that it was *his* chance, and he took it. At least, one presumes from his subsequent actions that he did.

From that instant he ceased to follow, and took the lead. He trotted along rapidly, dog fashion, tongue hanging, his breath steaming up, passed the vixen rapidly, stopped about twenty yards in front of her,

looked round, swung off again with a wave of his brush, and hurried on. And the "King's English" itself could not have conveyed his meaning more plainly. The vixen watched him go, then followed. She would have followed anything in that hour, I think, that promised a meal.

Our fox, however, was no inexperienced wanderer of the wilds driven in to the haunts of man by stress of weather. He knew his work. His ancestors had played the game for hundreds of generations.

He moved, therefore, straight to the nearest farmyard, but neither you nor I would have seen him go. First of all, he nonchalantly sauntered into the nearest hedgerow, and from that time to the moment of his arrival at his destination, though it was over half a mile, vanished. The glimpse, only half guessed at, of a thick brush vanishing across a gateway, the momentary gleam of green eyes staring out from the pall-like blackness of some thicket, were the only indications of the possible existence of the two beasts at all.

Nevertheless, forty minutes later a careful examination of the snow round the farmhouse and yards would have revealed the fact that a fox and a vixen had encircled the place twice, making quite sure that all was safe.

The buildings lay deadly still in the snow and the cold moonlight and the biting wind. There had come no sound save the squeaking and scuffling of the rats and mice in the cornstacks and barn, yet the foxes were there, all right enough—two crouching, deeper shadows in the deep shadow of the cornstack.

At last they crept out. You saw them, like phantom shapes, gliding low over the snow—they would not have crossed the open if they could have helped it—to the fowlhouse. They were extraordinarily hard to see even then, and seemed to melt into every shadow they passed. Moreover, they were amazingly alert; the sharp, moist muzzles were all the time thrust round this way and that; the



big prick ears were turning ceaselessly, now back, now forward, their whole demeanour suggestive far rather of a very highly strung, highly intelligent nervousness than of that bold, cunning bloodthirstiness for which men have given them the name. It seemed, here and now, in this cold, silent, grim place, that the fox in print and the fox in fact were, if you properly understood them, somewhat different characters.

The fowlhouse was gained, truly, but not yet entered. It took them about five minutes to examine it from every point of view—even to jumping on the roof, and trying to scratch a way in there—but very little was to be seen of them in the progress. And the five minutes included one bolt to cover, and one statuesque period of motionlessness, caused by the rattling of a bull's chain in the cow-house (they thought it was a dog's), also a quick survey of the place, a hurried snuffing at every crack, a swift endeavour to force back the door with paw and muzzle, and a lightning but abortive attempt to dig under the wooden wall.

Then the bull's horns hit the wall of the wooden cow-shed with a whack that made the whole big edifice—it stalled fifty cows—shudder, and—the foxes were gone.

In a minute, however, they were back again, hunting like terriers in and out around the cornstacks for rats and mice (an act for which, one fears, the farmer never gave them credit), but the rodents had already been much alarmed by an owl that night, not to mention a farm cat, and kept to their fastnesses in token thereof. Still even so, I fancy they must have been successful among the well-strawed pens, sheltered behind the stackyard and the line of stately elms towering aloft into the blue-black sky. Some early lambing ewes had been placed here, and our friend the dog-fox discovered the fact rather cleverly with his nose, while a good hundred yards away.

There were two young lambs that

they knew of. They could see them between the straw-padded hurdles. There was no one about, and in the then lull of the wind the night was as still as it is in a well. You will remember also, that the vixen was starving.

All at once though, in the silence, both distinctly heard another fox bark in the fir-belt across the road opposite; he also sought a love.

This does not sound much, but if it had been a blast from the very hunting-horn itself it could scarcely have had a more lively effect.

Instantly, from three different parts of the yard and house, came the rattle of dog-chains in kennels, followed by the furious clamour of dogs threatening the red dog of the wild, bark challenging bark, until in a second the uproar was astonishing. But our foxes were not there to hear it. The dog-fox had faded out like a puff of smoke, the vixen had leapt back into the shadows and nowhere, and before you could wink there was nothing but the calm moon, the spotless carpet of white, and the tell-tale footprints.

Fully a field away our foxes were trotting down along the leeward side of the hedge. It was almost as though they had flown there, so speedily had they removed from the danger zone. But our friend the dog-fox was no longer happy. He had failed to provide the starving vixen with food, as in every action he had as good as staked his honour as a hunter to do, and she had heard the weird and guttural challenge of the other fellow in the fir-belt.

Our friend had been tried and been found wanting. Wherefore, the vixen no longer followed; she edged in a long detour towards the fir-belt, and anyone could see what that meant.

Our fox fairly danced with vexation. He bobbed, he gambolled, he tore forward and back, and in every possible action he said, plainly as words could speak:

"My dear, I swear by my brush and fangs, which I hold most dear,



that this time, if you will just follow me once more, I will find you a meal for *certs*."

But the vixen, she only set back her thin, shrewish ears, and snarled her thin, vicious snarl, and held her course.

Reynard seized and worried the lower rung of a gate in his mortification.

Then, in a flash, he had leapt to "attention".

Now, the vixen's course down the hedgerow, towards the fir-belt took her across the wind, and the wind had again risen, and was blowing steadily from the other side of the hedge. The fox was close to her, and both were crossing a gateway in the hedge, when he had paused to worry the rail in his anger. The wind, blowing through the gateway, caught him, whirling his fur up in little puckers, his brush to one side, but that was not what had electrified him to erect motionlessness. It was the scent borne on the lap of the wind—the scent of a hare, unmistakable to his keen nose, of course.

The vixen had gone on, seemingly heedless, but her swift sidelong look as he checked, her dead stop as his brush, dragging low almost on the snow, vanished through the gateway were tell-tale. In an instant she was back at the gateway herself, peering, hungry-eyed, through.

The field on the far side was unshaven and rough, the tussocks in it standing well above the snow. It ran down to the left into a point, the opposite hedge being some hundred and fifty yards away, and out there on the snow, about fifty yards distant, she beheld the fox standing "frozen".

He was quite motionless, that dog-fox—a sight to gladden the eye of a master-sculptor. Rigid as a figure carved out of red rock, head and tail thrust out, so that from nose-top to tail-tip he was one straight line, one forepaw upraised, the other three paws anchored tense, he made a beautiful picture of a beast on the dazzling carpet of snow. This you may see a well-trained pointer or

setter dog do any day out in the shooting-field when "pointing" by scent at game. He was "pointing" at game as perfectly as the best-trained dog that ever stepped; and, indeed, the vixen could see the game—a truly enormous hare—sitting motionless between two tussocks some forty-five yards off.

The hare had his back towards them, but the vixen knew that that was no advantage to *them*, hares possessing, as they do, eyes which, no doubt from their bulging position, can see well behind them. There was therefore no hope at all of catching "Puss," so far as she could see. Nevertheless, she crept up behind the fox, and backed him up, "pointing" rigidly, just as he did.

The fox, however, with a quicker wit than hers, saw a way, apparently, for, turning his head, he glanced quickly over his shoulder to see if the vixen was there—he seemed to expect, apparently by some line of reasoning of his own, that she would be there—and then, crouching, walking slowly and stiffly, like one upon thin ice, he edged off, not towards the hare, but away to the right.

The vixen never moved, but stood stiffly and staunchly rigid, her nose pointing straight at the smudged, squat blob on the snow that represented the hare. A first prize, most perfectly trained pointer dog could have done no better. And all the time the dog-fox continued his slow, crouching, mincing creep, circling gradually round the hare at some distance, his eyes fixed on the quarry, whose gaze was also fixed upon him.

Now, up till that moment the foxes had never had the slightest chance, or hope of a chance, of catching that hare, for he had not only seen them first, but was sufficiently far from them to get clear away easily if they tried to rush him. Moreover, a long, stern chase by scent alone against such a hare on such a night was out of the question. Therefore, till the dog-fox began this strange manoeuvre of his, things looked hopeless.



I don't know how long it took Rufus to work right round his victim till he reached the hedge on the far side, but it certainly seemed like hours; and all the time, in the wonderful stilly lulls between the gusts, the vixen could hear that other dog-fox barking his doleful challenge to fight for a mate in the deep gloom of the fir-tree belt only just across the road. But this time she took no notice—for the moment at any rate. Her heart was in the work on hand, and, though neither beast had spoken, she must have been a party to our dog-fox's plan. She could attend to the other dog-fox if this one failed this time, she seemed to think.

Then the fox, which had finally reached the hedge, walked straight through it and went from sight. The spot where he went in was about fifty yards up the hedge to the right of the hare, but about ten yards down the hedge to the left of the hare was a well-worn gap, which "Puss" had no doubt used many times. The hunted one brought his great eyes, with their permanent look of foolish terror, round to the vixen, and solemnly regarded her for the next two minutes, and it is possible by then that he had forgotten friend fox. Anyway, the vixen did her best to help him to forget him.

At the end of two minutes, with all the suddenness and unexpectedness and every atom of speed of which she was capable, she hurled herself at the hare, the snow fairly flying in a cloud behind her as she kicked off at the start. She knew she could not catch that swift beast, but that was of no account. Her game was to startle him, hustle him, terrify him into that blind, mad flight which is the hare's weak point.

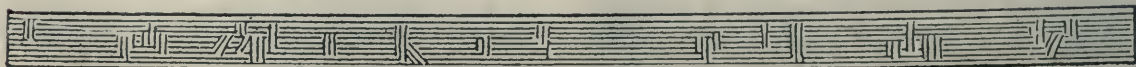
And she did. Holding slightly to the right, she had covered fifteen yards before "Puss" realized what

she was "at". Then he went, whipped into the night on the legs of sudden panic, going only as a hare can—straight to the gap in the hedge. He looked like simply a brown line swiftly drawn across the snow, and—

The dog-fox must have been lying right flat on the ground in the runway on the other side of the gap, and—it was a hair-raising sight. As the hare fairly whizzed through the gap, it seemed as if a reddish streak flashed up under his very feet. The two shot straight up into the air, locked, it seemed, together, and, falling apart, came down with a thud, sprawling. Quick as thought, and grunting loudly, the hare had scratched himself up to his feet again; but, quicker still, the red fox had rolled over, and even as he lay on his back his neck stretched out, his fangs flashed in the moonlight, there was a loud snap and a high, thin, piercing scream as the hare struggled and bounded madly upwards—caught by one hind leg.

Then, before you could wink, another red form shot at full gallop through the gap, fairly on top of them. There followed a second gleam of fangs, a second snap, the scream was switched off like an electric light, and the vixen was rolling over and over on the snow, all mixed up with the fox and the hare together.

Then, all alone in the hedge-ditch, far too busy to speak or make love, but content, quite, quite, content, the two made their wedding feast off the giant hare—whose weight, by the way, must have been certainly 9lb, 9 oz. And the other fox, who was still yapping in the fir-plantation, could go hang for a wife, so far as that one vixen was concerned. *She* wasn't going to leave a husband who could use his brains as our dog-fox had done his, and could snatch a meal from the very lap of Fate through sheer, almost human reasoning.







PORTRAIT

From the Painting by  
Gertrude Des Clayes.  
Exhibited by the  
Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.





# FROM BAGDAD TO BABYLON

BY R. A. MacLEAN

"The moving finger writes and having writ moves on."



AN excursion from Bagdad to Babylon in a hospital train drawn by an engine of the London and South Western Railway, England, seems almost too modern a method of travel to put one into a frame of mind suitable to enter into the spirit of the past, or to visualize the scenes of ancient days. Add to this the fact that on this hospital train there were in addition to some few officers as honoured guests, a party of seventy-five nursing sisters from the Officers' Hospital, Bagdad, and No. 23 Military Hospital, and an observer might conclude that we were out for a picnic with no other interest in the world but the enjoyment of one another's company in a day's escape from the weary round of life in a hospital—weary, if you are a nurse and perhaps more so, if, like myself, you happen to be a patient.

But before proceeding further perhaps I should remark that it was the 25th of November, 1918; the armistice for which we had all been looking had at last been signed, and the feverish strain and stifling heat, which during four long years had almost wrecked body and mind of many a faithful nurse in Bagdad, was at last relaxed by a privilege graciously extended by G.H.Q. of spending a day amid the ruins of ancient Babylon. And lest my readers may conclude too prematurely that such an excursion, with all its romantic possibilities, was devoid

of archaeological interest, I might state that among the officers present, there were two well-known students of Babylon history, and among the sisters there was at least one whose knowledge of the East was not inconsiderable. So while it may seem ungracious of me to pass over all mention of the charms of those who graced our company, or to omit to dwell upon the lighter side of life which a mixed company usually brings into prominence, I can only plead this ungallant defense, that our company, delightful as it was, was only of secondary interest to the object of our expedition. I trust that this explanation may not materially lessen the interest in what follows.

At half-past seven on the morning of the 25th of November we left Bagdad, and before long the golden towers of Kazimain and the tall minarets of the City of the Caliphs faded in the distance. We were in the desert. Here was silence all about. There was nothing to gaze upon but an interminable featureless expanse. As far as the eye could see there was no natural feature to relieve the monotony of the plain. The desert was wrapped in the stifling dust of a west wind, the heat rose in waves from the sun-baked ground, and the mirage in the west like the margin of that untravelled world, seemed to fade forever and forever as we moved. A little farther on a jackal, or, in the more picturesque language of the East, "a son of retreat", leaped forth from a nullah,



A Street in Bagdad

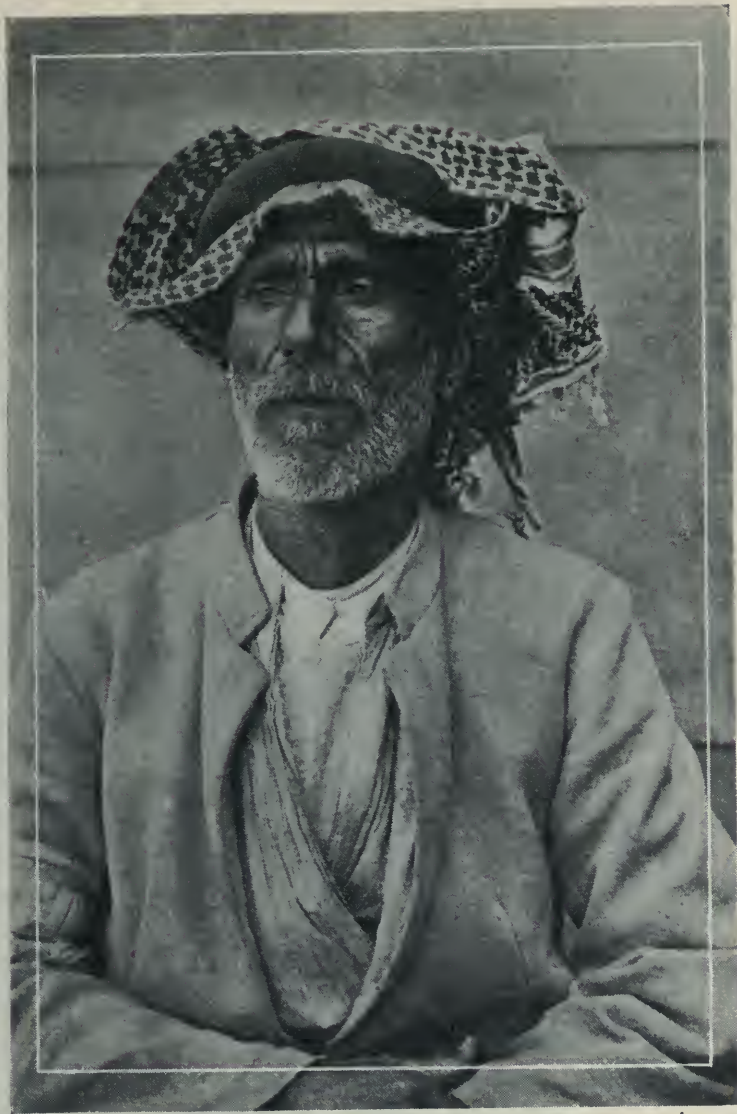
and some sand grouse swept the ground before us. This was the only animal life which met our view in the whole distance of some sixty miles from Bagdad to Babylon. After we had gone half the journey we could mark the vestiges of a former civilization in rows of "tells" or mounds which dotted the desert. Some few of these showed signs of having been excavated, but the majority looked the same as when they had been constructed some thousands of years ago. Far off in the distance almost imperceptible to the naked eye, there loomed on the horizon what appeared to be a grove of trees, and on our right, growing up seemingly out of the arid desert there appeared one solitary palm "unwoo'd of Summer wind". On nearer view the grove turned out to be a palm plantation on the banks of the Euphrates, and we began to realize that in a few minutes, we would be amid the ruins of one of the most famous cities of the past.

At half-past ten we alighted from the train right in the midst of neglected watercourses and a perfect sea of mounds and ruins. I stood dazed, hardly able to speak or to move. Here

had been the culmination of an Empire's dream, and here its downfall. In the palace whose ruins lay almost at our feet Nebuchadnezzar had lived, and Alexander the Great had died. In this same palace, too, was the banqueting hall where Belshazzar made his feast, and all round about were memorials of civilizations long since passed into oblivion. It seemed as though the flood-gates of history had suddenly been opened, and through them there were passing in review, the hosts of Assyria and of Babylonia, the Army of Cyrus, the troops of Alexander the Great, and all the men of civilization past and gone. I fell into a reverie in which the past floated before my eyes, but I awoke to see in some wandering Arabs the rise of Islam, and, in our own party, the representatives of a power soon to be a potent factor in the history of the East.

As I stood there I felt creeping over me something of the spirit which haunted that charming writer, Miss Gertrude Lowthian Bell, when in similar surroundings she gave expression to her feelings in these words:





An Arab of the Plains between Bagdad and Babylon

"Most of us who have had opportunity to become familiar with some site that has once been the theatre of a vanished civilization have passed through hours of vain imaginings during which the thoughts labour to recapture the aspect of street and market, church or temple enclosure, of which the evidences lie strewn over the surface of the earth. And ever as a thousand unanswerable problems surge up against the realization of that empty hope, I have found myself longing for an hour out of a remote century wherein I might look my fill upon the walls that have fallen and stamp the image of a dead world indelibly upon my mind."—(Amurath to Amurath P. 143).

But to pass from these reflections to a more or less detailed account of the site of Babylon as it looks to-day. A general impression as I have al-

ready indicated is that of a confusion of mounds, ruins, dried canals and irrigation ditches spread over an area of about four miles in length and one and a half miles in breadth on the left bank of the Euphrates some four miles north of the modern Hilleh. If you look for a city such as Herodotus described, in magnitude some sixty miles in circumference, and in grandeur—with bronze gates and hanging gardens—one of the wonders of the world, you will be greatly disappointed, as there is little evidence to prove that the city was as large as Herodotus claims, and as to its glory and magnificence, all traces of these have long since been obliterated. But on



Bagdad from across the River





A Scene on the Tigr

the other hand, even a hasty examination of the outer city-walls fully corroborates the Greek historian's account of their enormous width, and leads one to think that if he is correct in some details his seemingly exaggerated account of the city's size may not be so far from the truth if fuller details were known. As one sees Babylon to-day the chief things of interest are the Babel Mound on the north, by some identified as the ancient Tower of Babel, the Kasr or palace of Nebuchadnezzar, excavated by the Germans under the direction of Dr. Koldewey; a sculptured lion of colossal size; the Ishtar gate, with its walls forty feet high adorned with sculptured figures of lions, dragons and bulls in relief; the Sacra Via, leading from the Ishtar Gate past the Ishtar Temple, and down into the heart of the city to the temple of the city's god, the inner and outer city walls, the remains of a Greek theatre which retains in the popular nomenclature the name of Alexander the Great, and in addition scores of other unidentified ruins. And when you have seen all this you can look beyond and see acres and acres of mounds still untouched by the

excavator's spade. In one place a hole has been dug some sixty feet deep, and here through successive layers, may be traced the civilizations of the past—Greek, Persian, Neo-Babylonian and ancient Babylonian. To attempt a detailed description of even one excavated site would be out of place here. Furthermore this has been done by Dr. King of the British Museum in his work on Babylon, and by Dr. Koldewey in various books and publications connected with his excavations, and to these the reader is referred. But perhaps a few notes may be acceptable with reference to the ruined palace of Nebuchadnezzar.

With patience and care characteristically German and worthy of all praise, Koldewey almost completely uncovered the foundation rooms and walls of the palace, and it is now possible to see its three large courts, the Kings Throne Room, two private portions of the building, several wells more than fifty feet deep, a labyrinth of rooms and passage-ways resembling the Minoan Palace in Crete, and, according to Dr. Koldewey, the site of the famous "Hanging Gardens" in the north-east corner of the palace. As to

this latter site, while there is considerable evidence to justify Koldewey's view, worked out with a thoroughness and persistence in establishing a thesis, which is a feature of the German method, King and other British archæologists are probably treading on safer ground by reserving judgment on the question until further excavations have been made. Lying all about the place are hundreds of bricks with cuneiform inscriptions and the names of Nebuchadnezzar upon them, while bits of pottery and broken pieces of enamel are as common as the dirt itself. But the wealth of material taken from the palace falls far from short of what was removed from Nineveh by Layard in the middle of the last century. The reason is not far to seek. Being without the stone which the quarries in the neighbourhood of Nineveh supplied, the Babylonians built almost entirely of sun-dried or kiln-burnt bricks. These, of course, were not suitable for sculpturing or constructing huge monuments such as

the colossal winged bulls or even the mural decorations which now adorn the Nineveh room in the British Museum. Still there are a few interesting sculptured remains to be seen in Babylon. In the northern part of the palace mound is a sculptured block carved in the shape of a colossal lion standing above the body of a man, who lies with arms uplifted. The man's head is broken, and the whole group has the appearance of being only half finished. As a writer has said, "it is as though the workmen of the Great King had fashioned an image of Destiny, treading relentlessly over the generations of mankind, before they too passed into its clutches".

On the east side of the palace is the Ishtar Gate, the best preserved and most magnificent memorial of Nebuchadnezzar's works. The towers of the Gate, as they present themselves today, after being excavated, consist of solid brick masonry, some forty feet in height. They are decorated with alternate rows of bulls and



The Golden Towers of Kazamain



dragons cast in relief on the brick and the workmanship and skill of the designer as may be seen from the accompanying illustrations is of no mean order.

I have already made mention of the Greek theatre. Its ruins lie near the city walls, but it requires some effort of the imagination to reconstruct that home of the arts which followed everywhere in the wake of the Greek civilization.

On the right bank of the Euphrates opposite the palace mound, there are remains of the City's outer wall, while some miles away to the south-west, in the heart of the desert is Birs Nimrud, where a temple pyramid, of zigurrat constructions, rears its graceful outlines to the sky. This is believed by many to be the famous Tower of Babel.

Of the treasures discovered by Dr. Koldewey and his assistants in the course of their excavations at Babylon some few still remain in the Museum built by him on the banks of the Euphrates. But the war came as a great shock to this zealous body of workers at Babylon. Between the time of Dr. Koldewey's retirement and

the British occupation of Babylon most of the Museum treasures which were not carried away by the Germans were looted by the wandering Arabs of the desert. At the time of our visit to Babylon, there was a guard—an Arab guard—over the ruins, and signs were placed here and there warning visitors not to remove anything from the ruins. But visitors, unfortunately, have very often too little respect for the memorials of the past, and Arab guards can be bought too easily with a little baksheesh. The inevitable result ensues. But I am told that the ruins are now very carefully protected, and as a British director of excavations has recently gone to Mesopotamia to supervise the work, no doubt the various archæological sites will receive the protection which their importance demands.

As to the work of excavation in Mesopotamia much remains to be done. The entire Mesopotamian valley from Bagdad south to the Persian Gulf is a vast cemetery of buried cities. Mounds, scattered over the plain, mark ancient sites. Some of the oldest of these mounds in the South cover the cities of the Sumerians and Babylonians,



Ruins of the Palace of Nebuchadnezzar at Babylon





Throne Room in Palace of Nebuchadnezzar

others belong to Persian, Greek or Arab times.

But to return to Babylon. The hot dusty day was drawing to a close and our party were assembling for the return trip to Bagdad. I was reluctant to leave Babylon, but glad to get away

from the flies which seem to delight in haunting ancient ruins. While battling with them there came to my mind that delightful passage from Lord Dufferin's Letters from Iceland, in which he speaks of a certain German entomologist, a "doctor philosophiæ"



Relief on the Walls of Ishtar Gate



who went to Iceland to catch gnats. Afterwards he passed several years catching gnats in Spain, "the privacy of Spanish gnats, it appears, not having been hitherto invaded". He further related the intensity of the Professor's joy when perhaps days and nights of fruitless labours were at last rewarded by the discovery of some unknown fly, and how this same man in the pursuit of the objects of his study was evidently prepared to approach hardships and dangers with the serenity that would not have been unworthy of the apostle of a new religion. While reflecting on this, it occurred to me that if this exponent of German culture and research has not passed into the Great Beyond, he might well find a fruitful field for his labours amid the ruins of ancient

Babylon. There among the shades of Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander he might live a life of noble obscurity collecting and classifying gnats, and die at last content with the consciousness of having added one more stone to the tower of knowledge.

But this is a digression. At five-thirty P.M. our engine puffed a signal for our departure. A jackal, unaccustomed to this weird noise, bounded forth from a dried irrigation canal. The dust storm which had been raging passed by, and, as we moved slowly away, we looked from the window of the car and saw for the last time the wide expanse that was Babylon, encircled now as of old by the murmuring waters of the Euphrates, and the silence of the great embracing desert.

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## THE HARMONY OF LOVE

BY FLORENCE B. S. O'CONNOR

ERE Love had come to me I sang of him,  
 As children will who, catching but a word  
 That once has pleased them, on the instant brim  
 With all that they have fancied or have heard.  
 With careful hand, fearing I should betray  
 I knew not what, I seemed to know,  
 Yet with audacious touch did I array  
 My want of knowledge in the likeliest show.

And then came Love and smote upon my lyre  
 And, with desire to knowledge fully grown,  
 I pensive stand, filled with the glorious fire,  
 Holding the harp's heart close upon my own  
 Lest I should miss by some unhappy chance  
 Some single note of the great harmony,  
 Some shadowy chord, some hidden resonance,  
 Of this unutterable ecstasy.

# THREE NAMELESS GRAVES

BY M. LA TOUCH THOMPSON

**I**N the very heart of the city of Saint John, New Brunswick, lies the "Old Burial ground", the resting-place of many of those sturdy Loyalists who sailed from New England after the American Revolutionary War and founded the city. It is a lovely old God's acre, situated on a gently sloping hillside, shaded by many fine trees, beautified by well-kept beds of flowers, and made musical by the plash of fountains. There is no jarring note anywhere about it, for no interment has been made for many years, and time has treated the grave-stones with a kindly, mellowing hand.

When I took up my abode in Saint John some years ago it was my good fortune to secure lodgings in a house overlooking this lovely old spot, and I traversed its broad walks every day in going to and fro between house and office. Often in the late afternoon I would stroll amongst the graves, deciphering the inscriptions on the lichen-covered stones, and finding much food for thought in the story of those uncompromising old Britishers, who lived up to their convictions if ever men did.

But my chief interest centered around three graves over which no stone had been raised. My attention was drawn to them by the fact that almost every afternoon, when the weather was fine, an old gentleman well past three score and ten was to be seen seated on a bench beside them. He was always alone; and the gentle, sensitive old face under the old-fashioned wide-awake hat was one that I

soon grew to look for, and missed it on the rare occasions of its absence. I soon noticed that he never strolled about the grounds as others did; he invariably came straight to the three graves, sat over them in quiet contemplation for some time, and then slowly climbed the slope and disappeared along the street leading into the eastern part of the city.

I should have been more than human had my curiosity not been aroused, and for some time I watched in vain for an opportunity of gratifying it. It came one day when the old man dropped a glove as he began his homeward walk. Fortunately I was just behind him at the time, and in a moment I had restored the glove and was making the most of my chance of winning his acquaintance. A reserve that I soon found was due chiefly to shyness soon wore off, and I was quickly won by the dear old fellow's sweetness of manner and fine old-fashioned courtesy.

Thereafter we always exchanged greetings whenever I passed him in his accustomed seat, and sometimes he would rise and join me when I was coming home and would accompany me as far as my door. But he always declined my invitation to enter, and I began to despair of ever gaining sufficient intimacy with him to warrant my asking him for the story of those three graves. That there was a story I was sure: I felt instinctively that here was something decidedly out of the common.

Then came an interruption in the form of a hurried summons to the Pacific Coast on business, and I was



away from Saint John for two months. When I returned I looked for the familiar figure the first afternoon I passed his bench, but he was not there. Several days passed, and still he did not appear. On Sunday I dropped into the rectory for a pipe after evensong, and in the course of conversation I mentioned the old man and asked the rector if he knew anything of him. Then I learned that the old fellow was very ill; the rector had been told of him by the doctor, and had been visiting him frequently since his attack. At the parson's suggestion I myself called the following day, and during the remaining two months of the old man's life I was his constant visitor. He lived in a small house in a side street, and an old negro manservant was his sole attendant. He did not suffer any pain, and his mental faculties were unimpaired. He always seemed glad to see me; and I can never forget the wistful sweetness of his smile nor the gentle courtesy of his manner, a courtesy that was part and parcel of the man himself.

We talked often and long and of many things, and by degrees he gave me more and more of his confidence. But weeks passed before he made any reference to those three graves on the hill-side, and I had again begun to despair, for he was not of those whose confidence can be forced. But my patience—if I may call it so—was at last rewarded. One evening, after an hour's talk, we had fallen into one of those silences which are the test and proof of true communion between friends. We had been talking of the delicate adjustment so often necessary to preserve the proper relations between parent and child. Suddenly he turned to me and said, "You must often have wondered about those three graves over which I so constantly sat when I was able to go about; I am going to tell you the story of them, for it bears very closely upon the subject we have just been discussing." And then he told me the following tale, which, as nearly

as I can remember, I give in his own words.

"In order to begin at the very beginning I must go back to a time some years before my own entry into the story. Just seventy years ago a gentleman who lived some two days' ride from Dublin, having fallen heir to a substantial legacy, undertook some extensive alterations and enlargements in connection with his house and outbuildings. For the execution of the work he secured the services of a well-known Dublin architect and builder, who sent out a young man of twenty-five, an apprentice, to carry out the preliminary work of clearing the ground and making the necessary excavations.

"Now, this gentleman had been twice married, and his second wife was still living. By his first wife he had two daughters, the elder of whom had married a Dublin tea merchant. The latter was a lovely girl, just past her seventeenth birthday, and of a most amiable disposition. In after years I heard not a little of how the village folk and peasantry worshipped her; how she ministered to them, young as she was, in the many sorrows of their lot, and shared with a full heart in their simple joys. It was among the people that she found a field for the exercise of those qualities of sympathy and kindness which, unfortunately, she was given no opportunity of expressing at home. For her father thought only of his stables and kennels, while her step-mother had been hard and cold towards her from the first—in marked distinction to her attitude of lavishly indulgent affection towards her own offspring.

"Why is it that in such circumstances women so frequently fail to rise to their opportunity, and criminally neglect their responsibility? When a woman marries a widower with children surely she assumes responsibility for the exercise of maternal care for the children but little less than that of wifely care for the father! One would think that all



that is highest and best in a woman's nature would respond to the appeal inherent in such a situation; but it is far too frequently not so.

"The case we are considering is a case in point. And the young girl had reached a period when experienced and sympathetic guidance is so vitally important; for she stood on the threshold of womanhood, swayed by new impulses which she could not understand, in a holy ignorance fraught with the gravest danger to herself, danger from which she could be safeguarded only, humanly speaking, by the understanding sympathy and guidance of an older woman.

"The architect's assistant was a youth of handsome appearance and good address, and he very quickly captured the interest of the inexperienced and impressionable girl. It did not require much skill on his part to convert that interest into affection, and in time he won her consent to a runaway marriage. As he himself was practically penniless and had absolutely no prospects he knew only too well how the father would entertain a request for his daughter's hand; but he believed that, the marriage an accomplished fact, the father would bow to the inevitable and provide for him as his daughter's husband. The young people succeeded in reaching a neighbouring town without their object being discovered; they were married, and the following day presented themselves at the paternal door. But instead of pardon and acceptance, if not welcome, they met with violent abuse and rejection; the poor girl was upbraided as an undutiful daughter, and her father's house forever closed to her.

"Her romantic dream was soon rudely dispelled. Her husband was summarily dismissed from his situation as soon as tidings of his misconduct reached his employer, and he found it impossible to obtain steady work elsewhere. The failure of his schemes embittered him, and constant indulgence in strong drink did not tend to improve his temper or make

him a more desirable companion. Before long he began to look upon his wife as the cause of all his misfortunes, and when in his cups he not infrequently ill-treated her savagely. In six months' time the situation had become intolerable, her husband's cruelty endangering not only her own life but that of her unborn child as well.

"The architect, who had learned of her plight in the course of his occasional visits of inspection, and vainly endeavoured to secure her re-admittance to her father's home, at length advised her to leave her inhuman husband and go to her married sister in Dublin. The district had no stage coach connection with Dublin at the time, and the question of transportation appeared to be a difficult one to solve, more especially as the matter must needs be arranged and carried out without the knowledge of the husband. But a solution presently appeared in the person of a young Englishman, who had been on a visit to a neighbouring farm. He was riding back to Dublin, and the good architect, who had met him and been much prepossessed in his favour, readily secured his sympathy on behalf of his fair young protégée and his consent to her riding on a pillion behind him. The better to conceal her movements, and also as a means for the avoidance of possible embarrassments while travelling together, he assumed the role of her brother, and she that of his widowed sister.

"The journey was accomplished without incident, and the weary but thankful girl presented herself at her sister's door, sure that she had found a safe and welcoming haven. But the unnatural sister, who had seen her approach from a window, met her on the threshold, not with the arms of love but with the mien of a fury, and slammed the door in her face.

"And so here was the poor runaway, penniless, in a strange city, her only protector a young man who was neither relative nor connection! In a state of woeful perplexity the



young people returned to the posting inn where they had left the horse. That evening they chanced to get into conversation with an American sea captain and his wife, who were also lodging there. The subject of America and its budding advantages was most alluringly portrayed by the captain, who in the end, touched by the beauty and apparent early bereavement of the supposed widow, offered them both a free passage—they to provide themselves with provisions and other necessities for the voyage. He also assured them of his interest and assistance when they at last reached the hospitable shores of the Delaware.

"The young people considered the situation carefully in all its bearings. Richards (to give him the name by which I knew him in later life), had no family ties and no settled occupation. He was a typical product of an English public school, clean in mind and body, manly, chivalrous, and honourable. He strongly advised that the offer be accepted, and gave the unfortunate girl his solemn undertaking to accompany her and protect her as though he were in very truth her brother. There appeared to be no choice for her but to accept; there was simply nothing else for her to do. And though the situation was a most delicate one for her and fraught with no inconsiderable danger to them both in their youth and inexperience, I for one cannot think that they did wrong. Strict moralists may not agree with me; but, I ask, what other course was open to them? At any rate they embarked on their great adventure; and never once, by word or deed, did her protector give her cause to regret her trust in him.

"In course of time they reached their destination, and a few months afterwards she gave birth to a daughter. Richards supported them both by his industry as a house carpenter, for working in wood had always been with him a hobby which he was now able to turn to a good account.

"But soon the beauty and charm of

the young mother attracted no little attention, and brought her more than one flattering offer of marriage. As she posed as a widow she could offer no reasonable excuse, and the situation became so embarrassing that finally they removed to Boston, where, in order to prevent the recurrence of such perplexity, they concluded that it would be wise to adopt another name and to pass as husband and wife. This they did; but in no manner did they relax that virtuous distance and decorum always so faithfully maintained between them.

"Years passed by. The talent, industry, and patience of Richards added daily to their reputation and wealth; he was known as one of the most capable and trustworthy contractors in the State. And the respect in which he was universally held was fully shared by his companion; for her benevolence and charity, her unfailing sympathy and kindness of both word and act, won her a place in the public esteem that but few mortals may hope to attain. And yet real happiness was never hers, for the shadow of reproach for her youthful error and all its estranging consequences was never absent from her. She had written repeatedly to her father and sister, pleading for forgiveness, but they ignored her every effort towards reconciliation. Her child was from the first taught to address Mr. Richards as 'father'; no suspicion of the true relation in which the three stood to each other was ever allowed to come near her.

"It was here that I came on the scene. I was twenty-five years old, and had been employed in a shipping office in Baltimore, my home town; now I was promoted to an excellent position in the head office of the firm, in Boston. Not long after my arrival I met Mrs. Richards at a garden party that had been organized for the support of a certain charity and that was held on the lawns of the senior partner of our firm. Mr. and Mrs. Richards were prominent among those who had promoted the



enterprise, and on the day itself were doing everything possible to ensure its success. I was presented to Mrs. Richards early in the afternoon, and never since the death of my own mother, five years earlier, had I been so drawn to any woman. There was strength there, and sweetness; and that beautiful, saintly face, still young, under its crown of snow white hair, affected me with a feeling of reverence that I cannot describe. It was plain to see that she was of those who have come through great tribulation and learned the purifying lesson of adversity. In her gentle way she drew me out, knowing me for a stranger in Boston, and soon I had told her of my mother's death and the blank it had left in my life. We were not allowed many minutes together, for soon she was called to some duty connected with the fête; but before leaving me she asked me to come to tea on the following Sunday. I did so, and there I met my fate in the person of her daughter Mary.

"Many years have passed, but I have only to close my eyes to see, as though it had been yesterday, that pure and lovely face and girlish form as she came down the steps of the verandah and crossed the lawn to where her mother and I were seated. She was then just past her eighteenth birthday, on the threshold of a perfect womanhood, possessing a winsomeness and charm that were as exceptional as was her beauty. I was not impressionable as most young men are; never before had my fancy been touched by any girl; but even while she was crossing the lawn I yielded the whole love of my life to Mary Richards. I became a constant visitor at her home, making no attempt to conceal the strong attraction she had for me; and the quiet, affectionate smile with which Mrs. Richards always welcomed me gave me to hope that in her I should find no obstacle to the fulfilment of my great desire. And though no word of love passed between Mary and me I knew by many little tokens that she cared for

me. O those happy, happy weeks, when we love and believe we are loved in return, and yet postpone the moment of avowal, being loath to end the strangely sweet uncertainty of the present!

"All this time Mr. Richards was absent from home, having gone to New York for an extended business visit. At length word came of his intended return, and when I bade Mrs. Richards good-night the evening before he was expected I could not refrain from referring with shy impulsiveness to my desire to interview him 'on a matter of very great importance'. In the smile with which she answered me there was understanding and the assurance of support; and the world held no happier soul than mine as I trod the moonlit streets to my lodgings.

"But alas for all my hopes of happiness! The following evening when I presented myself at the door I was informed by the servant that Mrs. Richards had given instructions that I was to be taken to her immediately. I was conducted to her boudoir, where I was alarmed to find her in a state of extreme agitation and showing unmistakable signs of some terrible grief. For some time she could not speak; and then, with her arms about me and in a voice shaken with emotion, she told me that something terrible had happened which made marriage between Mary and me utterly impossible. She could give no reasons, but pleaded with me to trust her when she said that there was absolutely no way out but the way she was taking. She promised that she would send for me at once if it should ever be possible for me to come to Mary, but meanwhile exacted my promise that I would make no attempt to communicate with any member of the family for one week.

"The door that I had entered so buoyantly and hopefully an hour earlier I went forth from a broken and half-crazed man. How or where I spent the hours of that long night I never knew; dawn found me sitting,



spent, by the roadside some miles outside Boston. A kindly market-gardener gave me a lift back to town, and through that day and the succeeding six I dragged myself like a man in a dream. The seventh day brought a letter from Mrs. Richards, and you may imagine the eagerness with which I tore it open. It contained the crushing information that the Richards home and furniture had been disposed of and that the family had left for some unknown destination. The writer's protestation of love and grief for me was unmistakably genuine; but I was adjured by the love I bore her daughter and my desire for that daughter's happiness to make no effort to trace them or communicate with them in any way.

"What could I do but submit? But only God knows what it cost me. Around and around in a circle of fruitless speculation my brain would go; I often wondered that it did not give way, and as often hoped that it would. But gradually there emerged two clearly defined things: my belief in Mary's love for me, and my determination to be ready and fit to obey her call if she should ever need me and send for me.

"Two years passed. No tidings had come from the Richards', and the public had ceased to speculate over the mystery of their sudden disappearance. And then one day the summons came that I had for so long instinctively expected; I received from Mr. Richards a short note dated from Saint John, N.B., asking me to come to them immediately. One of our fastest schooners was sailing for Saint John, in ballast, that very evening, and I had but little difficulty in obtaining leave of absence and arranging for my passage. Two evenings later I sat in this very room, listening to the whole story from the lips of Mr. Richards himself; and surely no man ever listened to a stranger tale. First he told me what I began by telling you—of the true relations existing between 'Mrs. Richards' and himself, and the parentage of Mary. But

the sequel! You must hear that.

"It appeared that, since Mary had been a mere child, Mr. Richards had never been absent from home for more than a day at a time until that fatal three months' visit to New York. It needed but a week of his absence to disclose to him the fact that what he had considered a paternal affection for the young girl who had been brought up to love him as her father had been displaced by an absorbing passion that nothing but marriage could satisfy. Throughout the remaining weeks of his absence his resolve grew daily stronger. It seems strange that the man who for so many years had set self aside and devoted himself so whole-heartedly to the welfare and happiness of others should now allow selfishness to dominate all other feelings. It is true, of course, that he had no knowledge that Mary had formed any attachment, for Mrs. Richards had made no mention of the matter in her letters. He had for so long sought the happiness of herself and her daughter that she never doubted that he would rejoice in this crowning joy that had come into Mary's life, and she withheld the news to be a happy surprise to him on his return.

"I cannot, without a feeling of horror, contemplate what happened on his return. He told Mrs. Richards of the discovery he had made regarding his feelings towards her daughter; he demanded that Mary be told the story of her parentage; and he pleaded his long years of single-hearted devotion to the interests of mother and daughter and claimed the daughter's hand in marriage as his reward.

"What could the poor mother do? She and her child owed everything to their protector and this was the only call he had ever made upon their gratitude. The interview between mother and daughter is too sacred to dwell upon; suffice it to say that after a night of grief and prayer the poor girl agreed to sacrifice her love on the altar of her mother's and her own gratitude. It was decided that Mr.



Richards should know nothing concerning the attachment formed between Mary and me.

"But now a new difficulty arose; how was it possible to carry out their plans without dragging their whole private history before the public gaze? For this and for other reasons a change of scene was decided upon, and a new home was established near Saint John. Mr. Richards bought a place on the river a few miles from town, and there he took his bride.

"And so the new life began. But from the first poor Mary drooped like a stricken lily. She was surrounded with every evidence of the most devoted affection on the part of her husband, and her mother, too, strove by every means in her power to lighten the burden, but with little success. Three months before I was sent for Mary's child was born, a frail little life that came and went like an early snowflake. It lived but a month. And now Mary herself was near to joining her child; in the room above her young life was slowly ebbing away. When Mrs. Richards became convinced of this she could keep silence no longer, and told Mr. Richards of the love between Mary and me and how near we had been to avowal and betrothal. At once all the fineness of the man's character asserted itself, and without an hour's delay he sent for me. And now, when he had made everything clear to me, he proposed to step aside and let me take the place at my Mary's bedside that was due to me as the man to whom she had given her heart and who had loved her from the first.

"I cannot speak of the fortnight that followed; daily—almost hourly—I was with her, and she passed away at last, painlessly and peacefully, in my arms. She was laid to rest beside her babe, in the second of those three graves over which you so often saw me sitting. And for me the light went out of life from that day.

"But soon again the sod was broken, and the third grave dug and filled. The strain of the last two years had

told heavily upon Mrs. Richards, and she did not long survive her daughter. She took much blame to herself for all the sorrow that had fallen, seeing in each succeeding trial a further consequence of her own self-will and setting aside of parental authority. But I, for one, hold her blameless, and I believe the good God does, too; at the door of her father and step-mother the blame should lie.

"Mr. Richards immediately disposed of everything and sailed for England. He never reached there, for his vessel was lost at sea. I bought this house as it stood and placed it in the hands of an old family servant, once a slave, whom I brought from Baltimore for the purpose. When old Martha died her son Tom, my present attendant, succeeded her.

"For myself, I returned to Boston for a time, but soon secured an exchange back to Baltimore, where I took up what was left of life and by God's help made it not unuseful. All through the years this house awaited the time when my working days would be over and I could settle down here to a quiet waiting for the day when my Mary would come to fetch me. A year ago I came, and I shall not have much longer to wait. If God wills I shall breathe my last in the room above, where Death, who parted us, shall re-unite us."

\* \* \*

The tired voice ceased, and silence again reigned in the old room. An hour later I myself performed the servant's usual office and assisted my old friend up the stairs to the room above. And it was his last journey thither; in the morning his faithful man found him lifeless, a smile of ineffable tenderness on his dear old face. His faith and his patience had found their reward.

And so I learned the story of the three nameless graves. And ever, when I pass them by, I seem to see that familiar figure upon the old gray bench, keeping his patient and faithful watch over the beloved dust beneath.





AT THE FAIR

From the Painting by  
Vivien Logan.  
Exhibited by the  
Ontario Society of Artists.





# MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

## CHAPTER XIV



HE storm passed away with the night. David woke to find a new-washed sun sparkling through the window upon the white sheets which covered his work table and hung from the mirror like unfamiliar ghosts. For a moment he wondered what these fantastic draperies might mean. Then came recollection, a rueful smile or two and a quickening of the pulses as he realised that to-day was not quite as yesterday.

He sat up and reflected. The memories of the night were curiously flattened and unreal in the sunlight. He had gone to sleep feeling worried, he woke feeling inclined to laugh. It was as if the darkness had dressed up a bogie to frighten him just as Mrs. Carr had shrouded the mirror in sheets. Both seemed absurd now that daylight had come!

What a silly old thing Mrs. Carr was, anyway! Fancy trying to do the tragic over such an entirely simple affair! The storm must have upset the old lady's nerves. She was probably feeling properly foolish this morning. Well, she deserved to feel foolish. She had come very nearly making things ugly for that nice girl down the hall. If it hadn't been for the keen wit of the girl herself there might have been a regular scene!

David smiled admiringly as he thought of how smartly Miss Sims had saved the situation. Women, he reflected, must understand each other

extraordinarily well, else how could Clara have hit upon the one thing which had so completely routed the enemy? And all on the impulse of the moment! David himself would never have thought of it. He smiled again at the memory of the statue of justice suddenly transforming itself into an ordinary and somewhat apologetic landlady. And all because Miss Sims had told that white fib about their being engaged. David hoped that he had played the game and not allowed his amazement at the announcement to appear too plainly.

Having shot her bolt, Miss Sims, under cover of a downcast look, had gracefully retired, leaving the situation and the landlady in his hands. He congratulated himself on having managed both quite cleverly. Without protest he had allowed Mrs. Carr to divest herself of the sheet in favour of his mirror and had even offered another sheet to shroud the table where various bright things glittered.

Lightning, Mrs. Carr declared, always "made for" bright objects. David agreed. Under the circumstances he would have agreed to anything. So perfect was his attitude in fact that Mrs. Carr had relaxed her rigid front to the extent of explaining her previous attitude.

"Not that I wish ever to be hard on any one, Mr. Greig," she had assured him, "but you know what it is, keeping a select house like this. It isn't easy, not in a city. One never knows. And it is impossible to be too careful.



I assure you—the merest breath! And what with seeing you two come in late and Miss Sims so flustered and all and then in the dead of night to open a door—and I still think, Mr. Greig, that she might have waited to put on a wrapper—it was enough to give any one a turn. Not that I ever think evil, on principle. As it is, I am sure I congratulate you both on your engagement. Although I must say you are rather young to be thinking of so serious a step as marriage; younger, Mr. Greig, than she is, if I am any judge."

"Thanks," said David, "I—er—you won't say anything about it, will you?"

"Certainly not," promised Mrs. Carr with fervour. David's present freedom from worry was largely owing to the fact that he believed her.

Now that morning had come, all these recollections seemed quite amusing. His main interest in them seemed to be a growing curiosity as to how that clever Miss Sims, having got them into the present situation so neatly, would get them out of it again. She had probably already thought of some simple way. To his own masculine mind the simplest of all would be just to tell Mrs. Carr the truth. Last night she had been excited and unreasonable but to-day she could certainly be made to understand.

David's one real terror was lest Billy Fish should hear of the occurrence! That would indeed be frightful. David shivered as he thought of the endless ragging which would then be his inevitable portion. Funny as the affair was he had no desire to have it contribute to the gaiety of nations.

He was early at breakfast. In his heart he expected his partner in the conspiracy to be early also. They might seize a moment to arrange the gentle undeceiving of Mrs. Carr. He knew that he would feel a little better when that was done. But Miss Sims was late. When finally she did slip into her seat, the table had filled up and there was no chance of a private word.

She looked very pretty this morning, and, perhaps, a little more fragile, worrying, no doubt! It was a shame that she should have to worry. He, David, must be ready to help her to any extent in his power.

"It's a lovely morning," he said as he rose. "If you don't mind, I'll wait for you and we can walk down to the car together?"

Clara glanced quickly up and down again. This look was peculiar to Clara. It was her substitute for a blush, and really did quite as well. Even the cleverest of us cannot blush when we want to.

"That will be very nice," she said demurely.

David waited on the verandah. He thanked his stars that Silly Billy was sleeping in, disturbed no doubt by having his mirror done up in sheets. It seemed particularly fortunate, anyway, and he said as much to Miss Sims when she joined him. Miss Sims looked surprised.

"Why?" she asked, "I thought you liked Mr. Fish?"

"So I do. Billy's an idiot but he's one of the best. All the same he has an uncanny way of guessing things. We don't want him guessing at our little comedy, he would enjoy it far too much!"

"Comedy?" Miss Sims looked pained. So palpably pained did she look that even David couldn't help seeing it. He felt that he had blundered again.

"Not that there's any chance of him doing it," he assured her hastily. "Or any one else. Thank heaven, there was no grandstand."

Clara's face was hidden now by the wide brim of her hat. She was drawing on her gloves.

"It was fortunately an entirely private performance," went on David cheerfully, "but we did it well, didn't we? All the credit is yours, of course. I'd have stood there all night and never have thought of such a thing."

The hat brim drooped still lower. There was something in the droop of which affected David like one



of Clara's own half-said sentences. "What's the matter?" he inquired uneasily.

The hat brim lifted. For a second he saw her eyes, and there were tears in them.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed David in alarm, "what a silly clown I am. Of course you feel this thing more than I do. That's only natural. I shouldn't have let it go this far. I'll go right back and explain the whole thing to Mrs. Carr. She'll see reason by daylight."

"Oh no!" Clara's small but firm hand restrained him. "Don't do that!"

"But I must. I can't have you feeling this way about it."

"I—it's not *her*," said Clara in a low voice.

"Who then? Has Billy——"

"Oh no."

"Well, then, why are you crying?"

Miss Sims denied that she was crying. But if she had been crying it wouldn't have been on account of Mrs. Carr. She didn't care a bit about Mrs. Carr and she didn't care about Mr. Fisher either. "But it wasn't very pleasant—to be laughed at—to be felt ashamed of—to be made to feel ——" the remarks were disjointed and not very definite but it was plain enough that it had been David himself who was the cause of Clara's tears.

"But my dear girl!" the bewilderment of the unconscious culprit may be imagined, "whatever do you mean? I assure you I am horribly sorry if I have blundered in any way. If I laughed it was because I did not realize how serious the matter might seem to you. To me it appeared to be just a joke. But of course I see now that to a nice girl the position is intolerable."

"It isn't that," Clara's voice was small and trembly. "It's the way you look at it. It's hard to have to go on with it when you mind it so much."

"Me? Mind it? Why, great heaven, I don't mind it at all."

"It's the same thing!" The tremble

was slightly more pronounced now.

"Oh, the devil!" said David, but not out loud. He took off his hat and rumbled his hair.

"You hate it, you know you do," said Clara pathetically. "You don't want Mr. Fish to know. You are ashamed of it. But it won't be long. I'll look out for another boarding-house to-day."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. The idea! That would be exceedingly foolish."

"Yes, I know. But even that would be better than having you feel as you do about it."

"But I don't feel any way about it, except that I do not like to have you in a false position. The whole thing is dashed unfortunate. What I say is that we must not let Mrs. Carr frighten us. She's a good sort, really. I'm sure if we go in and explain quietly——"

Clara interrupted with a little gasp which David, for all his experience, knew threatened hysterics.

"Oh no," she cried. "I couldn't! I won't! I won't explain anything to her. I'll go away. I'll do anything rather than that."

"But you didn't do anything wrong, or even foolish."

Yes, of course, Miss Sims knew this. But all the same she couldn't and she wouldn't have anything more to say to Mrs. Carr. And as they were nearing the corner where she caught her car, it was clear that a compromise was advisable.

"Well then," said David comfortably, "let's say nothing about it at all. Let's go ahead for a day or two. Mrs. Carr promised to say nothing about the engagement to anybody and in the meantime we can fix a way out. That ought to be simple enough. You're excited, you know. There's nothing to it. We'll just sit tight."

This seemed to strike the right note. Clara's drooping hat straightened itself. Clara's dark eyes smiled a pathetic little smile. Clara's damp handkerchief was patted down into its place in her handbag.



"We'll just sit tight," she muttered.

"Certainly," hastily.

"And you told Mrs. Carr it was a secret?"

"Yes, I did."

"I'm so glad!"

Clara, knowing Mrs. Carr, knew exactly how that secret would be kept!

When he had handed her into the car a thoughtful silence descended upon David. This little episode was taking on a character which he had not dreamed possible.

How very strange women were; what in thunder did that girl mean by going all to pieces at the mere suggestion of the one straightforward way out of their rather silly difficulty. Why was she frightened of Mrs. Carr? Why had she seemed so frightened last night? Reviewing the scene, soberly now, David could not see why she hadn't spoken up in the first place instead of stammering and looking scared to death. He supposed there was some good reason for it, as between women, but for the life of him he couldn't see any. Well, what was done was done and perhaps the girl was right in not wishing to make more of the affair. Better to say nothing, just to let the matter drop. Anyway, his hands were tied. He couldn't go back on the girl's story until he had her permission. He couldn't stand for her turning out of her boarding-house under such circumstances. A masterly inactivity on his part was clearly indicated.

This much decided, the affair began again to dwindle in importance. His step grew brisk and springy, the whistle came back to his lips. He had a long day of good work before him, why worry over trifles?

As he turned into Arbutus Street a telegraph messenger shot past him on a bicycle. The boy stopped at Mrs. Carr's and was ringing the bell as David came up the steps.

"Message for Mr. David Greig," said the telegraph boy, "sign here."

Mrs. Carr handed the envelope to David who with a quick fear at his heart, tore it open and read the few

words the yellow slip contained.

There was a moment, then, when the world seemed to stand still. When it moved again it seemed to move to a slower rhythm. Miss Sims and the silly affair of the night before had faded right out of it. Even his cherished diagrams upon the table upstairs seemed remote and without interest. The telegram said that Angus Greig was dying.

## XV.

Angus Greig lived only two days after David's hurried return to Milhampton. Unlike a certain king, he did not take "an unconsionable time a'dying". Even death perhaps, knew that he was a man who hated to be kept waiting.

To David, the margin of notice given, seemed cruelly short. There were so many things he had wanted all his life to say and now there was no time to say them. But to all his reproaches for not being told earlier Miss Mattie had only one answer, "Angus did not wish it". Her devotion to the dying man was as unquestioning as it was absolute.

"But he must have wanted to see me?" said David with youthful egotism.

Miss Mattie shook her head. "He knew that you would pity him—to see him failing so! Angus could never do with pity."

"But why more than now?"

"It is different now. There is a dignity in dying."

There was indeed, as David learned, a dignity in dying. He had never come near to death before. He had read about it; he had talked about it. He could remember supposedly clever things which he and others had said; things which, at the time, he had thought "hit it off" rather neatly; things such as "death is dramatic only to the onlooker". His own favourite remark in these discussions had been "Personally I think we make too great a fuss about death". It had sounded very modern and philosophic.

Well, Angus at least was making



no fuss. Neither did his dying appear dramatic, even to the onlooker. But, to David, death had suddenly ceased to provide opportunity for epigram. He was face to face with a stark reality. Angus was dying, what had a well-turned phrase to do with that? At best it was but a circle around a void. One moment the well loved presence would be there, beside him, responsive to his thought, sensible of his devotion, the next a veil would have swept between them—silence, blankness, mystery.

This was the dignity at the heart of death, this going out alone into the unknown. No life so tawdry or so vain but had this marvel at its end. David felt his pulse quicken and his wonder grow. Even to his happy youth the great adventure beckoned until he could almost find it in his heart to envy one who so soon would know all that the world of living men could never know until they followed him. A wonderful dignity, indeed, in dying!

Angus had never taken to his bed. That would have been a bitter thing to ask of one so little used to softness. His excuse was that he could not rest well lying down; so instead he sat in his great arm chair, and the chair itself sat, not in the big bare bedroom upstairs, but in the homely, dusty workshop where he had asked to have it taken. David had found him there with the sun and the open door and all the familiar things around. There had been no sense of shock. Weakness and wasting had not really changed the carpenter. The steady look from the deep eyes, the half reluctant, half humorous turn of the firm lips were hearteningly the same. David knew then, and never again doubted, that death is an accident of the body, an accident which frees, but cannot change, the soul.

They had one long talk. Angus had questioned and David had responded eagerly, all his reserve gone. He knew only a keen desire to give back something for all that the other man had given. It was easy now to

speak of the joy of his chosen work, of the thrill of first successes, of the certainty of more success in store and of the Great Dream—the Great Dream that was no less than the empire of the air.

Angus listened and liked the boy for the confidence. Perhaps his eyes, touched already with an inner light, saw even farther and clearer than the eyes of youth. Perhaps he saw David, even more surely than he saw himself, a conqueror of the air. As the enthusiasm of the young inventor poured itself into words, it seemed to both of them that out through the open door in the calm, blue sky above the tree tops a vision shaped itself, a fairy, birdlike thing, winged and wonderful—the new marvel which the future, and David, would give to an earthweary world.

"It may take a lifetime," said David, "we are all only just at the beginning but some day the roads of the air will be open. This engine that I am working on——"

Angus listened to the tale of the engine and it did not tire him as Miss Mattie feared it might. Or was it that with rest so near mere tiredness had ceased to matter?

He was especially interested in the means which David had found for managing the necessary experimental work.

"You can't do much but dream in a boarding-house bedroom," he said with his close-clipped smile.

"No, of course not," agreed David, "but you know I've written you about John Baird."

"Aye. It's John Baird that I want to hear about."

"He's little bit like you," said David slowly, and then in quick surprise at his own words, "why did I say that? For of course he isn't like you at all except that he is about your age. But he has been exceptionally generous to me—perhaps that was what I meant. He is a little man, grim and silent, almost a recluse. But he is wonderful. His workshop is a place of miracles and he lets me work there.



I am free of everything. I often wonder," thoughtfully, "why he does it?"

"Perhaps he likes you," said Angus as one who mentions a possibility.

"I don't think John Baird likes anybody."

"There's few so small as that, David."

"Oh, he isn't small. But he loves things, not people. The work of his hands—that is his one affection."

Angus looked down at his own hands, now so hopelessly idle, and sighed. But he knew that the love of one's work is a clean and wholesome thing and perhaps he was not altogether sorry that this new influence in David's life held little of sentiment.

"There's one thing," he said when David paused. "You will not need to think of money for a long time yet. You may give to your work for a while before you make it give to you. I am not rich but there will be enough for you and Mattie. It is not your father's money. Of that I know nothing. Probably his wife's people have it. He married again, within the year, you know. Or did I ever tell you that?"

"No, I have never wished to hear of him."

"I know. I know." Angus sat silent for a moment and then went on as one who knows that he must hasten.

"David, I'm not sure I was altogether right about him. I hated him. Hate is seldom just. I couldn't forgive him for hurting her, I can't now. She had a spirit sweet as the west wind—no, I can't forgive him! I must go with that on my soul—but you—to turn a son against his father—"

"I never had a father, only you!"

"Well, it's done." With a great effort the dying man tore his mind from the thought of his heart's tragedy. "We must just leave it! But hate is a poor thing, David. Remember that, when hate is near you. It is a strong, terrible thing, and hard to lose. Maybe I'll lose it—some-

where — somewhere on the road."

He spoke very little after this, sleeping and waking in his chair and refusing the medicine which the doctor admitted would help but little in any case. They sat beside him through the next day, a perfect day of Autumn. For the most part he seemed to sleep, but toward evening he opened his eyes and looked at them in his usual grave and kindly way.

Neither of them knew just when he slipped away.

\* \* \*

"Davy, dear," said Miss Mattie, some two weeks after the funeral, "when are you going back to Toronto?"

"When are you coming with me?" asked David lazily.

The Autumn had turned suddenly cold and the two were seated before a bright fire in the sitting-room.

"I'm not coming at all," said Miss Mattie. Then hastily, before he could answer, "Davy, I don't want to go. I want to stay here just as long as I can."

"Alone?"

"Oh, Davy, as if any one could be alone in Milhampton."

David smiled. "It's not exactly an abode of hermits," he acknowledged. "Mattie, do you feel like talking about things?"

"I should like to Davy."

Instantly she laid down her work and took off her spectacles. David found himself marvelling, as he had often marvelled during the last two weeks, at her serene composure. Her face in the firelight looked tired and sad but there was no trace of that listless, hopeless grief which so often chills and stupefies.

"I think you are wonderful!" said the boy impulsively. "I wonder if there are many women like you."

"There are many, many women," she said with a faint smile, "and they are all like me."

"Not that you could notice!" confidently. "But what I wanted to say was this: why need we sell this place at all?"



Watching her closely he felt sure it was not the fire-light which caused that sudden lighting of her face! It told him more surely than any words what he wanted to know.

"It's this way," he went on, "I want to finish my year, of course, and take my degree but after that I am going to settle down to my own work. I shall need a place to work in. I can't use John Baird's place indefinitely. Later on I shall need a rather big place. You can't build aeroplanes and things on city lots. Why shouldn't I locate here? Instead of selling, why not buy? We have a fairly large space of our own and that empty corner lot can be bought for a reasonable sum. I saw old Tom Bolton, who owns it, yesterday. I don't think I could do better. As for a workshop, there is the carving shop all ready to hand, for a beginning. Why should we move when we don't need to?"

David had purposely made this speech rather long but even at that it was a moment before Miss Mattie answered. There were tears in her eyes which she could not wink away. David saw one fall on her folded hands.

"I'm afraid," she said at last, "that it's me you're thinking of, Davy dear. And you mustn't do that. Places do not matter as much as people, and you are the one who must be considered now. Angus would wish it."

"Certainly," replied David with guile. "That's why I'm telling you what I should like before I've found out what you would like yourself. Of course I don't want to be selfish. If you would like a change——"

"Oh, Davy, you know I wouldn't,—Davy, you're sitting on my handkerchief!"

"It's odd," mused David, "how often people do not know what other people want."

"Some people never know because they don't care, Davy. But you were never that kind. All the same, if you were doing this for me, because I might be a bit hard to uproot, I shouldn't like it. Milhampton is a

quiet town for a young man to settle down in. You might not mind it for a while but in a year or so you might feel cramped, or when you marry."

"In the bright lexicon of (progressive) youth," quoted David reprovingly, "there is no such word as 'marry.' It's been taken out. Didn't you know?"

Miss Mattie waved this away with such disdain that he felt compelled to continue. "There's absolutely no danger of that, Mattie. I never think of girls, except you."

"That's why I sometimes fear for you, Davy. If you would think of girls more you'd be safer—more prepared like."

David grinned. "Well, I haven't noticed any sweet young things coming to blows about me yet. But when I do I'll let you know. It might be a case for the exercise of tact."

Miss Mattie looked up suspiciously. "Are you making fun of tact, Davy? As for noticing—you would never notice anything! You're just plain foolish. I think I had better come to Toronto. When you talk like that you are tempting fate or perhaps," with shy sarcasm, "the word 'fate' has been taken out of the dictionary also!"

"A man makes his own fate," he replied.

"Davy dear, please don't be silly!"

"I'm being sensible. If a man who has work and health can't steer clear of silly complications——" David paused suddenly and began to poke the fire. The words "silly complications" had brought an embarrassing memory. When he began again his voice was a degree less confident. "Love," said David, "is greatly over-rated. As a factor in a man's life it has its place, but it isn't first place, perhaps not even second. Normal men marry, I admit, somewhat too soon as a rule, but the tendency to wait and get on with one's work first is growing. Not that I disapprove of marriage as marriage."

"Oh!" said Miss Mattie.

David dropped the poker. Another



and more unpleasant memory had startled him.

"Mattie," he said, "what do women mean when they say 'oh'—like that?"

Miss Mattie considered. "I suppose," she said, smiling a little, "that they mean more than they care to say. Why?"

"Oh, nothing."

"What I meant when I said it was that you didn't know what you were talking about. It's rather funny, you see, to hear a young man say of the greatest force in earth or heaven that it is 'over-rated.' Davy dear, I'm just superstitious enough to warn you to touch wood!"

David laughed and shook his head. "Love in the abstract," he admitted, "is, of course, one of the greatest forces of life. But the old idea of its absolute supremacy, the grand passion idea, is fading. We are becoming more sane. Think of the lives which have been ruined through mere riotous emotion! Surely it is a waste?"

"You are thinking of Angus? You think his love for your mother wasted? Perhaps. I don't know. And anyway our thought about it makes no difference. Only you may be sure of one thing. Angus never thought it a waste. And he was the sanest man I ever knew."

"Yes. Yet he never spoke to me of love or marriage. If he had wished them for me, he would surely have said so."

"He would not," said Miss Mattie, "he had too much sense. But if you want to know what his hopes were—there's something he left for you, Davy. Come and I'll show it to you."

Taking the lamp from the table she led him into the workshop, now so quiet and cold and full of shadow. There, in a far corner, she moved aside a dusty screen behind which stood the carver's legacy. It was a beautiful thing; a great chest carved and fashioned by a master hand, a miracle of lovely line and exquisite workmanship. The lamplight sank softly into its dark richness.

"Do you know what it is, Davy?"

It is a bride's chest. It was begun for your mother and finished for your bride. He worked on nothing else for the last months of his life. But it was begun long ago. It was to have been his wedding gift to her."

David said nothing. Perhaps he would not have found speaking easy just then. Miss Mattie's soft voice went on.

"She saw it once—after she came to us, before you were born. She was restless, never still, wandering everywhere. One day when he was out she came into his workshop, not this one but the one he had before, and saw it. She knew what it was at once, and guessed at its meaning. Poor girl, she broke down then. I never saw her cry but that once. She just bent over the unfinished work and wept her tired heart out. I think it did her good. She seemed less restless after that."

"Mattie, do you think she cared for Angus at the last?"

"No, not in that way. Not as he cared for her. Most people can only love like that once and she had given all she had to the other. You would say that that was a waste, too? But how can we be sure. They are very strange, the ways of love!"

"They seem to be, indeed," David's forefinger idly followed the lovely tracing of the chest's cover. He was thinking that of love's strangeness Miss Mattie was well qualified to speak. What had it given her? Another woman's lover to tend, another woman's child to mother!

"Mattie," said David impulsively, "if we've got to fall in love, why don't we manage to love the right person?"

"We do," said she dryly.

"Oh, you know what I mean! Why don't we use a little common sense?"

"How would you go about it, Davy dear?"

"Well, it ought to be easy. For instance a man might be careful to know a little about a girl before being much in her company. It sounds cadish but it isn't, for it's as much for her happiness as for his. In a world



full of charming girls it seems sheer bad management to pick the wrong one."

"It does," agreed Miss Mattie. "But suppose that carefully chosen one should have the bad taste to prefer some one else?"

"Why, so she might! I never thought of that," said David naïvely. "The thing is really dangerous. For my part I'll not take the risk. I think I'll let you choose the lady, Mattie. Just show her my photo first and if she is still game stand her up beside this chest. The lass who measures up to its requirements is the proper lass for me—but I don't think she's born yet," he added.

"You like it then?"

"Like is a poor word. It is a treasure a king might envy."

"Davy—did you ever see it before?" David wrinkled his brows.

"Why—yes," slowly, "it does seem half-familiar. But it must have been long ago when it was quite rough. Didn't it use to stand in the far corner over there, covered up?"

Miss Mattie nodded. "Yes, it was there when you were very small. But it wasn't always covered. Do you remember anything else about it?"

"No."

She looked disappointed.

"You were too young, I suppose. But once when you were a little lad you were sent out here at dusk to bring me a handful of shavings. When

you came back you were quite excited and wanted to know who the lovely lady was, the lady bending over the big box. She looked all 'light and shiny,' you said, when I asked how you could see her so plainly in the dusk. I turned back with you but of course there was no one there."

"That's odd! I mean it's odd that your telling me of it should make it all come back to me. Why, yes," with growing assurance. "I remember it quite well. It was at supper time and you were lighting the fire. I can see it all like a picture. The chest stood there," pointing, "in the shadow by the window. I was stooping for the shavings just here when I looked up and saw the lady. She was leaning over the chest with the lid raised, looking in. The illusion must have been rather good, for I remember thinking that she must have come for supper—some trick of the dusk through the long window, I suppose."

"Perhaps" said Miss Mattie, "at least that is what Angus said. But it was odd that the illusion, which you described quite well, should have been exactly like your mother as I saw her on the day she found the chest."

"But Mattie! If my mother could return, would she come back to weep above an unfinished chest?"

Miss Mattie smiled.

"She might. Perhaps the dead are quite as odd as the living. Who can tell?"

*(To be continued)*





# RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON



I SPENT my vacation in England in 1887, and while in London I obtained letters of introduction to Sir James Ingham, then Chief Magistrate of London, and Mr. Newton, the magistrate at Great Marlborough Street. I delivered my letter to Sir James Ingham at Bow Street on the 27th of June and sat on the bench with Mr. Vaughan, his colleague, and listened with much interest to the cases which Mr. Vaughan was trying.

I was very much pleased with the manner in which he conducted the court. He was painstaking and careful, and to my mind, sized up the witnesses with great ability, and in every case gave a decision which agreed with my own opinion as to what should have been done. We might both have taken the wrong view, but as we agreed I formed, as is usual in such cases, a very high opinion of him. After the court I lunched with Sir James Ingham, and had a long conversation upon Police Court methods, which I found very instructive and interesting. Sir James was then a man of eighty-four but bright, active and vigorous. He was a most interesting man to meet, and treated me with the utmost cordiality.

Montagu Williams, the celebrated barrister, in his "Leaves of a Life" tells an interesting story about Sir James which is well worth repeating, although he does not vouch for it:

"A gentleman travelled by rail on the South Western from Bournemouth to London. He commenced his journey in an unoccupied carriage, and proceeded for a considerable distance alone. At one of the intermediate stations, a man entered the compartment. The train did not stop again until it reached Vauxhall. On the way thither the gentleman from Bournemouth fell asleep. When the train arrived at Vauxhall, he woke up, and put his hand to his pocket, for the purpose of ascertaining the time. To his consternation he found that his watch and chain were gone. His sole companion in the carriage was busily engaged reading a newspaper. Turning to him in a somewhat excited manner he said: 'Has anyone entered this compartment while I have been asleep?'

"'No,' was the answer.

"'Then, sir,' proceeded the gentleman from Bournemouth, 'I must request you to tell me what you have done with my watch. It has been stolen during the time that you have been in the carriage. You had better return it or I shall have to give you in charge on our arrival at Waterloo.'

"The other traveller protested his innocence and said he had seen no watch and that he knew nothing about the matter. When the train arrived at its destination the suspected man was taken to the police court, where the charge was laid against him before Sir James Ingham. He was remanded until the next day.



"The next morning when the prisoner was put in the dock, the prosecutor simultaneously entered the witness box. The latter wore a very dejected appearance, and before any questions were put to him, said he wished to make a statement. 'I do not know,' he began, 'how to express my regret for what has occurred, but I find that I did not lose my watch after all. I communicated my loss by telegram to my wife at Bournemouth, and she has written to say that my watch and chain are safe at home. Here was a pretty state of affairs. An innocent man had been dragged through the streets as a felon, falsely charged and locked up for the night. Sir James did all he could to throw oil upon the troubled waters. He said 'It was a most remarkable occurrence. To show, however, how liable we all are to make these mistakes, I may mention, as an extraordinary coincidence that I myself have only this morning been guilty of precisely the same oversight as the one in question. I was under the impression when I left my house at Kensington, that I put my watch in my pocket, but on arriving at this court I found that I must have left it at home by mistake.'"

"The business of the court over, Sir James Ingham wended his way home. On entering his drawing-room, he was met by one of his daughters who exclaimed: 'Papa, dear, I suppose you got your watch all right.'

"'Well, my dear,' replied the Chief Magistrate, 'as a matter of fact, I went out this morning without it.'

"'Yes, I know, papa,' his daughter replied, 'but I gave it to the man from Bow street who called for it.'

"There had been an old thief at the back of the room who heard Sir James giving his experience. He had slipped out, taken a hansom cab and driven to Sir James Ingham's residence, and representing himself to be a *bona fide* messenger, obtained possession of the valuable watch which was never heard of again."

The next forenoon I spent on the bench with Mr. Newton at the Great Marlborough Street Police Court. He was an exceedingly genial and kindly man and we exchanged a few remarks as the court went on. I soon found that his method was in great contrast to that of Mr. Vaughan. He took the police evidence in face of any contrary evidence. A boy about twelve years old was charged with disorderly conduct on the street. He was a manly little fellow, and very indignant at the charge against him, and he had two citizens to corroborate his evidence. Mr. Newton seemed to think that the lad's bold manner to him was a proof of his having been guilty of the charge. "If you would talk to me as you do, I can imagine how you would talk to the policeman on the street," said the magistrate. I was of the opinion, watching the lad closely, that his conduct was that of righteous indignation at a false charge, and was not intended to show any disrespect to the court. I, of course, held my tongue but Mr. Newton fined him forty shillings. I was sorry. I would have liked to have paid the fine for the boy, but I knew I could not do it, without it becoming known and that it would have been a reflection upon Mr. Newton, who had treated me with the utmost kindness.

A few minutes later a young woman named Cass was brought up charged with accosting people on the street. She denied the constable, who was the only witness against her, flatly, and I did not believe the constable's evidence. I made bold to say to Mr. Newton, "Could the constable hear what passed?" He replied, "Oh! they know these women." I said in a doubtful tone, "Perhaps!" My remark seemed to have caused him to hesitate, and consider, and he said, "If you are an honest girl as you say you are, don't walk on Regent street at night after 9.30, for if you do, next time you are caught you will be sent to prison or fined. Now you can go."



It turned out that she was a respectable young lady, had influential friends and relatives and the arrest was evidently a mistake. A complaint was made to the Government. The matter was brought up in the House of Commons, and the Government was beaten on a vote for adjournment by a majority of five. *Punch* devoted its principal cartoon the next week to the question, censuring Mr. Newton.

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#### LORD MORRIS OF KILLANAN

WHILE in London in May, 1900, I met Lord Morris of Killanan, who was Chief Justice of Ireland for a number of years, and was afterwards one of the Lords of Appeal of the Privy Council. In the London *Sketch* of May, in that year, our first meeting was described in the following item:

"Lord Morris, who has just resigned his office as a Lord of Appeal is one of the most familiar figures in the lobby of the House of Commons, of which he was a member as long ago as the Sixties, and where his ready wit, and vivacious gestures, make him an object of no little interest. Only a few days ago he was introduced by Mr. Henneker-Heaton, M.P., to Colonel George T. Denison, who came from Canada to attend the recent banquet of the British Empire League. The moment the noble Lord heard the word Canada, he gave a kind of "whirroop," seized the hand of the gallant Colonel, and shook it as if he would never let go."

I had often heard of his Lordship before, for he was widely known for his wit and other peculiarities. When Lord Aberdeen came to Canada as Governor-General, an anecdote was told of Lady Aberdeen and Lord Morris, which caused some amusement in Canadian circles. It appears that shortly after Lord and Lady Aberdeen were given the Vice-Regal position at Dublin, they entertained the leading officials, and prominent members of Dublin society, at a large dinner. Lord Morris, so the story

went, was seated next to Lady Aberdeen who to open up the conversation turned to Lord Morris and said in the most friendly way: "I suppose, Lord Morris, that we are all Nationalists here." The old Chief Justice looked around the room, and up and down the table, and in his rich brogue, replied, "Well, your Excellency, barring your Excellencies, and maybe one or two of the waiters, I don't believe there is one in the room."

On meeting Lord Morris this anecdote came to my mind, and I recalled it to his memory, and asked him if the story was true. His reply was:

"Av course it was true. Why wud-dent it be true. It was the God's truth, and why shuddent I say it."

There is another anecdote told of this fine old gentleman. A counsel once in arguing some case before him, made use of the argument, that public sentiment was opposed to some principle against which he was contending, and said that the "people" would never support such a policy. Lord Morris' reply was amusingly characteristic:

"Mr. —, I want to say this to ye, there is not a village in all Ireland, where there are not two or three dirty blackguards who call themselves "the people".

This is one of the very few precedents that I ever quote. When counsel before me use this appeal to popular sentiment, and the feeling of the people, I find this decision of Lord Morris, which I presume has not been reported, a most effective reply.

The late Sir Charles Fremantle told me of once meeting Lord Morris on the steamer from Holyhead to Dublin and on making some inquiry, Lord Morris replied:

"You see, my dear Fremantle, I have been a while over there in London, and I find my brogue is getting a bit faible and I am going back to Dublin to titivate it up a bit."

I did not think when I talked to him that it required to be titivated. It was delightful.



# SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

WHEN in London in 1874, I met Sir Sydney Waterlow, who was then the Lord Mayor of London. He was very kind to me and when he paid a visit to Canada some years later I remembered his kindness, and called on him when he came to Toronto. While here he visited the Police Court one morning and sat on the bench with me. And a day or two later dined at my house.

At the time of his visit to Toronto, the National Exhibition was in progress. He was received by the Mayor and the officials of the Association and shown over the Exhibition. The Press devoted a good deal of attention to him, and reported his doings at considerable length, and referred to him in complimentary terms, one reporter describing him as a fine, level-headed, old gentleman.

Two years later I was in London, with my wife and daughters, and Sir Sydney invited us to dinner, and asked me to bring one of my daughters to his box at the opera on the following night. When we arrived we found that Sir Sydney had brought with him his wife's sister, a young Californian lady.

In the interval between the acts, Sir Sydney, recalling his recollections of his visit to Toronto and the Exhibition, said to me, "Do you remember the curious phrase used by one of the reporters who said that I was a fine old gentleman and a flathead?"

I laughed and said, "Oh, no! Sir Sydney, you have forgotten. He did not say you were a flathead. He said you were a fine, level-headed, old gentleman."

Sir Sydney replied, "Oh, yes! that was it." I went on to say the two phrases are the exact opposite in their meaning, flathead not being complimentary, while level-headed was on the contrary very much so.

The young lady from California, and my daughter, both of whom un-

derstood the full meaning of the American expression, laughed most heartily, and Sir Sydney discovered for the first time that he had been highly spoken of in the phrase that had been used.

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## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

IN 1905 a daring burglary was committed at the Dominion Carpet Factory, on King St. West, in Toronto. The premises had been carefully locked up in the evening, and in the locked offices were two safes supposed to be burglar proof, with about \$500.00 in each. The night watchman was inside patrolling the building, which was a large one. Suddenly four men attacked him. They were masked, and each had a revolver. They overpowered him, gagged him, and tied him to the steam pipes of the furnace, and while one man with a revolver mounted guard over him the other three blew up the safes with dynamite, and stole the money and all four got away. The matter was reported to the police, and in investigating the case, the detectives heard of four men having been seen in the neighborhood a few hours before, and suspected who they were and decided to arrest them on chance. A man named Bennett was arrested in Montreal and the others in Toronto.

The explosion of the dynamite had torn small pieces from the bank notes in the safe, and when the Superintendent entered the office in the morning he picked up some little scraps and gave them to the police. When Bennett was arrested in Montreal the police found on him some bills of the Molson's and Home Banks of the denominations which had been stolen, but in a little packet of court plaster a scrap of a bank note was found. When Crosby, the second man, was arrested and searched some bills were found, but particularly a \$5.00 Home Bank bill which had a hole torn out of it and a scrap off one end of it. When Hunter, the third man, was ar-



rested a ten cent silver piece mutilated was found, and a fifty cent piece with a hole in it which had been plugged, and with two other marks upon it.

When Bennett arrived from Montreal he and Crosby were put in two cells with an empty one between, which was occupied by two concealed detectives. After a time believing they were alone, they began to talk cautiously, but enough was said to prove that they knew each other, and that they had been engaged in something similar to what they were charged with.

The ten cent piece found on Hunter was identified by a workman employed in the factory, who said he had been paid it not long before and had taken it back and exchanged it with the cashier for a sound one. The cashier identified it, as the one that he had in his desk which had been stolen. The same thing occurred as to the fifty cent plugged coin, which was paid to a workman who handed it to his wife, who found objections raised to it, and could not pass it, therefore she had taken it back to the cashier who had it in his desk for some time. The workman and his wife and the cashier were positive in identifying it as it had three peculiarities. Hunter brought two of his family to swear that they had seen a ten cent mutilated coin and a fifty cent plugged one for some weeks in his possession. This I did not believe.

As to Bennett, the scrap of the bank note found on him with his court plaster, exactly fitted a hole in the \$5.00 bank bill found on Crosby, and the piece found on the floor of the office the morning after the burglary exactly completed the whole bill, proving therefore that Bennett had part of the stolen bill on him, and Crosby a great part of the remainder of the bill, which the piece found on the floor, proved that it was part of one of the stolen bills. This evidence with some other corroborative points satisfied me of the guilt of the three

men and I sent Bennett to the penitentiary for ten years, and the other two for eight. This was one of the most peculiar cases of coincidence or circumstantial evidence in my experience.

About twenty-five years ago the Oulcott Hotel on Yonge street was broken into and goods stolen therefrom. The detectives on examining the premises afterwards, found half a coat button irregularly broken. On searching Nelson's lodging-house (a well-known thieves' resort) a man was found with a coat with the remainder of the button on it. He was arrested, and the half button was an important link in the evidence, under which he was convicted, and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

\*

#### THE WESTWOOD MURDER

ON the morning of the 8th Oct., 1894, *The Empire* newspaper had an account, the head lines of which read as follows:

"Shooting a Mystery." "Frank Westwood fatally shot at his 'own door.'"

"Towards midnight Saturday an unknown man called at the house of Mr. Benjamin Westwood in Parkdale and shot his son, Frank, at the door step. Mr. Westwood fired a shot from his revolver but the man escaped. Parkdale aroused by the crime. Three city detectives were up till a late hour last night hard at work on the case but so far it is said have obtained no clue. Was the assailant one of the crew of a stone hooker who shot for revenge. Young Westwood's reputation good."

Shortly before 11 o'clock the young man went to answer a ring of the door. On opening the door a revolver was presented at him without warning and discharged. Westwood fell backwards into the doorway, shot through his right breast. The assailant made his escape. The whole affair was shrouded in mystery. Neither the boy who was eighteen years of



age, or his relatives could imagine any motive for the crime.

Startled by the report of the pistol the whole household were aroused and young Westwood was found lying in the open doorway. He was still conscious but could not give a clear description of the murderer, for he was in the shadow, but he said he was a middle aged man of medium build who wore a dark moustache and was dressed in black.

There was absolutely no clue to give any theory, and consequently imagination had free play, and rumours began to multiply and fly about, that there was a woman in the case. That young Westwood and another man were rivals in love, and the shooting was done by a jealous lover. This was denied by the young man and his relatives and associates. The family were wealthy and held a prominent position in the church, and were highly respected, all of which caused general interest among the public in the case.

On October 9th, *The Mail* said, "In the absence of all explanation of the affair, there have been set afloat a great number of idle theories, many of which are absolutely silly, and are annoying and unjust, not only to the afflicted family, but to others who have been dragged into the case without sufficient cause. The belief that there must be a woman at the bottom of it all, has been embraced by many, and as a consequence the names of certain young ladies who have been seen in the company of young Mr. Westwood have been mentioned very freely. Up to the present, however, none of these have been shown to be connected even in the most remote manner with the tragedy." The paper went on to say that it was believed that young Westwood could tell much more if he wished.

The young man died on the 10th October, unable to give any clear information as to who had shot him. Then the rumours kept increasing and it was said that the young man's

life was heavily insured, and that his father and he were on bad terms. These reports were both shown to be absolutely false. The inquest began on the 12th of October and was adjourned to various dates until the 13th of November when the jury brought in a verdict in the following words:

"From the evidence submitted we are of the opinion that the deceased, Frank B. Westwood, came to his death from a bullet wound at the hands of an unknown person."

During the whole month while the jury from time to time were inquiring, the wildest rumours were floating about, and the newspapers were commenting very strongly against the detective force of the city. The *Saturday Night* had an article severely censuring the people, and papers, who without justification "had been insinuating and suspecting and spreading their black lies all over Toronto and all over Canada". The verdict of the 13th November was no answer to these cruel rumours and scandals, and the whole affair was a mystery apparently unfathomable.

The detectives, however, had not given up all hope and on the 21st November, seven days after the jury had given up the case, the citizens of Toronto were startled at reading in the morning papers of that day, that a young mulatto woman named Clara Ford had been arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the murder. She was arrested at her home on the 20th November, and when her rooms were searched, a suit of man's clothes, consisting of a gray tweed coat, a dark cloth vest and trousers, and a black fedora hat were found, also a .38 calibre revolver with four chambers loaded and two empty. A charge of murder was laid therefore against Clara Ford for murder of Frank Westwood.

The investigation came up before me at the police court on the 28th November. The headlines of the newspapers will give a summary of the investigation:

"A minute and circumstantial story of the perpetration of the Lakeside Hall tragedy, told to the police by the prisoner herself. About the 1st July last young Westwood, she said, acted improperly towards her. To Mr. Reburn's inquiry why she did not resent the insult at the time, she said that young people were always teasing her because of her colour. Changed her attire at Dominion and Dufferin streets, putting her skirt under the pavement. Stood for twenty minutes under a tree in the grounds of Lakeside Hall, and saw Frank pass in. The confession was also made to Inspector Stark. Clara was about to confess in court, but was urged by the detectives to get a lawyer. Mr. Murdoch was second choice and Mr. Murphy third. Dramatic story of the prisoner's escape round by the old

Fort from the scene of the tragedy. Committed for trial."

As soon as this was done the detectives were severely censured for questioning the young woman after her arrest, and articles and letters appeared in the papers. When the case came for trial the detectives were in a sense put on trial and the jury gave a verdict of not guilty principally on account of Reburn's action in getting the confession.

After the trial I told Reburn that I was very much pleased with what he had done, because he had settled a lot of horrible rumours, and cleared up a mystery that had been a serious thing for a family that had lost one of their dear ones. Of course, neither Reburn nor the other detectives had any personal feeling against the accused girl.

*(To be continued.)*

## MOTHER OF MEN

By H. GORDON

I will arise and leave you  
For the quiet mother's embrace,  
With the beauty of infinite wisdom  
And sorrow upon her face.

I will forget light laughter,  
The soft eyes of desire,  
And the warmth of delicate beauty  
Which set my soul on fire.

The austere winds of morning,  
The cool and gentle rain,  
And the dusky skies at even  
Shall take my heart again.





CANADIAN CAVALRY  
BIVOUAC,  
FRANCE, 1918

From the Painting by  
J. W. Beatty.  
Exhibited by the

Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.





# INTERNATIONAL JEALOUSY

AN IMPENDING DANGER

BY GWENDOLYN MACLEOD



HE mob spirit in human nature is developed to a dangerously high degree. A street corner agitator, for instance, embarks on a tirade against a man in the spot-light of public opinion. Probably at the most crucial moment of that man's career this ghost, concocted on the spur of the moment by an hysterical, biased, brain rises to accuse him, and in many known instances sways the mob and loses for the country a great force for good.

Yet the thing cannot be crushed, because directed and governed it is one of the great forces. Statistics prove that this very mob spirit helped materially in our recruiting booths; it even percolated to the front line. But we must educate, train and direct it.

To-day we are facing a danger from this spirit in one of the most insidious forms because we are unable to distinguish the mob element and are inclined to gloss it over by calling it "national pride", when in reality it is worse than petty national jealousy, a thing from which big, warm-hearted Canada has always stood aloof.

Canada's effort in the world war was stupendous beyond belief; an offering absolutely of her own volition, which far surpassed anything her mother country had asked or expected. This in common with Paschendaele, Vimy, Hill 70 and other untold achievements of the Dominion is an old story. Just the same every Canadian thrills with pride in the knowledge of her magnificent part in "mak-

ing the world safe for democracy."

The fact that the Dominion with her little eight million population left as many crosses in Flanders as her American neighbour, with a population of one hundred million, stands out as evidence of the nation's greatness. And we are not disparaging the effort of the United States, because for the length of time actually participating in the war, she, more than any other nation, made her resourcefulness, her powers of organization and adaptability felt.

Up to the present Canada has not asked undue recognition of her part in the world war. In fact she seemed disconcertingly modest at the Peace Conference. In and about Paris in the early days of the Peace Table sittings one was continually hearing filterings about Australia's demands, the wishes of New Zealand, why the Czech-Slovaks were entitled to this, et cetera; but the voice of Canada was rarely raised. However, this is not to discuss either the Peace Conference or the League of Nations, but to show that Canada has been more than fair in giving all and asking nothing.

The point now is: We have rather set ourselves above the common bickerings of a selfish nation, but we are in serious danger of infection and disease at this very minute. We are allowing the soap box agitator and the mob spirit to influence us, in a very small degree at this time it is true, but at the same time we are more inclined to nourish the spark of life than to crush it out.



Every nation has to combat a certain amount of jealousy, the more powerful the nation the greater the degree. It is only natural then as Canada is developing and coming into her own that she too should have to fight the insidious germ which was directly responsible for the eventful downfall of the great Teutonic Monarchy.

We are rather inclined to hold our hands up in self-righteous wrath when likened even in a small degree to anything Bosche. But the surest cure is to look a disagreeable fact in the face. The question naturally arises: "If the accusation that we are nourishing a spirit of jealousy is correct, why did we make so few demands as partial recompense for our sacrifices from 1914 to 1918?" Because our jealousy is taking a more petty form. Some Canadians are actually belittling and in known instances even resenting the part which the United States played from April, 1917, until November, 1918—a short year and a half.

True, some of our cousins across the line have made statements which are hard to swallow. The reiteration of such slogans as, "We won the war", "It took the Yanks to put them on the run", and "Where would Great Britain be if America hadn't come in?" sets our British blood on fire. We naturally compare our ledgers with theirs, and because our debit side is so many pages longer we allow these statements to embitter us.

An American Doughboy, for instance, crosses the line, meets a Canadian Tommy, a lad who joined up in nineteen fourteen. He got over with the first contingent. At that time there wasn't adequate artillery support; the air force was inferior to that of Germany; the shell situation was serious—and there weren't even communication trenches. When Tommy went into the front line, he went in over the fields. Only the lad who has come through it knows the condition of the trenches when they did reach them.

War under the best conditions is what General Sherman said about it, but war against a treacherous, diabolically inventive combination, such as the German military machine in the early days was beyond even the comprehension of those who participated in it.

Seeing Tommy's service button, the characteristically garrulous Doughboy swaggers up to him with:

"Seen service, eh? How long were you over?"

"Joined up in fourteen, but didn't get to France until early in fifteen. You been over?"

"Me? Well, I'll tell the world I have! Why, I'm the boy that put the tear in 'Shatoo Teerray'."

Tommy doesn't say much but looks a bit superior.

However the Yank's on his pet subject and nothing less than a whizz-bang could stop him now.

"Yessir, I was a first-class buck in the rear ranks of the best little fighting unit that ever left the little old U.S.A. And take it from me, Bo, there never was a Yank born that couldn't fight, but the 26th had the world beat. I guess it took us to show Heinie where to get off at, eh Buddy?"

By this time Tommy's getting "sore".

But the Doughboy's enthusiasm has carried him into high, and he's absolutely oblivious of the gathering thunder clouds.

"Then they hauled us out of 'Shatoo Teerray' and stuck us down at Chattillion, drilled us eight hours a day and told we were restin'. Gee, you gotta fine chance to rest with a coupla drill sergeants taking a brotherly interest in you.

"We heard a report that the C. in C. [Commander in Chief] had a hanker-in' after St. Mihiel, and seeing we was the only fighting division in the whole American Ex., with a real rep., we knew it was up to us. Gee, when Fritz saw what he was up against he made Ty Cobb stealing second look like a piker. Did we clean 'em up?"



We *did* you know! But the little old U.S.A. sure tied a tin can to Heinie!"

Tommy by now is too angry to talk; his pride is hurt and he thinks his country is insulted. His Canada that did so little boasting. The country that sent over the Princess Pats, the Queen's Own, the 48th Highlanders, the Little Black Devils, saw them wiped out, re-inforced and wiped out again. The four full divisions that went and struggled so bravely to keep up to strength.

He shuts his eyes and thinks back to that day on the Somme when his platoon went in with fifty-seven men and came out with five. He was a member of the "Fighting Eighteenth". He looked back over the little handful of men who were used as shock troops innumerable times. He wasn't resentful; it had to be, but he remembered vividly the scarcity of shovels that dawn in September when they went over the top and faced a hail of bullets and were ordered to try and dig in. His sergeant had got knee deep while he had been lying face down because he didn't have anything with which to dig. Three of the fellows were in a shell hole back of him. He turned to see how soon he could take the shovel—but there wasn't a vestige of either it or the sergeant. Two of the boys in the shell hole had also "gone west", which meant room for him, until his turn came.

Bitterness crept into his soul. He had faced the enemy two to one; he had gone into the line without adequate equipment, without resentment. That was a condition which existed; one's medicine to take with a grin—but this was too much. Here was a fellow who had seen possibly a year's service, claiming to have won the war!

In other words Tommy allowed the Yank to "get his goat". The empty, unreliable prattle of a mental feather-weight. That is the crux of the whole matter. Stable, staunch Canadians putting themselves on a par with the froth and flotsam which drifts over here from the American side.

But there is an extremely serious angle at this particular point. Much more serious than it would seem with a surface scanning. The very spark of resentment which springs to life in the heart of the Canadian is dangerous beyond reckoning. Such statements made by the illiterate few are re-hashed, a little extra spice added and retailed as the concensus of opinion of a representative group of American citizens. It is an injustice to our American cousins as well as to ourselves.

We must take into consideration the hundred million population with which the United States has to contend, in conjunction with the foreign element, which considers itself American after a few months of residence. We must also remember that this North American continent is a new world where the driftwood from Europe is sometimes inclined to take advantages of the liberties granted. We in Canada have had to reckon in a small degree with that. Therefore, if we have a few undesirable out-croppings in our eight million, in all fairness isn't there bound to exist this element when the population is twelve times as great.

This is one of the terrific problems, however, which Canada is facing today. And the deplorable part of it is that in the majority of instances it is the producing and thinking portion of Canada which is matching its wit and brain against the statements of the unthinking part of the United States.

On arriving in Canada from Europe in August, 1919, a professional man discussing the later developments of the war, asked if there was any truth in the report that a huge electric sign was being exhibited in New York harbour, bearing the following:

"WHO WON THE WAR?  
U. S."

Having crossed on a ship just a fortnight before which docked in New York harbour, and having passed al-



most two weeks in securing demobilization papers, I was in a position to know that the rumour was absolutely unfounded.

It is rather a startling fact that the harm accomplished by this bit of propaganda alone would far exceed the good effected by the last loan of three million dollars made by the United States to Canada.

The regrettable part is that these and similar reports are eventually reaching important ears. A director of one of the largest corporations in the United States, in conversation the other day with one of the members of the organization who had just returned from a tour of inspection of some of the Canadian holdings asked:

"Jones, what about some of these yarns being spread through the Dominion? See any indication of a spirit of bitterness?"

"Yes, sir. There seem to be evidences of an attitude almost of contempt of our part in the war. An inclination to belittle Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Argonne. In fact I heard some decidedly scathing statements which stirred me up a bit!"

The director paused a minute. Then:

"Well! Well Well! Hear anything about recent loans which the United States has made to Canada?"

"No, sir."

"That will be all, Jones. Thank you."

There is absolutely no question that there is a spirit of dissension springing up between the United States and Canada. And there is also no question about neither of us being able to afford it. The reader will naturally counter with:

"Well, why not muzzle some of these empty-headed blowhards from the other side who are after all only stirring up useless antagonism over here?"

We are not responsible for the United States, but we *are* responsible for Canada; therefore our work is to clean our own back yard and let the other fellow take care of his.

Toronto Exhibition seemed to me to be fairly charged with an anti-American spirit. Incidents in themselves trivial assumed greater proportions because of the attendant lack of enthusiasm exhibited in anything American.

The scenic background for the open-air stage was an exponent of this spirit. The names of the different countries participating in the war were displayed over an archway. Those of England, France, Belgium, Canada and Australia were in bold large letters. Japan and the minor nations (from a contribution point of view) in very small letters. The United States was placed in the latter category.

True, the United States was only an actual participant for a year and a half, but at the time the Armistice was signed there were approximately four million American men in khaki; two million, one hundred thousand of whom were in France. The cost of the war to her for the short year and a half during which she was an active ally was thirty billion, two hundred million dollars. Added to this, Lady Liberty loaned her allies nine billion, six hundred million golden eagles. This does not include food-stuffs.

Now if the German Empire was not a consideration, and if the above national thermometer registered only fever heat of international pique, we could dismiss it with a deprecatory shrug; but the deplorable part of the situation is that the disease with which we are threatened is international disaster.

We, in common with the rest of our allies, seem to be under the impression that with the signing of the Armistice all need for co-operative effort is over. Our faith in "a scrap of paper" would be amusing if it were not so tragic.

It took the Allies more than three years to realize that success could not be attained without highly concentrated co-operation and co-ordination. Foch was the result. Could any sane



individual conceive that a lesson so dearly bought could be so quickly forgotten. Yet less than six months after the signing of Peace finds the affairs of the Allies if not chaotic, at least approaching that state.

The trouble is that we are still underestimating Germany. We will not realize that our only salvation lies in an absolutely unbroken front.

Germany is cognizant to an alarming degree of the temper and temperature of the Allies, individually and collectively. Didn't she dawdle along, prolonging the evil day when she should sign. And didn't she resort to every possible means to mitigate the terms, even to whining about her babies that would die for lack of nourishment if the 400,000 milch cows stipulated in the terms were delivered to Belgium and France.

She is watching us to-day perhaps more closely than before, realizing with characteristic cunning that in spite of surface indications the words "Allied Victory" are but an empty mockery unless upheld by an absolute of complete harmony.

Even as I write this I smile, realizing how ridiculously idealistic the phrases are. Yet in that condition alone lies our salvation. Every carping, dissenting voice raised by one ally against another is like balm to the heart of Germany. She knows that the two most powerful nations in the world (the United States and Great Britain) are at the same time the two which lend themselves most readily to the accomplishment of her ends, primarily because in no other countries is free speech granted the scope which it is in these.

André Cheredame wrote an article in 1917 for *The Atlantic Monthly*, which shed a little light on the Teutonic Monarchy's scientific analysis of international psychology. That during the conflict was one of the weak spots of the Allies. We made it purely a military business, stubbornly shutting our eyes to the fact that that was merely one angle.

To-day we are committing the same

blunder, only on a larger scale. We are either forgetting or ignoring some of the bitter lessons we have learned. We are so busy patting ourselves on the back for the great victory we have won that we have little time to take stock of the assets and liabilities of the Borsche. Too, what spare time we have is entirely taken up with disparaging the effort of our Allies. That "we" does not apply to Canada alone either. If it did our outlook would be brighter. Each one of the countries allied against German autocracy is expending every ounce of surplus national energy trying to convince civilization that she is the world's little living wonder, and entitled to particular consideration because of some highly coloured, imaginary virtues.

It is startling the rapidity with which we are regaining the exact state of coma in which we existed in the years immediately preceding the world war catastrophe. It ought to be very fresh in the minds of the people how economic specialists who predicted that the Teutonic Monster was getting ready to spring were pooh-poohed and called calamity-howlers. Doesn't it seem almost unbelievable that while the very life-blood of the nations was exacted as toll for our national and international indifference, we are to-day committing the same folly—or crime, according to the point of view.

We are accepting Germany as an irretrievably crushed nation because she has obligations to meet which would mean the complete bankruptcy of any other country in the world. Economic and industrial experts of our own country are conceding that if any country could survive such stringent terms, and come out with anything approximating a whole skin, Germany would be that nation because of her inherent industry and powers of organization.

I would add to that category her devil-given ability to pull the wool over the eyes of other nations. This is exemplified by the starvation bugaboo, which is only one of the many



channels through which we unconsciously aided and abetted the ultimate end she had in view. All during 1917 the United States and Great Britain fairly reeked with propaganda regarding the dire extremity of the food situation, particularly in the interior of Germany.

During the preparations of the Peace Terms, the Bosche, as usual 100 per cent. efficient, utilized this propaganda and attempted to turn it into an asset by trying to lighten certain clauses pertaining to the restoration to Belgium and France of looted resources. She held her hands up and told the world that if these conditions were imposed she would be a liability to civilization because, facing starvation as her people were, anarchy and bolshevism would be inevitable. And the amusing part of it is, she *almost* got away with it.

There is no question that there was a decided lack of certain commodities—but nothing approaching starvation. I passed the months of April, May, and June in Germany, and during that period visited two different towns every day in the week except Sunday. The children, the people, even the animals didn't look particularly emaciated. The Hun hotels in which I ate on innumerable occasions produced, for an equivalent amount of money, as much food as one received in France. Just another Bosche bluff.

Yet, in almost every town one visited one was regaled with tragic stories of privation existing in the town just beyond. On arriving there, the story usually was: No, food conditions were not so bad here, but, *ach mein gott*, in Arhweiler people were dying because of lack of sustenance. Rather amusing that one never actually caught up with starvation.

While the following has only an indirect bearing on present difficulties, the individual wealth exhibited in the towns along the Rhine and Mosel is an interesting factor. The houses taken

over by the British and American officers in the occupied territory were not only comfortable but in the majority of cases luxurious. The Officers' Club in Coblenze (Headquarters of the American Army of Occupation) excelled by far any club in any city in Canada of more than twice the population of Coblenze. And never have I been in more luxurious apartments than those in which the British had established their headquarters, in Cologne—poor starving, bankrupt Germany!

There is a well-founded rumour making the rounds that even at this early date Germany has in the making one of her highly-finished products of organization manipulating in Paris, London, and New York, the chief aim of which is to stimulate, feed and nourish each little spark of dissension making its appearance. And after some of the sidelights we have had on German efficiency this isn't even surprising.

Surely none of us has forgotten the measures resorted to during hostilities in dealing with those found aiding the enemy. Germany is still our enemy, in spite of all the scraps of paper in the world. And now whether we are legally responsible or not the Canadians who would be willing to be the accomplices of the Hun are rare.

Isn't it clear, then, how tremendously important it is that we eliminate our national pettiness and band ourselves together with democracy as our watchword? If greater co-ordination and more ultimate good can be attained by the mob spirit, be sure that the pendulum is swinging the right way and that it is a mob absolutely under control.

"Who won the war" is a matter of the smallest importance (as long as Germany didn't), but it is a matter of the gravest national importance who is going to contribute most largely to perpetuating a harmonious relationship throughout the allied nations.



# FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

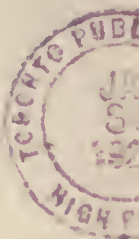
## I

**A**T this time it is peculiarly unfortunate that Sir Robert Borden should be compelled to leave Ottawa in the endeavour to restore health and energy which seem to have been vitally impaired. No doubt the strain of the war was almost beyond human endurance even without the anxieties of an uncertain political situation. Under the most favourable circumstances a political leader is beset with tasks which wear out soul and body. But throughout all his period of office Sir Robert Borden has been embarrassed by onerous conditions and problems. He had a struggle with Quebec Nationalists, a struggle with the Senate, and a struggle to constitute a Union Government. Over all was the tragedy of war and the concerns of Empire.

Uncertainty  
at Ottawa

Even before the war he found it necessary to go often to London for Imperial Conferences and consultations with the British Cabinet over questions affecting the relations between the Dominions and the Mother Country. These long absences deprived the Canadian Cabinet of its natural leader and must in degree have impaired its energy, or at least its power of decision and action. Whatever may be the future organization of the Empire it is necessary that the political leaders of the Dominions should go less often to London. No Government can be completely effective if its head is unable to give continuous counsel and direction and if for long periods he can be consulted only by letter or cable. An absentee leader necessarily delays public business. The unity of the Cabinet is impaired. There is danger of confusion and disintegration in the constituencies. For only the official leader can maintain the cohesion of a party and he must go out into the Country if he is to hold his prestige and authority.

It is most unfortunate, therefore, with the political confusion which now prevails, that the Prime Minister has succumbed to the long strain of exacting and distracting duties and responsibilities and that until his recovery is assured effective reorganization of the Cabinet and formulation of a more positive and comprehensive Unionist policy must be delayed. For the Prime Minister, however, there is universal sympathy and a common, sincere desire that his restoration to health may be rapid and complete. It was the decision of his colleagues that his resignation should not be accepted, but it is doubtful if he will continue in office through another general election. There is reason to think that in withholding his resignation Sir Robert Borden acted upon the appeal of his political associates and not upon the advice of his physicians.



## II

A teacher  
beloved

POSSIBLY no man born in Canada achieved greater distinction than Sir William Osler. That was a long and great journey from a rural crossroads in Ontario to a high seat in the University of Oxford. At McGill, at Johns Hopkins and at Oxford he was beloved for the grace and the greatness that were his by natural endowment and infinite industry. The gods were good to him, for such charm as he had is their best gift to men, and such power as he had however strengthened by diligence and exercise is a birthright. We try to understand an Osler or a Lincoln but we fail and will fail forever. They are of the mysteries of nature and of God.

Dr. Osler was individual, as all great men must be, happy, reliant, courageous. He knew the joy of life as he knew also its responsibility and its dignity. In his teaching there is nothing gloomy or severe as there is nothing mean or trivial. In all his writing there is laughter. So there is inspiration and reverence for the human spirit and sympathy for its perplexities and despondencies. The men whom he touched saw fresh glory in earth and sky and took new courage for duty and drudgery. He disliked cant and pretence and all the brood of weaklings who plague their souls with petty things and consume the oil of life in enfeebling introspection and self pity. But in his gospel there is far more of appeal and encouragement than of denunciation or even of exhortation. Generally a smile softens his derision and tempers his contempt. He was of those who

Blending their souls' sublimest needs  
With tasks of every day,  
They went about their gravest deeds  
Like noble boys at play.

If few men have achieved such eminence as a physician and a teacher so few have spoken the English language with greater elegance or felicity. It happens often that there is a close association between medicine and literature. One reason perhaps is that the physician touches life at birth and death and between is witness to all its hopes and sorrows, its struggles, triumphs and defeats. But whatever the explanation it is so and Dr. Osler wrote a prose as limpid, easy, attractive and pungent as any man of his time. This perhaps is not so great a mystery, for he read and loved books, as Lincoln did not, although the unschooled pioneer of Illinois wrote things of immortal beauty and dignity. But in all Dr. Osler's writing there is not only beauty and dignity but also the natural evidences of profound and laborious scholarship.

Dr. Osler's  
Prose Style

There is perhaps no better example of Dr. Osler's writing and no clearer revelation of himself than is furnished in an extract from "Patient Devotion to Duty and High Ideals". He said in this wise and gracious message to his own profession, "Nothing will sustain you more potently in your humdrum routine, as perhaps it may be thought, than the power to recognize the true poetry of life—the poetry of the commonplace, of the ordinary man, of the plain, toil-worn woman;



with their loves and their joys, their sorrows and their griefs. The comedy, too, of life will be spread before you, and nobody laughs more often than the doctor at the pranks Puck plays upon the Titanias and the Bottoms among his patients. The humorous side is really almost as frequently turned towards him as the tragic. Lift up one hand to heaven and thank your stars if they have given you the proper sense to enable you to appreciate the inconceivable droll situations in which we catch our fellow creatures. Unhappily, this is one of the free gifts of the gods, unevenly distributed, not bestowed on all, or on all in equal portions. In undue measure it is not without risk, and in any case in the doctor it is better appreciated by the eye than expressed on the tongue. Hilarity and good humour, a breezy cheerfulness, a nature 'sloping towards the southern side,' as Lowell has it, help enormously both in the study and in the practice of medicine. To many of a sombre and sour disposition it is hard to maintain good spirits amid the trials and tribulations of the day, and yet it is an unpardonable mistake to go about among patients with a long face."

**Counsel for  
Democracy**

In one of the last addresses which Dr. Osler delivered, that before the Classical Association at Oxford in May last, there is high counsel for democracy groping through unrest and turbulence for foundations that will endure, for a sounder body and a serener spirit, for peace with sobriety and order, for the day's bread and the night's rest, for life with inspiration and religion with expectation. "The story of the free cities of Greece," he said, "shows how a love of the higher and brighter things in life may thrive in a democracy. Whether such love may develop in a civilization based on a philosophy of force is the present problem of the Western world. To-day there are doubts, even thoughts of despair, but neither man nor nation is to be judged by the behaviour in a paroxysm of delirium. Lavoisier perished in the Revolution, and the Archbishop of Paris was butchered at the altar by the Commune, yet France was not wrecked; and Russia may survive the starvation of such scholars as Danielevski and Smirnov, and the massacre of Botkin. To have intelligent freemen of the Greek type with a stake in the State (not mere chattels from whose daily life the shadow of the workhouse never lifts), to have the men and women who could love the light put in surroundings in which the light may reach them, to encourage in all a sense of brotherhood reaching the standard of the Good Samaritan—surely the realization in a democracy of such reasonable ambitions should be compatible with the control by science of the forces of nature for the common good, and a love of all that is best in religion, in art, and in literature."

There are times when one laments with the ignorant futility of a child that men like Sir William Osler are not immortal in the flesh. But sorely needed though they be they flash upon the world for a moment and are gone. We may only rejoice that they still speak in the night and the silence. Thinking of great men who were and are not, of the comparative impotence of life and the universal imminence of death, vagrant verses from somewhere drift into memory:

The idols of your marketplace,  
Your high debates, where are they now?  
Your lawyers' clamor fades apace—  
A bird is singing on the bough.

Three fragile, sacramental things  
Endure though all your pomps shall pass,  
A butterfly's immortal wings,  
A daisy and a blade of grass.

## III

Freedom of  
speech

WE have had continuous outcry in Canada over orders in Council restricting the freedom of press and platform. Possibly there was greater restraint than public safety required but it is not easy to believe that serious or general injustice was suffered even by agitators who do not always distinguish between freedom and license. Too many people have come to Canada with inherited grievances. Too many seem determined to punish democracy in the New World for the offences of autocracy in Europe. They profess to find here conditions which do not exist and never have existed and by secret agitation and inflammatory utterances they abuse the freedom which they have done nothing to establish and less to deserve.

No doubt the term bolshevist is used too loosely but there is the flavour of bolshevism in much of the language which becomes common in this country. It was said in the United States not long ago that out of every one hundred Bolsheviks one was a real Bolshevik, thirty-nine were criminals and sixty were d—— fools. Against the criminal and anarchical elements the Administration at Washington is taking measures as severe as would be attempted by any European autocracy. More than five thousand "suspects" have been arrested and many of these will be sent back to the countries whence they came. The American people have never had much patience with revolutionists and destructionists. The truth is that they have never understood freedom as it is understood in British countries. But they have kept an open door to all the tribes of men and have accumulated a mass of human material which might become dangerous if the Government relaxed its vigilance and authority.

Vigilance  
necessary at  
Ottawa

It does seem to be clear that a multitude of revolutionists have come into the United States. They are inciting and organizing certain foreign elements. They are even plotting to create a spirit of insurrection among the blacks of the South. Those who engage in such desperate adventures are unfit for American citizenship and cannot complain if they lose the freedom which they have abused. There is danger, however, that the activity of the United States authorities may drive thousands of the undesirable classes into Canada. Vigilance is as necessary at Ottawa as at Washington. If the State is threatened ministers cannot afford to take refuge in constitutional theories or show excessive consideration for people who cannot distinguish between the right to speak and vote and the right to plunder and destroy.



## IV

IT would seem that the battle for representation by population will have to be fought over again in Canada. "Rep by Pop" recalls the long conflict between Upper and Lower Canada which preceded Confederation when George Brown was the "dictator" of the Liberal party and *The Globe* was the expression of his personality and teaching. It was admitted long ago that Quebec had a legitimate grievance against the Liberal party of Upper Canada. When the two Provinces were united Lower Canada had the greater population but Quebec nevertheless submitted to equal representation in the common Parliament. But when Upper Canada became more populous than the sister Province there was an energetic and even angry demand for representation according to population. The solution was found in Confederation and we all now agree that without Cartier and the Church in Quebec Confederation could not have been achieved. Fortunately the new demand for representation by population need not divide Ontario and Quebec nor need have any flavour of racial conflict.

Representation  
by population

The United Farmers are pledged to proportional representation. Whatever else the system might accomplish its uniform application throughout the Province would assure representation according to population. It may be that Labour would secure greater representation and to that no one need object. But it is also likely that men of exceptional distinction in industry and finance would enter Parliament more easily than under the majority system. Ward organizations would be less powerful in the selection of candidates and those whom the irreverent describe as the "swallow tails" could mass behind a candidate upon whom the "sacks" would perhaps be reluctant to unite. Advocates of proportional representation insist that the system would increase the independence and the distinction of Parliament and secure to all classes and interests a just and proportionate authority in public affairs. It is not difficult to apply the system to centres of population. In Toronto for example we now elect the Mayor and Board of Control by vote of all the citizens, as under proportional representation we would elect all members for Toronto to the Legislature and the House of Commons as a single constituency with such transfer or distribution of votes, beyond the fixed unit required to elect, among the candidates of groups or parties, as the legislation might provide.

Various forms of proportional representation have been devised. Even among the advocates of the system there is far from complete agreement as to how it can best be applied. But admittedly it is far more difficult to apply proportional representation in rural communities where it may be necessary to unite two, three, or four counties in a single constituency or for example in Northern Ontario where population is scattered and an enormous area would have to be set apart to provide for as many candidates as Toronto or Hamilton and the Wentworths would elect. It will be remembered that in the Confederation debates Sir John Macdonald and other advocates of

Difficulties of  
application

a nominated Senate argued that experience with the old Legislative Council had demonstrated that the cost and labour involved in a contest for a division which embraced two or three counties were so heavy that desirable candidates could not be secured. That is not perhaps the chief reason why we have an appointed instead of an elected Senate, but there is something in the contention, and just such an objection is certain to be taken against proportional representation.

## V

**Australia  
and Ontario**

IT is not to be supposed that the experience of Australia will be repeated in Ontario. There while the old Liberal party held office the Labour leaders demanded proportional representation. The demand was rejected and the majority system prevailed until the Labour party secured control of Parliament. Out of office the Liberal party discovered that proportional representation was exactly what was needed to redress political inequalities and injustices. But the Labour party in office had a new revelation and rejected the principle for which they had contended in opposition. Again excluded from office, for Mr. Hughes has created a new national party, the Labour leaders have turned once more to the proportional system as the one method by which a fair representation of the people in Parliament can be secured. Apparently in Australia as elsewhere there is a high average of human nature in all political parties and even Labour leaders may not always regard the "solemn sanctity" of electoral pledges. We have, too, evidence in Ontario that among United Farmers patronage may seem less vicious when their leaders have power and opportunity to fill the vacancies. But there was more of comedy than of tragedy in the eruption in Middlesex although Mr. Raney may have discovered that there are pitch holes even in the path of virtue. It is, however, not to be assumed that the movement for proportional representation in Ontario will be embarrassed by the inconsistencies and eccentricities which have been revealed by the politicians of Australia.

Whether or not we establish proportional representation there will be a vigorous demand for a fairer distribution of political power between the urban and rural communities. *The Globe* has produced figures showing that ten ridings in Ontario with a total population of 189,259 have a representation in the Legislature equal to that of the 500,000 people of Toronto, although among 50,000 people in the cities there are problems more complex and difficult than perplex an equal population in the country. It is just as true that a representative gets closer to the people in the country than can the member for an urban constituency. In the cities the people live closer together, and yet in all that constitutes social intimacy and common knowledge of their problems they are farther apart than those of the country. Possibly area as well as population should be considered in determining the electoral unit, but unquestionably the existing adjustment of constituencies is grossly unjust to the centres of population.



# THE POETRY PRIZE CONTEST

BY EDWARD SAPIR

**I**T may interest those readers of *The Canadian Magazine* who have followed the literary prize contests recently inaugurated by the Arts and Letters Club of Ottawa to learn some of the outstanding details of the poetry contest. As announced by the press in October, the judges decided, after careful consideration, to divide the open class prize of \$100 originally offered between the two poems that seemed to be possessed of greatest merit. The poems selected were "The Pioneer", by Miss Frances Beatrice Taylor, of London, Ontario, and "A Revelation", by Mr. Herbert Ridgley, of Toronto. In the veteran's class the Governor-General's poetry prize was awarded to Mr. Arthur S. Bourinot, of Toronto, for "Canada's Fallen",\* Second prizes, though not originally announced, were also given—in the open class, to Rev. W. A. Thompson, of Crapaud, P.E.I., for "In Life's Field"; in the veterans' class, to Mr. John F. Waddington, of Ottawa, for "The King's Harper". A number of poems received honourable mention. These are: "Sabine", by Miss Hilda M. Ridley, of Ottawa; "The Pilgrims", by Miss Helen Fairbairn, of Toronto; "There is one Altar", by Mr. Dudley H. Anderson, of Victoria, B.C.; "The Stranger", by Lt. Jack Turner, of St. John's, Newfoundland; "The Lesson", by Mr. George S. Clough, of

Virden, Manitoba; "Memory", by Mr. T. J. Wren, of St. Andrews, New Brunswick; "Behind", a poetic play, by Miss Clara Garrett, of Ottawa; and "Paddles up", by Mr. Gordon Rogers, of Ottawa. The geographical provenience of these thirteen poems gives a fairly accurate idea of the degree to which the various provinces of Canada (and Newfoundland) participated in the contest. No less than eight of them, including the three first prize winners, belong to Ontario, which is perhaps a little unexpected, yet not altogether surprising.

The statistical-minded may find interest, possibly food for reflection, in the following further details. A total of 350 competitors, 311 in the open and thirty-nine in the veterans' class, contributed 390 poems in all, 349 in the open and forty-one in the veterans' class. The distribution of this material as to type or subject-matter is given in the following table:

Patriotic and war poems...	125
Poems of sentiment (including love poems) .....	88
Poems of Nature .....	58
Didactic poems .....	49
Narrative poems .....	23
Symbolic poems .....	17
Religious poems .....	15
Humorous poems .....	12
Dramatic poems .....	3
Total .....	390

\*These three poems appeared first in *The Canadian Magazine* for December.



Naturally, these more or less arbitrary classes are far from satisfying any absolute or logical criterion of classification; they are merely given for convenience. That poems of love and nature should be heavily represented was to be expected. That patriotic poetry should be the most heavily represented of all classes was also natural at the present time, but perhaps few would have been prepared to find no less than a third of all the competing poems falling into this class. The surprisingly large number of expressly didactic poems is perhaps indicative of a fundamentally serious-minded population. This is corroborated by the paucity of intentionally humorous poems. Great variety of metrical forms was encountered, ranging from blank verse and simple quatrains to the sonnet, Spenserian stanza, and Pindaric ode. Of free verse there was but the barest sprinkling. It is interesting to note that not less than four of the thirteen poems selected by the judges for commendation are sonnets, and this in spite of the fact that only fifteen sonnets in all are to be found among the total of 390 poems. Perhaps the strangest external fact about the whole contest is this, that the two prize-winning poems of the open class, so different in theme, diction, rhythmic movement, and feeling, are of identical metrical construction. Both employ a fairly uncommon type of quatrain—the first three lines pentameter, while the last line has but three feet.

What of the quality of the poems submitted to the three judges? Let it be frankly confessed that the general average of merit exhibited was far below what the judges believed they had a right to expect. The prize offered was worthy of any poet's serious consideration; the response seemed hardly adequate. Poem after poem, especially in the class of patriotic efforts, voiced the most distressingly conventional, personally unfelt and unexperienced, sentiments. Even

where the technical execution was satisfying, the thought and feeling and imagery had a disconcerting way of harking back to well-worn poetic models. Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" was perhaps the most persistent ghost, the Kiplingesque line with its jaunty anapests was another. "In Flanders Fields" was responsible for a whole crop of war poems, to the extent of frequent quotation of the characteristic title words. Barely a dozen poems all told had something original to say or presented a universal sentiment in a strikingly original manner. Genuine feeling tended to express itself crudely; competent formal expression seemed to stifle feeling.

The prize-winning poems of the open class illustrate, on a poetically successful plane, these contrasting tendencies. "The Pioneer"\* is clearly stimulated by a genuinely felt sentiment, but the beauty of the poem, it seems to me, is essentially a beauty of rhythm and words, rather than of conception. It is altogether different with "A Revelation", which makes perhaps severer demands on the interpretative sympathy of the reader. This poem has, in some degree, the faults of its merits. It throbs throughout with the passion of a religious emotion that has so mastered the diction and style as to cut away all verbiage, to the point of occasional obscurity of expression and a too turbid rhythmic movement. These critical remarks are only intended to bring out the fact that each has room for rich development in the mastery of a difficult craft. They must not be interpreted so as to read slightly. All three judges feel strongly that both poems, as well as Mr. Bourinot's sonnet, are worthy of very high praise.

It seemed to the judges that the disappointing nature of the mass of poetry sent in could be due to only one cause—that the majority of the best poets in Canada had, for one reason or another, failed to respond.



Possibly this is due to insufficient advertising of the proposed award; more likely to a certain hesitancy that the poet who has "arrived" or is about to arrive feels in joining the merry throng of competitors. This brings up the question of the purpose of a poetry prize. Is such a prize to be awarded for the purpose of encouraging talented amateurs to take up more seriously an art they might otherwise neglect—and who can deny that the cultural atmosphere of our country is only passively sympathetic, if at all, to the serious development of the art of poetry? Or should a prize give public recognition to good work done within a stated period, no matter by whom or under what auspices? In other words, which is the more useful function of a poetry prize, stimulation towards creation or recognition of the created work? If so external a stimulus as a prize could, in any true sense, be held to encourage the actual production of a work of art, there would be much to be said for such prizes as those recently awarded by the Arts and Letters Club of Ottawa. One suspects, however, that a poem written entirely under the compulsion of desire to win a competitive prize is apt to be an indifferent thing at best; that an artist worthy of the name, while needing all the encouragement he can get, will find other and more powerful sources of inspiration than the prize-lure; and that the few poems of value generally elicited by a prize contest are such as had been lying around in manuscript before the announcement of the prize. But here precisely lies a difficulty. Everyone that is at all professionally connected with poetry knows very well how difficult it often is for a poet to get himself a hearing. It is simply not true that all poems of great merit find a ready market. For poetic work, particularly for poetic work of marked originality, we need some more adequate method of reaching the Canadian public than is at present available. The literary magazines are few

and far between and necessarily devote but an inconsiderable proportion of their space to poetry. The costs of publication of a volume of poems are so great and the commercial returns so uncertain that we can hardly blame the publisher who turns down anything that does not tally with the standardized wares he is most comfortable with. On the other hand, a poetry prize is too isolated an event to help materially in the solution of this very real problem of getting at the public. What young poets, and old ones, for that matter, need is not so much the hectic hope of a rare and disproportionate emolument as the opportunity to have their work brought to the attention of the poetry-loving public. It seems to me that there is only one way in which this can be done. It is the establishment of a substantial journal, financially guaranteed, if possible, devoted solely or mainly to the publication of poetry and critical articles dealing with poetry. A few such journals exist in England and the United States, and it is perhaps not too much to say that such periodicals as "Poetry", "Contemporary Verse", and the English "Poetry Review", far removed though they be from the ranks of best sellers, are doing more to stimulate public interest and original production in poetry than the whole run of popular magazines, whose chief relation to poetry would seem to be the occasional publication of a properly sentimental sonnet as a stop-gap. Canada is developing rapidly along material lines. She is also showing numerous indications of a breaking of the chrysalis-shell of provincialism. Should it not be possible to find a welcome for a Canadian poetry journal?

These remarks do not dispose of the prize question. There is no reason why the prize should not be used to give recognition to especially praiseworthy poems that have already reached the public, whether in book form or in magazines. The general

public has no idea how poorly poetry is paid. The average editor would be ashamed to tell his readers how much he expends for even his best poetic contributions, if, indeed, he pays for them at all! Under these circumstances anything that can be done to crown the poet's work with hard cash is a graceful tribute to his genius and a welcome addition to his income, which frequently is slender. More than that, money prizes of this sort do, in an indirect but far-reaching manner, help to encourage the sensitive poet by putting him in more sympathetic touch with his public. The fact that the poet uses mere words tends to blind the public to the realization that he is as truly an artist as the brother-craftsman that works with tone or colour. The award of

money prizes would help, in a crude way, to accentuate this fact. Were there in existence in Canada such a poetry journal as I have spoken of, its editorial staff could properly undertake the task of organizing the giving of prizes. As it is, it ought to be possible for a number of literary organizations in Canada to pool a certain proportion of their resources, appoint a staff of three or four judges, and invite the submission by poets of work published during the year. There are other methods of organizing prize awards that may seem more effective. My own suggestion is a purely tentative one. In any event, we can hardly do too much to elevate the status of serious poetry in Canada or to gain some slight increase in emolument to the poet for his ill-paid art.

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## SABINE

AFTER JEAN CHRISTOPHE

By HILDA M. RIDLEY

HER pensive grace, her silent, mystic air,  
 The faint rose of the simple gown she wore  
 With careless ease, as one who sets no store  
 By worldly things, the flower in her hair,  
 All wrought within him an enchantment rare,  
 Until, bewitched, he asked for nothing more  
 Than solely her in silence to adore,  
 Who was so young, so frail, and wondrous fair!

But dawned a day when o'er a common task  
 Their fingers into trembling contact came,  
 And first she heard the low hush of her name,  
 "Sabine", breathed soft—and all he dared not ask,  
 And all that might have been, she darkly knew,  
 Yet lifted not her languid eyes of blue.



# GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

VII.—BRITTON BATH OSLER

**W**HEN I was a student more than twenty years ago, Britton Bath Osler was accounted the king of the jury side of the Upper Canada bar. As a criminal lawyer, whether for the defence or for the prosecution, he was in a class all by himself, and wholly without a peer. For the last twenty years of his life his services were in constant demand in every part of Ontario. In criminal cases of serious import he was invariably present for the Crown. Indeed it was said that he had a standing retainer from the Government of Ontario, which forbade his appearing for the defence in any cause where the accused was charged with the capital offence of murder. No counsel either for the Crown or for the defence was ever so much feared as he was, for, although unlike Hawkins, his great and dreaded contemporary on the other side of the sea, Osler was possessed of a manner of the mildest possible kind, yet towards the closing years of his career—years crowded with famous and important criminal trials—it was said, with but little qualification, that he never prosecuted a prisoner for murder, without succeeding in having him sent to the scaffold, and that he never defended a man charged with the same high offence, without securing his release. He did his work like a consummate master, and lessons of vast import might be learned from his career by not only the professional brother, but also by the layman.

Mr. John R. Cartwright, K.C., for many years Deputy Attorney General of Ontario, told me some time ago, that he sat in the Woodstock Court House during the long weeks which were occupied with the trial of the famous murderer John Reginald Birchall, at the Autumn Assizes of 1889, and that the notes which Osler used to refresh his memory during his terrible five hours' arraignment of the prisoner as the case was nearing its close, consisted of only about a half dozen slips of paper, with a few meagre phrases written upon them.

Britton Bath Osler, who was second son of Rev. Featherstone L. Osler, an eminent and much-loved Anglican Clergyman, was born in the Township of Tecumseh, in the County of Simcoe, on the nineteenth day of June, 1839. The father lived to be more than ninety years of age, and lived also to witness the rise of all his illustrious sons to both fame and fortune. The family consisted of five other sons, two of whom are still living, and achieved the very essence of greatness. The youngest son, William, attained a world-wide celebrity, as a physician and a surgeon, and although he long practised his profession in the United States, he received the peculiarly British distinction of a Knighthood, in recognition of his eminent services to humanity. Dr. Osler's rather satirical suggestion made about fifteen years ago, that men over forty years of age have passed the meridian of their powers,



and at sixty should have their existence terminated by chloroform, was accepted altogether too literally, and it is perhaps by his utterance of that highly exaggerated, but widely circulated, opinion, that he will be longest remembered by the vulgar. The youngest brother, Featherstone, became a Justice of the Court of Appeal for Ontario, and dignified that position for nearly thirty years. His judgments are models of reasoning, and although he often differed from his brother judges, still a weight has been attached by the profession to his dissenting opinions, which has always been accorded to the judgments of the majority of the Court in which he sat. From the bench he descended to become General Manager of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation. Sir Edmund, another brother, represented a riding of the City of Toronto in Parliament for many years, and only recently retired when the pressure of a great brokerage and stock business made his withdrawal from public life imperative.

Britton, the third son, was educated at the public school at Barrie, the municipal seat of his native county, and afterwards at a private academy conducted by a minister of the name of Rev. A. Hill. Subsequently he attended the University of Toronto, from which in the year 1862 he graduated as Bachelor of Laws. He studied law in Dundas and also in Toronto, and was called to the bar in the same year that he received his degree from the Provincial University. During the years between his call to the bar and 1876 he practised law in Dundas. In 1874 he was appointed Crown Attorney for the County of Wentworth, a position, which in those days was even as full of responsibility as it is at present, for crime was strangely prevalent all over this continent in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Two years after receiving his appointment, he moved to Hamilton, where he continued to practise his profession during the ensuing six years. In December, 1880, he resigned the office

of Crown Attorney, and returned to private practice again. After a lapse of another two years he moved to Toronto, where he lived for the remainder of his life, and where he rose to the very highest possible eminence. In Toronto he became associated with the great firm of McCarthy, Osler, Hoskin and Creelman, which acquired very speedily a reputation of almost continental dimensions.

One of the first recognitions of Osler's great professional ability was seen in his appointment by the Department of Justice, in 1885, to assist in the prosecution for treason of the famous rebel leader Louis Riel, in the early spring of the same year. Although the defence was not successful Osler's fast ripening talent was conspicuously displayed, in all phases of the contest.

One of Osler's great successes occurred when he was employed again by the Canadian Government, but this time in a cause of a civil nature to assert the Government's claims against the contractors who built that portion of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the dangerous passes of the Rocky Mountains in British Columbia. The claims were considered by a Royal Commission, whose sitting continued for the almost unprecedented period of two hundred and fifty days. Osler's great physical energy withstood the tremendous strain of this protracted trial, whose most onerous part was imposed upon him. He concluded his labours before the Commission in perfect health, after having succeeded in obtaining from the Commission a substantial financial award in favour of his clients, the Dominion Government.

About the year 1889 commercial distress was sweeping over the entire continent of America. In some parts of Canada as well as of the United States, shrewd and dangerous men, at the same time, yet without any previously concerted action, whatever, conceived that they might secure relief from their monetary misfortunes by committing a series of well-planned





BRITTON BATH OSLER,  
A Great Canadian Orator

and profitable murders. Three great cases of this nature came before the people of the Province of Ontario. In two of them Osler succeeded in sending the criminals to the gallows. In the last of them, although the evidence, in the opinion of many, was of a most convincing character, the defence was successful, but rather because of its brilliance than because of its justice.

The first of these was the celebrated Birchall case of 1889. This gay, young, but misguided man, had come from England to Canada about the year 1887, and for some months had lived a life of gaiety and festivity under an assumed aristocratic name in the town of Woodstock, Ontario. It was asserted, although not without contradiction, that his presence then in Canada was for the purpose of making the necessary preparations for

embarking upon a series of remunerative murders that were to follow. He discovered a retreat, which was thought to be secure from discovery where victims might be slain and their bodies permanently concealed. That retreat was in the Township of Blenheim, at a spot about seven miles to the north-east of the little village of Eastwood on the Grand Trunk Railway, and not far from Woodstock. The place selected was a lonely forest of many miles in extent, and known as the Blenheim swamp. Few people lived in the vicinity, and the interior of the woods was a tangled undergrowth of trees and shrubbery, wild and solitary in the extreme. Having located this theatre of tragedy, Birchall returned to England, and proclaimed himself to be a Canadian farmer of opulence, anxious to secure pupils, to whom he proposed teaching



the art of agriculture in a manner befitting the disengaged sons of wealthy English gentlemen. In return Birchall was to receive from the pupils substantial money considerations. Two of these pupils he secured. One was named Frederick C. Benwell, and the other Douglas R. Pelly. The money was paid over to him by the relatives of both of the prospective victims. The two men he attempted to lure to destruction, with the result that ultimately Benwell accompanied him to the fatal Blenheim swamp. There Birchall had persuaded his victim that the farm of splendour was located, and in the secrecy of the swamp Benwell was assassinated by the cool and cunning young Englishman. After the murder Birchall temporarily disappeared. The body of his victim, however, was discovered in its lonely resting-place under circumstances unexampled either in fiction or history. The murderer subsequently appeared upon the scene, was arrested and charged with the homicide. The trial took place in September of the same year and attracted the attention of two continents by reason of the unusual nature of the crime, the circumstantial character of the evidence, and perhaps most of all the high social standing of the prisoner and of his victim.

Osler appeared at the trial for the Crown. The scholarly George Tate Blackstock, who subsequently followed Osler as a brilliant and successful Crown Counsel, defended the prisoner. The hearing occupied nearly a month, and about one hundred and fifty witnesses including the proposed victim Pelly, gave evidence. Step by step the astute murderer was tracked to his doom. The defence, with great ability, sought to prove that the time between trains, in which the deed was claimed to have been done, was insufficient to permit of the perpetration of the crime, together with the travelling on foot from the Eastwood railway station to, and later from, the scene of the fearful tragedy. The jury agreed with Osler's theory, that the six-hour

interval furnished all the time that was essential to the murderer's ghastly purpose, and after a short deliberation, convicted Birchall of the deed. In spite of many protests the doomed man was executed a few weeks afterwards within the precincts of Woodstock jail.

In this prosecution Osler arose to all the height of his marvellous talents and opportunities. His examinations and cross-examinations of the witnesses were masterly in the extreme. But it was in his address to the jury that he shone in all the lustre of his unquestioned splendour. His powerful voice, rich and magnetic, rang through the court-room, which was crowded during the entire course of the trial. His short and effective sentences, unornamented and unpolished, but simple, fluent, crushing and terrible, swept everything in one overwhelming and engulfing torrent before them. There was no seeking for effect, no attempt to display a finished style, no refinement of speech, and no careful discrimination in the use of words and phrases. His oratory was not of the picturesque type, in which words and sentences made melodious music, like the speeches of Sheridan or Macaulay or of our own great Canadian orator Dr. George Douglas. On the contrary the language was of no exceptionally high order, while style, structure, literary brilliance, and sometimes even grammatical precision were altogether and quite noticeably lacking. But whatever was absent in this respect found an ample compensation in the breadth of thought and the epigrammatic structure of the whole oration. Every sentence was merely the vehicle whereby a convincing and convicting circumstance was communicated by the counsel to the jury. Each utterance blossomed, not with a brilliantly-coloured flower of rhetoric, but with a vital and a perhaps hitherto unperceived fact. The sentences were short, but striking and impressive. The flights of eloquence consisted not in weaving ornate metaphors and other literary



figures, into glittering periods, but in extracting from obscure parts of the evidence statements of apparently trifling occurrences, and piecing them together into an unanswerable exposition of the prisoner's fearful guilt. So masterly was Osler's speech in closing the case for the Crown, that leading newspapers not only on the American continent but also in England paid the great Counsel the unusual tribute of printing it in full as it had fallen in a sweeping tide of vocal passion from his lips. Any doubts of the prisoner's guilt that might have existed in the minds of men before that speech was delivered, were dispelled after its last word was spoken; and the prisoner Birchall passed to his doom convincingly although circumstantially convicted of one of the most noted crimes that had ever taken place in Canadian history.

Had this case been heard twenty-five years later, it is very likely that the life of the prisoner would have been saved from the gallows by asserting and proving the defence of insanity. For clearly there was more in the accused man's conduct to support the theory of mental irresponsibility than there was in that later American case, which established a precedent on this continent for all time to come, by which the defence of insanity may prevail in an accusation of murder. But Harry Thaw was unknown in 1889, and the art which saved him from the death penalty had not reached that decided science until the occasion arrived to present his marvellous defence to a New York jury nearly a quarter of a century after Birchall had paid the penalty for his crime upon a Woodstock scaffold.

With Birchall's execution, murder to obtain insurance did not completely perish in Ontario. A similar crime to the Benwell tragedy occurred three years after Benwell was laid to rest in Princeton cemetery. The later crime took place in the County of Elgin, but it was much more elementary in its nature, and lacked the cunning and genius which marked the

crime of Birchall. It was in the summer of 1893 that two men, one named Hendershott and the other named Welter, conspired to place insurance to the extent of about ten thousand dollars upon the life of Hendershott's nephew, a young man also named Hendershott. The crime required some time in its development. The details were ultimately arranged, and the policies were made payable to the elder Hendershott. The nephew was then lured into a forest not far from the City of St. Thomas, and also near his home, where he was murdered by an axe in the hands of Welter, who was a rough and uneducated farm labourer. Hendershott's body was then placed under the trunk of a tree which Welter had cut down. An impression was thus sought to be created that the dead man had lost his life by the tree having accidentally fallen upon him. Although the uncle was some miles away at the time of the slaying, his complicity in the crime was apparent, and both he and Welter were arrested and charged with the murder. After the preliminary hearing before the local magistrate, both men were committed to the massive stone jail in the western extremity of St. Thomas, to await their trial.

Osler was retained by the Government to prosecute the prisoners. It is not often that two lives are demanded by the law as a forfeit for the slaying of a single victim, but both of the accused men were convicted of the crime and were executed within the walls of the jail where they had lain since their incarceration. The story of the crime is told in all its detail by the great Ontario detective Murray, in his *Memoirs*, published a few years ago. There is also a faint echo of the case in one of the volumes of the law reports of the Province, inasmuch as the condemned men carried an unsuccessful appeal to the higher Courts of Ontario a short time before their execution. In neither of these volumes, however, is justice done to the great accuser Osler, who on behalf of the Crown, with masterly ability,



presented all the features of the case to the jury. As in the Birchall trial, it was remarked that although the addresses of the prisoners' counsel were excellent pleas in a hopeless cause, still the brilliant and convincing oration of Osler to the jury, as he powerfully swept all opposition away from before him, was the talk of the entire community.

In the winter following the execution of Hendershott and Welter a murder took place near Toronto which aroused the horror and interest of the entire Province of Ontario. An elderly and quiet inoffensive farmer and his wife were killed in a brutal manner, and for a time the crime defied every attempt at solution. Subsequently two men were arrested, at a place far distant from the scene of the crime, and after being submitted to some questioning, were charged with the murder of the two old people. Pending their trial, the prisoners were confined in Brampton jail. One of the prisoners garbed himself in mystery, refusing to disclose either his true name or anything about his antecedents. He called himself MacWhirrell and frequently intimated that he had experienced a romantic history, but declined to furnish any of its details. The advanced age and peaceful habits of the victims, their lonely habitation, and the picturesque mystery with which the leading prisoner surrounded himself, gave a fame to the occurrence which it might not otherwise have acquired. A general opinion spread fast over the land that it would be impossible to connect the prisoners with the murder, and this added to the popular interest which the case speedily assumed. The accused men were placed on trial for their lives at the Peel County Spring Assizes of 1894.

Osler, fresh from his previous great forensic triumphs, appeared on behalf of the Crown. Thomas C. Robinette, a man of many and varied talents, and later destined to achieve success as a criminal defense counsel, represented the prisoner MacWhirrell. The entire

case for the prosecution rested on a slender quantity of circumstantial evidence, but this meagre amount of testimony was all assembled and pieced together with Osler's painstaking industry and marvellous skill. A new law had been enacted shortly before this trial, permitting a prisoner to give his own version of the occurrence in the witness box, under the sanctity of an oath, but so powerfully was the prosecution conducted that no attempt was made by either of the prisoners to withstand cross-examination at the merciless hands of the illustrious counsel for the Crown.

Osler's address to the jury was matchless. *The Toronto World* newspaper called it "a terrible arraignment against the accused prisoners". "You are here gentlemen," began Mr. Osler to the jury, "to inquire whether the two men in the dock have forfeited their lives to their country's laws or not. You must approach the question courageously and fearlessly, and do your duty to your country and to the prisoners". Next, he outlined the evidence, first setting forth the part that admitted of no dispute, then followed it by the allegations which the prisoners had disputed. Through the whole of the narrations of fact ran his pointed and pitiless comments, all telling vehemently and unanswerably against the prisoners. At the close of his speech, which lasted nearly two hours, it was felt that a conviction of at least one of the accused men was inevitable. The judge delivered his charge, and after a short respite, a verdict of "guilty" was returned against MacWhirrell only, and he was doomed to the gallows. The tremendous efforts of his counsel, accompanied by the circumstance that many reasonable people still doubted the correctness of the jury's verdict, gained the condemned man his life, and his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. Subsequently the other prisoner succeeded in effecting his escape. As in the previous cases, Osler's fame rose, if possible, still higher, and he pressed onward to newer triumphs.



Notwithstanding the signal avenging of murdered victims, crime still flourished. Murder for gain was yet an enemy to be conquered in Ontario. In 1897, two brothers, Henry Hyams and Dallas Hyams, who had spent most of their lives in the United States, crossed from the land of their birth to this country, and took up their residence in the City of Toronto. Soon after their arrival they effected a large amount of insurance upon the life of a young acquaintance named William Wells. The Hyams Brothers professed to be engaged in an occupation necessitating the use of a warehouse located on Colborne street, in the heart of the business section of Toronto. Soon after the insurance was placed upon young Wells's life, his dead body was found at the foot of an elevator shaft in this warehouse which the two Americans had rented.

At the time of the placing of the insurance Wells was in the prime of life, and in the best of health, and the Hyamses were in financial difficulties. Henry and Dallas Hyams, therefore, were arrested for the murder of Wells, and were placed on trial in the old court-house on Adelaide Street, in Toronto. Osler was their prosecutor. Two trials of the accused men took place. The first trial resulted in a disagreement of the jury. The latter ended in a verdict of "not guilty", and the prisoners were released from custody.

As if to cast some doubt upon the correctness of the jury's decision, and a just fear of a further prosecution which, according to British law, was, of course, impossible, the two men, immediately upon their acquittal, were driven in haste to the railway station, where a special car was awaiting their arrival. They entered the car, the train left the station, and in three hours they were safe from Canadian justice, upon American soil. Although Osler failed in this case, his conduct of it was fully the equal of his conduct of his other famous criminal trials. His arraignment of the two prisoners in his closing address to the

jury (an address which I was fortunate enough to hear) was terrible and unsparing. Had it not been that the accused men were defended by two men of the very highest order, Lount, whose silvery eloquence, first as a lawyer, and later as a judge, charmed many audiences in the court-rooms of Ontario, and E. F. B. Johnston, whose marvellous powers as a cross-examiner have been unsurpassed in Canada, it is probable that the genius of Osler would have secured another victory upon that occasion. Although he lost the verdict in that case, his fame as a lawyer and an orator shone with a fairer lustre than ever.

During the intervals between these renowned criminal trials Osler was by no means idle. On the contrary he was one of the most industrious members of his profession in Ontario. In the year 1891 he held the brief for the Crown when the Department of Public Works prosecuted James Connolly and Hon. Thomas McGreevy for fraudulent dealings in connection with contracts in which the Government of Canada was extensively interested. It is perhaps not surprising that the accused men in that case were not regarded in the same light as ordinary malefactors. Canadians learned very easily from the Government contractors of other lands the lesson—if lesson there were to learn—that public money is the proper prey of needy or embarrassed politicians, and that it is an art, rather than a crime, to be able to obtain it without giving any value in exchange. So many motives are there to screen the guilty in such cases that prosecutions for public defalcations are seldom undertaken, inasmuch as they are generally fruitless in results. Yet on this occasion Osler secured a verdict against the prisoners. They were sent to prison as a punishment for their offenses, and Osler recovered for the Crown a large sum of money.

This great man also prosecuted Mrs. Sternaman for murdering her husband, and registered a conviction against her, although she subsequently



secured a new trial, at which she succeeded in obtaining an acquittal. He prosecuted Hammond for murder, and gained a verdict for the Crown in that case as well. He held many civil and criminal briefs in almost every part of Ontario, and represented railway companies and other large corporations in their weighty litigation. He was in his element in lawsuits in which technical knowledge on the part of the counsel engaged was essential, and he was able to examine and cross-examine with facility and thoroughness experts in almost every branch of physical science. Indeed, so accurate was his information on mechanical subjects that for many years he was a member of the Canadian Society of Engineers, an organization numbering among its membership many of the engineering authorities upon the continent. In the earlier part of his career Mr. Osler paid some little attention to politics. In 1882 he contested the County of Welland as a Liberal candidate, but was defeated. Fourteen years afterward, in the dark hours of the administration of Sir Charles Tupper, Osler wrote a carefully composed address to the electors of the riding of Haldimand, but in reality it was intended as the views which a great lawyer held upon the legal situation which that administration had developed, and which he desired to present to the population of the entire Dominion of Canada. It is said that earlier in the same year he had been offered the position of Minister of Justice in the Tupper cabinet, but he had the foresight to decline the offer, and thereby preserve his great fame, which was then at its height, from suffering in the general wreck which awaited the doomed Conservative administration. He was appointed a Queen's Counsel in 1876. He was elected a Bencher of the Law Society of his native Province in 1885, and

retained that honour until his death. Many other dignities were conferred upon him. He was made a lecturer on the subject of criminal jurisprudence in the University of Toronto. He was also one of the Presidents of the York County Law Association. He was twice married, his first wife dying on the very day that he was to have addressed the jury in the much talked of murder case against a woman named Clara Ford, and who, possibly may have owed her acquittal in part to the fact that his powerful strength was not exerted against her at the momentous crisis of the trial.

Dignities of the full measure of his abilities might have been his, but he sought them not. His profession imposed upon him heavy burdens, and he sacrificed every other worldly honour for the success which it ensured, and the service that it claimed. As a result he rose high, and there were but few who occupied the dizzy heights which lay above him.

The lives of great men often close free from the blaze of splendour in which their glory first saw the light. So it was with Osler. Early in this century his active life came to a close. During the last few years of his career, his cases, while important and numerous, lacked the spectacular element by which, unfortunately, too many men must be content to be judged. For twenty years his name had been on countless lips, and his inspiration in many minds. He had helped, by the just fear which his long series of successes against wickedness had inspired, to drive crime from the country and ensure safety to the home. Few now are the crimes of cunning, or the deaths for gold, which stain the fair annals of our land. The reason for the spotless record is to be ascribed, in part at least, to the influence of the life of Osler.

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The next Great Canadian Orator in this series will be Sir Joseph A. Chapleau.





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

### MRS. LIONEL H. CLARKE



WHEN the new Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Mr. Lionel Clarke, assumed office, it was quickly discovered that he was one who had no delight in being in the limelight. It was the same with regard to Mrs. Clarke. She cared so little for publicity that just at first it was difficult for persons interested in the new "first lady of Ontario" to find an answer to the inevitable question, "Who is she?"

Mrs. Clarke was born at Kincardine, and is the daughter of Mr. Sydenham Small, some of whose ancestors settled in Upper Canada in Governor Simcoe's time. She lived at Stratford and afterwards at Guelph, where in 1891 she was married to Mr. Clarke. Since then her home has been in Toronto. She is the mother of three sons, of whom the eldest went to the war and did not return, and of one daughter, Miss Diana Clarke, who, despite the new claims on her time and attention, is still doing V.A.D. work at Pearson Hall.

A large part of the art of questioning consists in knowing whom to question. For instance the lads of the Boys' Home, whose lives Mr. and Mrs. Clarke have done much to brighten, would not have needed to be asked twice, "Who is Mrs. Clarke?" And

there are many others like them in Toronto.

A worker for the blind who possesses that understanding sympathy which comes of sharing in their deprivation says, "Mrs. Clarke is the big sister of us all"—and perhaps there is no better way of summing up her kindly, patient helpfulness to those who are handicapped by lack of sight.

The war drew attention to the blind, and many whose interest began with the blinded soldiers, soon began to think also of the civilian blind. In 1917 was organized the Canadian Women's Association for the Welfare of the Blind, and in this movement, looking to much more systematic and thorough methods of dealing with the sightless and their problems, Mrs. Clarke was a leading spirit from the beginning.

One of the first works of the Association was to seek out all the blind in Toronto and make a card index of their names, addresses and so forth. In those early days the Association used to hold its meetings and give parties for the sightless at the headquarters of the Canadian National Library for the Blind, which was established in 1905. Blind persons were also visited in their homes and were taught to knit socks for the soldiers, being paid for their work. A few of the blind living out of town were helped in similar ways. The



Mrs. Lionel H. Clarke,  
Wife of the new Lieut.-Governor of Ontario

Association also collected things made by blind people and sold them for their benefit.

The Association's "pioneer work for the adult blind" helped to pave the way for the organization of the Canadian Institute for the Blind, which included men and women in its membership. Mrs. Clarke has been a most useful member of the Council of the Institute, and when the Women's Association for the Welfare of the Blind changed its title and status to that of the Women's Auxiliary of the Institute, Mrs. Clarke continued her leadership in its manifold activities as President. Amongst the matters to which the Women's Auxiliary has given special attention are special relief, prevention of blindness, entertainment and recreation of the blind and the establishment of an Industrial Department for Women.

This department was begun in December, 1918, with six blind women. Now twenty-three are at work on rug-weaving, machine-knitting and machine sewing. The latter industry has proved very suitable, as it offers a diversity of operations, more or less difficult, which can be accomplished by blind women of greater or less ability. The women work at the making of bungalow aprons, for which there is a ready sale. They begin with a treadle sewing-machine, but most of them work at power machines.

In connection with this department, Mrs. Clarke has established a boarding-house for the girls and women employed where they can be free and independent in the management of their own affairs, whilst they are protected from unscrupulous people, who have been known to take advantage of their misfortune. In honour of her who is





Mrs. E. C. Drury,  
Wife of the Farmer Premier of Ontario

its founder and the untiring friend of its inmates, as well as of the President of the Institute, Mr. L. M. Wood, the house has been named "Clarkewood".

The Women's Auxiliary and its President endeavour to make the various homes of the work truly home-like. When the Library (now like the Auxiliary, a branch of the Institute) moved into new quarters at 142 College Street, Toronto, the Auxiliary undertook at great expense to put a new heating system into the building, to decorate it, and to furnish the office, the board-room and the reading-room. In 1918, when the fine old house on Beverley Etrete, now known as Pearson Hall, was chosen as a residence and training-centre for blind soldiers it was furnished by the same organization, and Mrs. Clarke, with two other ladies, became a House Committee to supervise the domestic arrangements.

It is told that one of the first acts of the new Lieutenant-Governor's wife was to write to the girls at "Clarke-

wood", assuring them that, though she would have less time to give to them than formerly, they might count on her help and interest still in any time of need.

On the second Saturday afternoon in January, Mrs. Clarke and her daughter "Sister Clarke", as the invitation was worded—received the blind soldiers and V.A.D.'s from Pearson Hall, with many of the workers for the blind, at Government House. After tea the guests gathered in the great morning room, fragrant with many flowers, while the orchestra of blind players from Pearson Hall discoursed sweet music.

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#### A DAUGHTER OF THE ROBERTS CLAN

When I tell you that she recited the Lady of Shalott at the age of three (substituting in accordance with her own ideas of propriety, certain weird words for those already chosen by the poet; thus "The *blank* has come



Mrs. L. A. Hamilton,  
who takes a seat in Toronto as the first woman member of a City Council in Canada

upon us, cried the Lady of Shalott"); that at heart she was a tomboy and preferred the companionship of her brothers to that of other children, in spite of being too frail to take an active part in their sports; that she read Bal-lantyne and Stevenson rather than girls' books; when I tell you that she was and is, a dreamer, loving the stories hidden from so many of us in the wild things that grow, and that much sorrow has only sweetened an already beautiful nature—have I given you any sort of picture of Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald?

No, of course not. She herself admits that the "high-lights" in her life are more from thought and emotion than from any outward adventure,

and the transcribing of a sensitive, poetic mind, is, gentle reader, a delicate undertaking, to put it moderately.

From Mrs. Ganong, Bliss Carmen's sister, however, we are given some interesting glimpses of Mrs. MacDonald's childhood and early youth. At a tender age there began a friendship between these two "which was to grow so strong with years, that nothing could ever break it".

"My first recollection of Elizabeth," Mrs. Ganong would tell you, "pictures her being carried into our house by her father, the newly-appointed rector of Fredericton; a very limp, pale, train-sick little girl, wrapped in a plaid shawl and hugging Blondina in one arm and "Little Women" in the



other. The former was an immediate bond between us for I adored soils and Sophie Mary was my inseparable companion. Elizabeth really preferred cats and grieved that Tom John Railey-Railey Pole-cat had to be left in Westcock, where the first eight years of her life were spent, but she soon acquired others of his kind and could generally be found curled up on a sofa with a cat and of course, a favourite book.

"Before grown-ups she was rather shy and diffident, though too courteous to be unfriendly; I cannot recall that she ever said a *rude* word in her life. Fierce, obstinate, even sarcastic, she could be on provocation but sulky or rude, never. In the family circle she was all animation, quick sympathy and clever fun. She commenced to write verse when very young. The big attic of the Rectory when the Robertses and many little cousins assembled, was the auditorium for many literary efforts, inspired perhaps by the fame of the older brothers in College, but guided and encouraged by this indefatigable sister who was ever ready to share their joys and griefs, and receive their confidences.

Christmas has always been very dear to her heart. She loved to help decorate the beautiful little church, with fragrant hemlock boughs and cedar, and she loved the quiet Christmas Eve service, and afterward the walk home in the winter starlight with her father. Once when someone derided Christmas giving, she flared up indignantly and said, "I think I would give *something*, even if it were a burnt match!"

There was an unusual bond between father and daughter, an intellectual as well as a natural affinity. They differed harmoniously, "and that reminds me," Mrs. Ganong says. "how much Elizabeth enjoyed a real discussion. Her eyes would become wide and black and her whole body tingle with the joy of tournament. One day a worthy but narrow parson was en-



Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald

larging on the folly of Higher Education for women. Elizabeth sprang to its defense and so bedazzled the poor man that he failed to see his own inconsistency when he exclaimed, "Splendid! It is such a treat to have an intelligent conversation with an educated lady!"

After her marriage Mrs. MacDonald went to the West for a number of years. Although the care of her family, and poor health prevented her from doing half of what she longed to do, she wrote a little and took an active part in the Suffrage movement. A few years ago she moved to Ottawa, with her two sons, and was recently joined by her husband, who is now back from France.

"Nain", as she is called by the nieces and nephews and grand-niece, is still a guiding spirit in the family, though so unaggressively that few would know it. She is a loving mother, a tender friend whose faith in those she loves inspires with a nobler chivalry. And she has withal that rare gift of God the soul of a poet.



# THE LIBRARY TABLE

WILLIAM E. MARSHALL.

AN APPRECIATION BY CHARLES MORSE.



IR PHILIP SIDNEY, speaking of guides to the way of joyous living, said: "Now of all sciences is our poet the monarch. For he doth

not only shew the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it."

That, I think, very fittingly describes the Canadian poet William E. Marshall. Mr. Marshall is a native of Nova Scotia, and has always made his home there. A barrister by profession, in early middle life he accepted the position of Registrar of Deeds for the District of Bridgewater. The

calm and even tenor of official life has enabled him to develop his mind according to his tastes. He had never any taste for the strife, ignoble or otherwise, of city crowds. True, that

up to the publication of "Brookfield" in *The University Magazine* a few years ago, his remarkable gifts as a

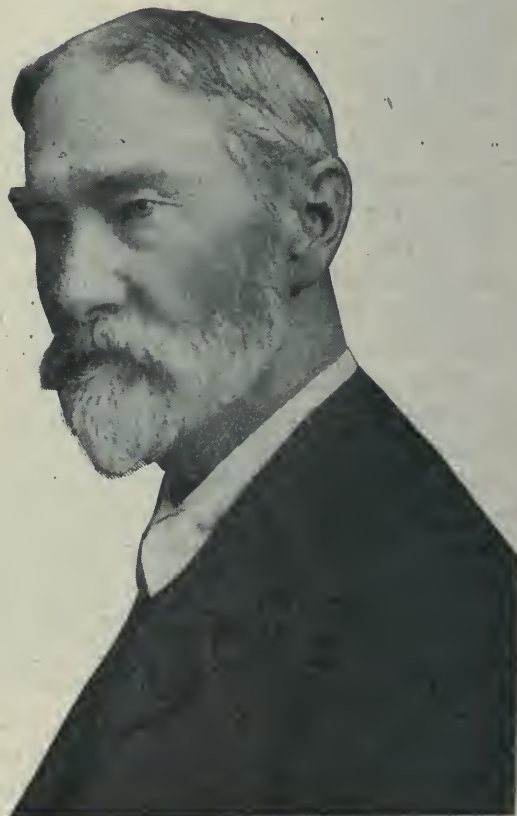
singer were known only to the chosen few of his intimates, but he could always say "*me raris juvat auribus placere*"—and the great Meredith

could not say more to the day of his death. It is not perhaps more by what he has written than by the manner in

which he has lived that his poetic quality is bodied forth. He has been a maker (*poietes*) of sweetness and

light from his earliest youth for those who enjoy the felicity of his friendship; and his faith in the capacity of man to realize the secret bias of the

soul for divine joy, notwithstanding the besetments of the world, the flesh



W. E. Marshall,

of whose poems a complete edition has just been published by John Lovell & Son, Montreal

or the devil, has been affirmed by precept and example with an ardour that has never flagged. Although confessedly ever seeking occasion to contemplate

That realm where truth and beauty dwell

Forever and for aye unconquerable  
Of earthly pain or death's eternal law,

his prepossessions on the purely human side of life are constant and sincere. The plastic arts have always greatly attracted him, and, without any special training, he has done some



excellent modelling in clay. His skill with the pencil is also notable. In this addiction to art as well as to letters, I may be permitted to set up some resemblance between Marshall and William Blake, whose artistry may not have added one cubit to his stature as a poet in the judgment of the ordinary reader, yet to the discerning mind it infuses all his writings with the subtle emanations of a soul that has laid hold on beauty as its own demesne. But Marshall has other interests in the world that lies about him. The enticements of art have not weaned him from the love of nature. Proof of this abounds in his poems. Let me quote:

## SOUL AND BODY

Along the winding river's bound  
With only the unfaltering flow  
Of tide to bear me silent company  
I wander, feeling in the symphony  
Of Nature here a joy not found  
In Art—where Art is all to know.

For here I am the substance of each form:  
I am the wind, the wild rose blown  
The murmuring bees, the birds of song,  
the fantasy  
Of wood and meadow, all the ecstasy  
Of summer growth, the life full-grown,  
The peace of soul and body after storm.

Marshall's instinctive love of the fields and woods was greatly fostered by his departed friend Robert Randall MacLeod, in whose memory "Brookfield" was written. In glowing words he explains how instant in season MacLeod sought the bloom of the wild flowers:

And something of that bloom was shown  
for me  
One eager day, when the Rhodora flamed  
Her leafless beauty on us suddenly—  
Down in an old-time pasture road— and  
claimed  
A first love's privilege and was not  
shamed:  
My friend had fondest greeting for the  
flower,  
And gentlest love-speech ever poet framed;  
And all my vagrant heart was stayed with  
power  
Of love I never knew, until I shared his  
dower.

It is in the Spenserian stanza that Marshall has realized his highest

achievement in technic, and to use that verse form to-day with any measure of success is a matter of distinction in the opinion of the dean of English letters, Mr. Edmund Gosse.

The writer recalls one little incident illustrative of the magnetic charm of Mr. Marshall's personality. On a rare summer day a few years ago I was walking in his company over a noble sand-beach on the Nova Scotian coast, listening the while to his recitation of Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn"—which he dearly loves. Unnoticed by Marshall we were overtaken by a young fisher lad whose attention was arrested by the music of the words that fell from the poet's lips, and he waited for no invitation to join us. I shall never forget the quick response in the boy's eyes to the magic of the challenge,

Who are those coming to the sacrifice?

He stayed with us until silence broke the enchantment, and then slipped away still unseen of the man who all unwittingly had unlocked for him the door of poetic emotion.

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## THE OLD MAD-HOUSE

BY WILLIAM DE MORGAN. Toronto:  
J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited.

IN his "Apology in Confidence" attached to "A Likely Story", De Morgan chaffs his readers a little about our fictional categories, and has his say about his co-called "Early Victorianism". For his part, the present reviewer does not regret his escape from contact with much of the smart, metallic, flippant fiction of the day whenever he yields himself to the charm of De Morgan. It is an escape from the third-rate, or fourth-rate, insincere and ephemereal, to the sterling, the urbane, the gently humorous. ("Humour," thought the late Churton Collins, "is the smile on Wisdom's lips.")—to the excellent matter of a serene, tolerant, kindly companion, who did not begin to write until he had suffered, and learned, and achieved "the philosophic mind".



The lines of De Morgan's literary ancestry are to be traced, we think, to both Dickens and Meredith, perhaps even more definitely to the latter than to the former. Certainly, there is a good deal of the influence of Dickens to be discovered at times in De Morgan's earlier style, but somewhat less as the novels grew (compare "Alice-for-Short" with "When Ghost Meets Ghost"). The Meredithian quality in De Morgan's spirit, however, was actively at work throughout his life as an author, although we are not aware that he read Meredith extensively. The authors to whom he refers most frequently in his novels, either directly or indirectly, are Browning and his wife, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Shakespeare, and Spenser.

Nancy Fraser ("Elbows") in the present novel is as likable a girl as Lossie, Alice-for-Short, or Sally Nightingale. She is straightforward, sympathetic, and wholesomely fresh, and we are delighted that she marries at last her fellow-townsmen Charley Snaith. Of his first tragic marriage with Lucy Hinchcliffe; of her destructive lure for Fred Carteret, Charley's best friend, who breaks his engagement with Cintra Fraser for her sake ("the story is sorry for Fred"); of the old, unhappy, far-off love of Fred's father's brother for Mrs. Carteret, a finely delineated mother-woman; of the mysterious disappearance of that brother, Dr. Drury Carteret, in the early chapters of the novel, and his equally mysterious return at the end; and of the final solution of the mystery (supplied in a last chapter by Mrs. De Morgan, who was in the secret, after her husband's death), the story tells through thirty-four chapters in its own quietly thoughtful, companionable way. It is a story extraordinarily rich in character, analysis, humour, and rememberable *obiter dicta*. On the structural side, the plot is unusually well charted, the exciting force, the successive turning-points, the prophetic incidents, the chief crisis, and the cross-correspondences being handled with conscien-

tious skill. If any other than unimportant weaknesses are observable, probably these arise in some seven or eight instances from the desire of the author to furnish adequate signposts during the evolution of a psychologically complicated plot, but in these instances the signposts appear inartistically superfluous. "A story," says the writer, "may be at a loss to account for the thoughts and actions of its characters, and its safest line may be to simply *tell* them, and leave its reader to analyze and understand them as best he may. But some stories have a certain fussiness of their own, that will be always probing for motives and impulses, for the sources of ideas that seem to spring from nowhere, and the blindness to others—gross as mountains, open, palpable—in eyes most concerned to see them."

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### THE BUILDERS

By ELLEN GLASGOW. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS is a disappointing novel. Its background is Virginia (Richmond in particular) immediately before and during American participation in the Great War; its characters, for the most part Virginians; its *motifs*, a love affair impossible of realization, and a political programme almost equally impossible. The latter is so loftily indefinite, indeed, that it is more than once uneasily sketched in, by way of argument, oratorical conversation (in itself an inartistic contradiction in terms), and a long letter from its chief exponent, David Blackburn, to the girl he loves. The characteristic self-consciousness and moral complacency of a certain type of contemporary American writers is far from absent here. American idealism is to save the world. We raise the query: Is there an *American* idealism? Is not true idealism idealism everywhere? Some of the idiosyncrasies of manner in the chief persons are cleverly suggested, but the psychology is mediocre, and the net impression is one of effortful ineffectiveness.







MATERNITY

From the Painting by  
Laura Muntz Lyall.

Exhibited by the  
Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.





*THE*

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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## SHOULD WE SPARE THE ROD?

BY W. L. SCOTT



THE work of the Children's Aid Societies in Canada is two-fold: (1) the care of neglected children, under the Children's Protection Acts, of which there is one in almost every Province; and (2) the treatment of delinquents under the Dominion Juvenile Delinquents Act and the various Provincial

Juvenile Courts Acts.\* It is of the work with delinquents that I propose to speak.

Quite apart from humanitarian and altruistic considerations, the methods to be pursued with respect to Juvenile delinquents are of great importance to the community; for the potential criminal if left to himself will become the hardened repeater of the police

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\*Juvenile Courts are established under the Juvenile Delinquents Act passed by the Dominion Parliament in 1908, though in most of the Provinces there are also provincial Juvenile Courts Acts supplementing the federal legislation. The Dominion Act is not, however, in force universally, but only where it has been put in force by proclamation following a demand for it in the locality and assurances that proper facilities have been or will be provided for the due carrying out of its provisions. Alberta and Saskatchewan are the only provinces in which it is universally in force. The portions of the other provinces in which it is in force are as follows: In British Columbia, the Cities of Vancouver, and Victoria; in Manitoba, the City of Winnipeg, the Dauphin Judicial District and the Eastern Judicial District; in Ontario, the Cities of Toronto, Ottawa, Stratford, Kitchener, Brantford, and Galt, the town of St. Marys, the Counties of Perth, Waterloo and Brant and the Judicial District of Timiskaming; in Quebec, the City of Montreal; in Nova Scotia, the City of Halifax and the County of Pictou, and in Prince Edward Island, the City and Royalty of Charlottetown. The system should be more widely adopted, particularly in the Province of Ontario, where the Children's Aid Societies are so many and so active.



courts. Do we ever think of what a vast number of people there are in jail and what a great loss and an enormous expense their being there means to the State? The cost of catching, prosecuting and supporting criminals is one of the largest items of public expenditure, to say nothing of the far greater loss involved in the withdrawal of these men from useful citizenship. We are inclined to look on crime as inevitable, but it is very largely, if not entirely, preventable. Criminals, unlike poets, are made, not born, and they are for the most part made in childhood. Criminal careers begin in childhood. The characters of adults are fixed by time and habits. Trained in honesty a man remains honest. Habituated to crime he is an unreformable criminal. Children are plastic, men are malleable. A child is a lump of putty, soft and easily moulded, and taking its character from its surroundings. Gradually its actions harden into habits and habits shape its destiny.

Despite the undeniably great influence which heredity exerts on the individual both mentally and physically, it has no *direct* effect on his moral character. His morals are primarily the result of his environment. *Indirectly*, as we shall presently see, heredity is often a very important factor. Inherited mental and physical characteristics often determine the extent to which a person is affected by environmental influences, good or bad. But morals are not themselves inherited. A child comes into the world neither moral nor immoral but simply unmoral. Right living is something that must be acquired. The idea that babies are born as criminals, once popular, has been found to be false. It is as impossible that a child can be born a criminal as that it can be born with a knowledge of the Greek language. That a criminal could be recognized by certain physical characteristics or stigmata was at one time a common opinion. That is not true. These indications point, not to criminality, but to defec-

tive mentality. A person of abnormal mentality is not necessarily a criminal but he is much more likely to become one than a person of average intelligence, because in the first place he has not sufficient intelligence to apprehend that happiness depends upon well doing and, secondly, he has not sufficient power of self-control to enable him steadily to pursue an adopted course of action. Epilepsy is often accompanied by anti-social tendencies which frequently occasion the most revolting crimes. Low or abnormal mentality, feeble-mindedness and epilepsy are all hereditary and when these conditions are accompanied by crime the only effective remedy is usually permanent institutional care. These cases are the despair of the Juvenile Court, and while the percentage of them among first offenders is small, they account for a much larger proportion of the repeaters.

In the case of a certain number of children, delinquency is due to physical defect. Adenoid growth or eye strain or ear ache robs a child of nervous force which is required for carrying on the ordinary functions of the body and an abnormal condition is brought about which results in extreme irritability, lack of self-control and consequent delinquency. We had a boy in Ottawa who could not be kept from stealing. He had a crooked neck due to a slight spinal curvature. We straightened his neck and he stopped the thieving. A straight neck kept him straight. He is now fairly launched on a useful and honest career.

Apart from these abnormal cases, which do not together account for more than from five to ten per cent. of first offenders, the child delinquents are ordinary normal children and their unfortunate moral condition is attributable to environment. They are just what your children or my children would be if similarly situated. And it is from these as well as from the abnormal that our criminal population is being constantly re-



cruited. What, then, are we doing to stop this criminal stream at its source? What are we doing to save these children? Until a bare quarter of a century ago we were treating such children in the same way as adult criminals. The law prescribed punishment: punishment was not a remedy; and from generation to generation the making of criminals rather than the prevention of crime was the result. The last twenty years, however, witnessed a most remarkable change. The evolution and gradual spread of the Juvenile Court and the Probation System for Children have proved the validity of their underlying idea.

The Juvenile Court is far more than a separate court for children. It has a spirit and a view-point and methods the very opposite of those of the Criminal Court. The chief characteristics of the Court are, first, its realization of the great value of the child both for its own sake and for the sake of the State; second, its recognition of the fact that delinquency is due to environment, and third, its abandonment of the idea of retributive justice. The Juvenile Court inflicts no punishment on children. A child may be committed to the Industrial School, but he is committed not for punishment but for training. The Criminal Court asks, "What has this child done and how is he to be punished?" The Juvenile Court asks, "What is the condition of this child: in what respects does he need help; and how best can he be helped?" I have sometimes heard persons unfamiliar with the spirit of the Juvenile Court suggest that the Court ought to resort to corporal punishment. I have always answered in the words of Ellen Key, the Swedish Socialist: "When people use their hands to train children, it is because their heads are not equal to the task".

In the Juvenile Court the offence committed is looked on merely as a circumstance, to be taken with other circumstances, as throwing light on the condition of the child. This is

well illustrated by a story told of Judge Lindsey of Denver. A gang of boys had stolen a number of bicycles and the Judge and the Chief of Police were having an argument as to what disposition should be made of the case. Finally the Judge said, "Chief, the difference between us is that you are thinking of seven valuable bicycles, while I am thinking of seven invaluable future citizens". Briefly, the fundamental idea of the court is paternalism, the assumption by the court of the position of parent to the child.

When a child enters the Juvenile Court, it is never due, as some might think, just to pure cussedness. There is always a reason. And the first care of the court is to endeavour to find out the cause of the trouble. Once this is ascertained the next step is to apply the appropriate remedy. It is just as in the case of a medical practitioner. The two essential elements of success are, first, a correct diagnosis and second, the application of an appropriate remedy.

A correct diagnosis is extremely important. But it is often a matter of very great difficulty. Where practicable, the first step should in every case be an examination for mental and physical defects, which are often of such a nature that the unprofessional observer would fail to detect them.

Then the home and the environment should be carefully studied. Most important of all, the child should be approached as a friend, and every effort made to know him and to get at his point of view. The point of view of a child is frequently very difficult for an adult to discover or appreciate. Some times a very little inquiry places the offence in a new light. Sometimes of course mistakes are made. One evening during a vacation which I spent in a Maritime Province town, just after the shops had closed their doors for the night, a boy about nine or ten years old picked up a stone from the street and deliberately smashed a plate glass window. The boy was locked up as a dangerous



criminal. Investigation, however, revealed that the child's mother and father were respectable people and that for the offence there was a very simple explanation. About shop-closing time the mother had discovered that she wanted something very urgently and she sent the boy off in a great hurry to get it, and in order to emphasize the necessity for haste on his part she said, "If the shop is closed you will have to break in through the window, because I simply must have the article to-night". The boy took her literally and the broken window was the result.

Of course, I don't mean to say that all juvenile delinquents are as innocent of evil intention as this young window breaker. But in every case it is necessary to understand the child, as well as to study the environment, in order to get at the cause of the delinquency. This may be found to be a bad home, or a neglectful or indifferent home; the parents may be found to be over indulgent or over severe; or it may be the "movies" or bad companions or bad literature; or it may be a combination of these and other things. But whatever the cause, unless we can arrive at a correct diagnosis, we cannot expect or even hope to succeed.

Even an apparently good home may not be a good home in its relation to the child in question. An American probation officer, some time ago, gave a classification of homes which though not apparently bad in the ordinary sense, were not good homes for the children concerned. It was as follows:

1. The Puritanical, I'd-rather-see-my-boy-dead-than-with-a-card-in-his-hand family, that drives even a good child, who is human, to desperation and calls intolerance religion.

2. The unduly trustful kind that "knows there is nothing the matter with their child" and refuses to acknowledge the facts.

3. The callous, *laissez faire* family, that just leaves the door open at night for their boy to come in as he

pleases and seems to think that it can wash its hands of all responsibility.

4. The unduly grown up family which has forgotten it was ever young and considers a boy when he improvises a sleeping tent of quilts in the back yard and digs for buried treasure under the hen house as a subject for either the insane asylum or the lock-up; and which regards the trivial unmoralities of children as evidence of a dark degenerate viciousness.

5. The fond and foolish family that "babies" a boy until he flies to the opposite extreme and plays the "dead game sport" at every chance in, as he thinks, the necessary assertion to his fellows of his virility.

6. The (not so rare) hysterical kind, always in an uproar, exaggerating every petty fault a child has and living in perpetual excitement that wrecks self-control.

7. Last, but certainly not least, the belligerent "hands-off-my-kid" family whose child is a terror to the neighbourhood because supported at home.

A most important thing to determine is, what are the child's moral standards? This is a branch of investigation that is most frequently overlooked. The attitude of the average official, even a Juvenile Court official, towards a delinquent boy is to assume that he knew perfectly well what was right and that he simply did not do what he knew he ought to do. But this is an assumption which is in many cases quite unwarranted. It is quite wrong to attribute the psychology of an adult official to the boy. No doubt in most cases the answers to formal questions would disclose a knowledge of conventional moral standards, but it by no means follows that his answers represent what the boy really thinks. We can never discover the true thoughts of a boy by asking him a few set questions. It is only by getting him to talk freely and without restraint, that one can learn the defects of his moral character, a thorough knowledge of which is a prerequisite to remedying those defects. To give one example, if a boy



has the idea, gathered perhaps from the dime novel or the "movies" that burglary is manly and heroic, and that breaking into a shop is a thrilling adventure, obviously no progress can be made with him until that moral standard has been entirely changed.

Having ascertained the cause of the delinquency, equally important is the treatment prescribed and carried out. This may be commitment to an industrial school or other institution. But in the great majority of cases it will be release on probation, in charge of a probation officer. The probation officer, after careful study of the case, should decide on a definite plan of action for the elimination of the evil. Whatever is bad in the environment should be got rid of. If the home is at fault it must be improved. If it cannot be improved the child should be removed from it to a foster home.

Above all, the probation officer should exert his influence upon the child himself. He should see the child frequently. At first it should be every day. His idea is not so much reformation as formation—to form the character of the child, still in the formative period. I have likened a child to putty gradually hardening and taking the marks of the pressure applied to it. It is the work of the probation officer, by gentle, continued effort, to efface the mark impressed by evil surroundings and to replace them with lines of virtue and honesty and truth. It must always be remembered that probation is not mere supervision or watch-care. It is much more than that. It is constructive work. It means character building and home improving.

In dealing with a delinquent child it is obvious that you must use either moral force or physical force. But physical force, brutality, the lash, the lock, are now thoroughly discredited. Even in insane asylums treatment is moving farther and farther away from that. Success undoubtedly depends on our ability to apply moral force successfully. We must learn how to produce moral characters by

establishing right ideals and by generating the capacity for self-control. We must learn to impress upon the child the necessity and the advantage of right conduct.

Moral treatment means the implantation of ideas, and there are two ideas to the implanting of which a special effort must be made. One of these is, that no matter who else may be to blame, the boy himself is primarily at fault for doing what he knew to be wrong. No doubt his delinquency is to a great extent the result of his environment; but he must be made to realize that no combination of circumstances can constitute a valid excuse for wrong-doing. The other idea is that the future rests with himself; that he has free will and can do whatever he decides to do, if he will but make the effort.

We are apt, while studying the causes and influences which have brought about delinquency, to minimize unduly the element of personal responsibility. But however true it is that the delinquent has been largely the victim of circumstances, the product of his surroundings, those considerations are not for him, but solely for the investigator. With the delinquent himself the element of personal responsibility for the past as well as for the future cannot be too strongly insisted upon.

He must be taught to say, even though in less poetic or symbolic language:

"It matters not how straight the gate,  
How charged with punishment the  
scroll,  
I am master of my fate:  
I am captain of my soul."

The most powerful weapon of the probation officer is suggestion. Suggestion, as has been recently pointed out by a popular writer, is one of the most potent of all influences determining human behaviour. This is true even of adults and how much more powerful is its influence in the case of children. Suggestion is the explana-



tion of successful advertising, it is the secret of the power of a good salesman. It has even much to do with the influence of a religious leader.

It is surprising how frequently those who have the care of children not only fail to make use of suggestion to accomplish what they aim at, but even employ it to their own detriment. For instance, a parent will keep telling a child that he is naughty, or a bad boy, a liar or a thief. Now what is the effect of this? It is to induce the boy to believe that he is what he is said to be. And all unconsciously he will conform readily to his asserted character.

The same writer points out that there are certain rules governing suggestion. First, its effectiveness depends on the confidence inspired by the suggester in those whom he desires to influence. Hence the importance of the probation officer's winning the confidence and respect of his charge.

Second, the assumption towards the person sought to be influenced of an antagonistic or coercive attitude will defeat the purpose aimed at. You will never make a child good by scolding and commanding. At times it is necessary to command, but commands have in them no suggestive value. They do not secure the involuntary automatic assent which is the prime aim of suggestion. Instead of exhorting a child to be good, he should be led indirectly by conversation and little stories into a goodness-desiring

attitude. This should be done repeatedly, but always through new settings or with new stories, for a third rule of suggestion is that while repetition increases its force, the repetition should not be so continuous and unvaried as to become monotonous. For monotony breeds indifference and even antagonism, and these in turn inhibit the influence of suggestion. The probation officer will do well to study suggestion carefully, for he will find no greater help.

I have said that his work is constructive. Unless the probation officer can feel that he has by his influence made a lasting change for the better in the character of the child and left the home and the environment in general better than he found them, he cannot claim to have succeeded even though the probationer does not return to the court under charge of a further offence. The probation officer should be sympathetic, tactful and resourceful, and should possess a large fund of optimism, balanced by good judgment accompanied by firmness. The work is by no means easy. Many cases bristle with difficulties. But a good probation officer will not be deterred. He will look on such a case as a test of his own ability and of his fitness for the position. He will recognize that failure is his own failure, just as success is a personal triumph for himself. For, after all, the test of a good probation officer is the number of his successes.





# THE SLAVE IN UPPER CANADA

BY WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL

**I**T was the boast of the Englishman that slavery did not, and could not, exist in his land. Cowper sang: "Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs receive our air, that moment they are free; they touch our country and their shackles fall." And Cowper had solid ground for the boast, for about a dozen years before he wrote "The Task" Lord Mansfield with his Court of King's Bench had set free the negro, James Somerset, who, a slave in Jamaica, had been brought by his master, Charles Stewart, to England to "attend and abide with him and to carry him back as soon as his business was transacted".

It is true that the reasons given for the judgment would hardly hold water now. The court considered that villenage was the only form of slavery known in England in early time, and as villenage was abolished by Act of Parliament on the return of King Charles II. from exile, slavery could no longer exist.

More recent research has made it clear that the villein was in much the same case as a serf; but that at least as late as the middle of the 12th century there were slaves in England, actual personal slaves, bought and sold as in the Southern States before the Civil War, and quite distinct from villeins or serfs.

But while the reasons for the judgment might be bad, the judgment was considered law and has never been overruled. Slavery is so odious that nothing could be suffered to support it but positive law, and no such positive law could be adduced.

But the Court of King's Bench was speaking for England, and recognized that in the American Colonies and elsewhere slaves were, or might be, goods and chattels, and as such saleable and sold.

At the time of the conquest of Canada in 1760 there were slaves in that colony, both Panis (Indian slaves) and negroes; and when the United Empire Loyalists came into the upper part of the country (afterwards Upper Canada), some of them brought negro slaves with them.

The Province of Quebec, formed in 1763 by Royal Proclamation, was divided in 1791 into two Provinces, Upper Canada and Lower Canada. Slavery certainly existed in both Provinces at that time. Moreover, the Imperial Parliament in 1790 passed legislation enabling the Governor to grant a licence to import negro slaves into Canada. Col. John Graves Simcoe, who was the first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, loathed slavery and had spoken against it in England; and it was not long before his attention was called to its horrors in his new Government. At a meeting of the Executive Council held at Navy



Hall at Niagara (which Simcoe had renamed Newark) on March 21, 1793—he had arrived in Upper Canada just the year before—at which were present the Chief Justice, William Osgoode (after whom Osgoode Hall, Toronto, is named) and also Hon. Peter Russell (the Receiver-General who gave his name to Russell Square in Toronto), appeared Peter Martin, a negro in the service of Col. Butler, of Butler's Rangers fame. Martin produced one William Grisley (or Crisly), who told a shocking story of violence. He said that, March 14, one Fromand, or Frooman, had told him that he was going to sell his negro wench Chloe to someone in the States, and that on that evening, Fromand, his brother and one Van-every had forced the poor girl, tied with a rope, into a boat, had taken her across the Niagara River and delivered her to a man on the bank, the girl screaming violently and resisting to the best of her power. Grisley said that he saw another negro at a distance tied in the same state and that he had heard that many other people meant to do the same with their negroes.

The Council was horrified. It determined to take immediate steps to prevent the continuance of such violent breaches of the public peace, and for that purpose it directed the Attorney-General to prosecute Fromand.

The Attorney-General, John White, was a sound lawyer: he knew that by the old law of Canada the slave was the absolute property of his master, and that the introduction of the English law into the Province in 1792, in lieu of the former French-Canadian law, had made the condition of the slave if anything worse than before. For, strange as it may appear, while the civil law of Rome and the laws derived from it recognize the status of slavery and accordingly give the slave certain rights against his master, the English law having no room for slavery as a status, and having therefore no law for the slave, when it is com-

pelled to deal with slaves, considers them as mere property, chattels with no more rights than a horse. Nothing came of the order to prosecute Fromand, nor could anything come of it—Fromand had the same right to tie, export and sell his slave as to tie, export and sell his cow.

But it was determined to put an end to slavery in the Province as soon as possible and to as great an extent as was possible without violating private property.

Accordingly, in the session of 1793, beginning May 31, a bill was early introduced and rapidly passed through the two Houses, receiving the Royal Assent July 6, and thereby becoming law.

This Act repealed the Imperial Act of 1790 so far as Upper Canada was concerned, forbade the granting of licences to import slaves and enacted that no negro or other person who should come or be brought into the Province should be subject to the condition of a slave. It also voided all contracts for voluntary service for longer than nine years—these, of course, might be utilized to evade the Act under a pretence of voluntary hiring.

By this Act all lawful owners of slaves in the Province were confirmed in their ownership; but any child thereafter born of a female slave was to become free at twenty-five, the master to give "proper nourishment and clothing" to such child in the meantime, but to be entitled to put it to work. To prevent emancipation from an improper motive, everyone who should free a slave was required to give security against the freedman becoming a public charge.

This Province thus had the proud satisfaction of being the first British possession to abolish slavery from its territory.

The legislation did not long remain without attack. In June, 1798, Christopher Robinson, a United Empire Loyalist, Member of the House of Assembly for Addington and Ontario



(father of Chief Justice Sir John Beverley Robinson and grandfather of the celebrated lawyer, Christopher Robinson, K.C.), moved in the House, seconded by Edward Jessup, also a United Empire Loyalist, Member for Grenville, for leave to bring in a Bill to enable persons "migrating into this Province to bring their negro slaves into the same". Leave was granted, the Bill was introduced, and finally passed by a vote of eight to four. In the Legislative Council, however, it received the three months hoist.

The opposition to the Act of 1793 and the support of this emasculating Bill of 1798 were based on the very great scarcity of labour which all writers of the time speak of. It was argued that the prohibition of negro slavery would prevent immigration, as well as hamper the work of settlers already in the Province. The opposition to the Bill of 1798 in the House of Assembly was led by Robert Gray, a young member and the first Solicitor-General of Upper Canada.

Gray himself owned slaves until his death in 1804. He was drowned with Mr. Justice Cochran, the High Constable of York, an Indian prisoner, interpreters, witnesses, Angus Macdonell (the Indian's lawyer) some York merchants and the captain and crew of the Government schooner *Speedy*, sailing from New (Toronto) to Newcastle (now Presqu' Isle Point, near Brighton) for the trial there of the Indian for murder. By his will, he manumitted his female slave Dorinda and her children, leaving a fund of £1,200 (\$4,800), of which the income was to be paid to Dorinda, her heirs and assigns for ever. His black servant, John Baker, Dorinda's son, he also left provision for, leaving him £50 and 200 acres of land in the Township of Whitby. Baker afterwards entered the service of Mr. (afterwards Chief) Justice Powell; but every time he got drunk, which was by no means infrequent, he enlisted in the army. At last Powell got tired of begging him off, and

Baker marched away a regular British redcoat. He is said to have been in the battle of Waterloo and certainly returned to Canada. He was a well-known character in Cornwall, Ontario, until his death, in 1871, the last of all who had been slaves in Upper Canada or the old Province of Quebec.

After this legislation of 1793, this Province became a longed-for Paradise for the negro slaves of the land to the south. The "underground railway" brought hundreds of unfortunates toward the North Star. I have heard a negro of high standing say of his own knowledge, that it was not uncommon for dying slaves to express a hope to meet in Canada.

There were many settlements—still existing—of former negro slaves near the border, and many of them settled sporadically in other parts of the Province.

But the slave was not always safe even after reaching the shores of Canada. Sometimes there would be a kidnapping, though this was very rare. More often the law was appealed to, and sometimes with success.

For long it was the doctrine that the Executive had the power, without treaty or statute, to deliver up fugitives from justice of foreign countries, and in 1833 the Legislature of Upper Canada passed an Act expressly authorizing the delivery up of any person who escaped into the Province charged with murder, forgery, larceny, etc. Then came the Ashburton Treaty with the United States in 1842 to much the same effect.

Under the common law before 1833, and under the Act of that year or the Ashburton Treaty which superseded it for the United States, escaped slaves were charged with stealing or even more serious offences, and some were extradited to the land of the free and the home of the brave, where for them to be brave meant torture, and death alone could make them free.

These proceedings were not always successful. An instance or two may be of interest.



In 1837, a slave, Solomon Mosby (or Moseby), escaping from Kentucky, took his master's horse to help him on his way. He came to Niagara-on-the-Lake, but was followed by his master. He was arrested and placed in gaol while an application was made for his extradition on the charge of larceny. This was successful, and an order was made for his delivery up. But the negroes of the district knowing well that the charge was a mere pretext to procure the poor black's return to his master, determined to prevent his extradition. Under the leadership of Herbert (or Hubbard) Holmes, a coloured teacher and preacher, they lay in wait day and night near the gaol, some hundreds in number, and, when the prisoner was brought out in a wagon to be carried to the ferry, they attacked the sheriff's posse and military guard. Holmes and Green (another coloured man) seized the reins. Holmes was shot and Green bayoneted dead by the soldiers, but Mosby leaped from the wagon and escaped to Montreal and afterwards to England. Later he returned to Niagara and was joined by his wife, who also made her escape from slavery. The Deputy Sheriff, who had given the orders to fire, was acquitted by the coroner's jury, who found "justifiable homicide", which indeed was the only verdict which could rightfully be found on the facts.

Public opinion was divided over this occurrence. While there were exceptions, it can be fairly said that, as a rule, the Radical followers of William Lyon Mackenzie approved of the conduct of the negroes, while the Conservative element considered it mere mob law.

Another and an even better-known case was that of John Anderson in 1860-61. Anderson, then known as Jack Burton, was the slave in Missouri of one McDonald and had a wife, also a slave, living some thirty miles away with one Brown. Seneca T. P. Diggs, a Missouri slaveholder, finding Anderson, in November, 1853, near Brown's place, became suspicious of him and

ordered his four slaves to capture him. Anderson fled, pursued by Diggs and his slaves, and in the pursuit Anderson stabbed Diggs in the breast. Diggs died in a few hours. Anderson escaped to Upper Canada; he was arrested in 1860 in the County of Brant and placed in the Brantford gaol. A writ of habeas corpus was granted and the matter was argued before the full Court of Queen's Bench. Two of the judges, Chief Justice Sir John Beverley Robinson and Mr. Justice Burns, were of opinion that the prisoner was liable to be surrendered under the Ashburton Treaty, and that, while the warrant of commitment was defective, it could be amended; Mr. (afterwards Chief) Justice McLean dissented.

The decision was a great disappointment to the many negroes who had congregated in front of Osgoode Hall on the day set for the giving of judgment, but their counsel, Mr. Samuel B. Freeman, Q.C., of Hamilton, addressed them quietly and impressively, saying, "It is the law and we must obey it"; and they went off one by one in mournful silence.

But Freeman did not despair. In those days a prisoner could go to every superior common law court and judge in turn, and the refusal of any court or of any judge to grant a writ of habeas corpus was not conclusive; the last applied to might grant a writ refused by any or all of the others. Freeman obtained a writ from the Court of Common Pleas and asked for Anderson's discharge by that Court. The Court, Chief Justice Draper, Mr. Justice Richards (afterward Sir William Buell Richards, Chief Justice of Canada), and Mr. Justice Hagarty (afterwards Sir John Hawkins Hagarty, Chief Justice of Ontario) were unanimously of the opinion that the warrant of commitment by the Brant County magistrates was insufficient and that they could not amend it, nor had they any power to remand the prisoner so that the warrant could be amended or a new one made out by the magistrates. Anderson was discharged



and no further proceedings were taken against him.

There were some instances of the slave being brought by his master into Canada with the intention of taking him back again, as was the case with James Somerset in England. Sometimes the slave became aware of his rights and refused to return. There were also many instances of slaves who had been brought by their masters to the side of the Rivers Detroit, Niagara, and St. Lawrence, effecting their escape across the river and becoming free.

One peculiarly shocking case had to do with a free person of colour. One Mink, a well-known livery-stable proprietor on King Street, Toronto, and a man of considerable means, gave

his daughter (who had little observable trace of negro blood) with a large dowry, to a white from the Southern States. The groom took his bride to his Southern home and promptly sold her as a slave. The father was forced to go to great expense to bring back to freedom and safety the outraged woman who in her marriage had experienced the perfidy of man to the uttermost.

It may be added that slavery ceased to exist in Upper Canada very shortly after the beginning of the 19th century. Public opinion was effective to cause the emancipation by will or deed of most of those who were held in slavery under the terms of the Act of 1793, and death set free the few remaining.

## SONG

By H. GORDON

SONGS are all for yesterday,  
Grief is on the morrow;  
Then let us sing of vanished play  
And heed not any sorrow.

Grief with all its tears and pain,  
Grief there's no denying,  
Lies before with days of rain  
And a cold wind sighing.

Then let us sing of yesterday  
And the children's laughter;  
Pleased again with old-time play,  
We care not what comes after.

# THE FACE AT THE WINDOW

BY H. DE VERE STACPOOLE



THE Candons had gone to France for their holiday and were staying at St. Dizier. It was the first real holiday since the honeymoon, and they were enjoying it.

Candon had recently been elected to the chair of Physiology at the McGill university in Shrewsbury.

It was a sure thousand a year and a certain lead to higher things, and this continental holiday was, so to speak, the sigh of relief after six years of struggle, hardship, and even sometimes — privation. He was a fine-looking, jovial, upstanding man of the new type of scientist.

Julia Candon was a little woman, gracile and quiet as a mouse. Not unlike a mouse—if you can fancy a mouse with large gray eyes.

She had been the making of Candon, and she had that wonderful and intimate knowledge of his character which love alone can give and women alone possess.

They had no children.

Children are extra padlocks on one's treasure chest, and Julia, who had always been praying to Heaven for one little baby for the sake of the baby, would have welcomed a dozen, not only for their own sakes but for that of her treasure.

"Jack," said she one day, a week before their return to England, "I wonder ought we to go?"

Jack, through the mediumship of the English Tennis Club, had made the acquaintanceship of the Duc de St. Die, whose estates lie to the westward of St. Dizier. St. Die had taken

a fancy to Jack and Julia, introduced them to his wife, and invited them to his place for a couple of days.

"Why not?" asked Jack, who was packing a suit case in his shirt sleeves, and with a cigar in his mouth. "They're really jolly people, and you won't have the chance of seeing a real old French château again in a hurry."

"I don't know," said Julia. "They are such grand people and we are so small — and I have no evening frocks."

"No evening frocks!—why you have two."

"Only old things," said Julia. "Still, I don't want to spoil your pleasure."

St. Die's motor car was to call for them at four, and at four precisely the gorgeous limousine arrived at the hotel.

The way lay through a forest where the road was carpeted with pine needles, and here above the faint hum of the almost silently running car they could hear the bark of the fox and the call of the jay from the green gloom that seemed to hold all the creatures of Grimm and Andersen.

The forest fascinated Julia, but the park of the Château made her forget the forest, it seemed leagues in extent: Leagues of sunlit grass-land browsed down to velvet by the cattle, broken in the far distance by bosky groves, and studded with solitary oaks—vast trees each standing in the pond of its own shadow.

Then the Château made her forget the park, and the Duc made her forget everything else, for he was standing on the steps to receive them.



Only for royalty would he have done what he did for these inconspicuous people, strangers in a strange land, and Julia did not recognize that she was under the spell of an exquisite art, the product of centuries of culture and rule, she only felt at ease as she came up the steps with this man, so ordinary, easy-going, and friendly, and withal apparently so commonplace.

For them he robbed the great hall of the Château of its vastness, and made the suits of ramour seem vaguely the shells of their own ancestors, the stiff men-servants their own attendants.

Under the pretence of shewing them the tapestry on the stairs he managed to lead them to the doors of their own rooms on the first floor, twin bedrooms intercommunicating, where a valet and a maid were putting things in order, or pretending to do so, whilst waiting to receive the visitors and do their bidding.

When they came downstairs again, St. Die, who was not waiting for them but who chanced to meet them all the same, led the way to the drawing-room where afternoon tea was in progress.

His wife received them. There were twenty-five or thirty people in the room, the windows were open to the western terrace, which was lit by the late afternoon sun, and Julia, handed over by her hostess to a stout young Englishman, found herself discussing horses with a volubility and an interest quite alien to her nature, and finding out the fact that it is not till we have to make conversation that we find how much we have to say on topics that we imagine we have never considered.

An hour later Jack Candon, who had quite lost sight of his wife, found himself in the sunken garden of the Château with his host. They had come out on the terrace for a smoke, and had wandered through the gardens deep in a philosophical discussion, and absolutely blind to the beauties around them.

St. Die was laying down his theory of the origin of life, and Candon, violently dissenting, was about to attack the St. Die theory, when, glancing up he saw Julia at one of the windows of the first floor.

St. Die, looking up also, bowed, and Julia with a smile and a little nod to the two men vanished.

"It is the nursery," said St. Die, "my wife has taken your wife to see the children. "Ah!" he broke off, turning to a rose tree on which a careless gardener had allowed some withered roses to remain, "this is what I hate to see."

He began to pluck the dead roses off, and Candon, glancing up at the window on the chance of Julia looking out again, saw, not Julia, but someone else.

A girl had come to have a peep. A girl more lovely than any of the roses in the garden. She was dressed in brown, a very sober and Quakerish garb, hinting of the governess, and her eyes were fixed on Candon.

Then she turned away, but as she turned she glanced back at him.

"So you see," said St. Die, finishing with the rose tree, "my theory may be said to be like the theory of Arrhenius—but with a difference."

"Yes," said Candon. "I see what you mean."

The words came mechanically. The theory of St. Die's as to origin of life strutted and spread its tail unharmed, the stone he had picked up to fling at it fell from his hand; that long fatal glance was like the long pull of the bowman that sends the arrow deep into the victim, bedding it up to the feathers.

Throwing away the stump of his cigar, Candon turned with his host and strolled back to the terrace.

Entering the house by way of the drawing-room he went upstairs.

Julia was in her bedroom looking over the frock she was to wear that evening, singing to herself.

She had discovered the fact that great people are just as nice as small, and far easier to get on with as a



rule, that among them your wealth and your birth are absolutely of no account, so long as you yourself are not objectionable.

She had dreaded the women she might meet, yet they were all amiable, uncritical, and pleasant, and the dowdiest were the greatest. The stout young man who had talked to her about horses was the Duke of Suffolk, and a plain old lady who had evidently taken a fancy to her, was the Princess of Gratzenberg. The visit to the nursery had completed the charm.

"Well," said Julia, "how have you been getting on? Aren't they delightful people? So simple and homely. I'm not a bit ashamed of my poor old evening frock any more. I've been to see the children in the nursery, they are perfect ducks."

"Yes, they are nice people," said Jack, stretching himself on a couch and lighting a cigarette.

"I saw you at the window and someone looked out, the governess, I suppose?"

"She's a dear," said Julia. "The children seem to love her, and I don't wonder."

She had resumed her work on the dress she was altering, and said nothing more for a while, whilst Candon, lying on a couch smoking his cigarette and looking at her, felt as though a strong and honourable man were standing at the end of the couch looking at him with scorn, and saying: "You cheat!"

The strong man was himself, the Jack Candon he had always known, the Jack Candon who had never dreamed of any other woman than Julia.

Then the strong man vanished for a moment, and right between the couch and Julia the girl in the brown dress presented herself, framed in a window space. Absolute loveliness saying to him with that terrible backward glance: "You please me—I am yours!"

He rose from the couch and walking to the window looked out at the view.

He was himself again. The act of rising from the couch had dispelled his dreams and fancies, and the absurdity of the position appeared before him fully in all its harlequin dress. A steady-going married man stricken by the glance of a governess! Cupid darts at forty!

Then, leaving the window, he walked over to where Julia was working, and bending down kissed her on the neck, whilst Julia, looking up with a smile, held up her lips to be kissed also.

Eased in his conscience he took his seat, this time on the side of the bed, and sat watching her as she put the last stitches to the frock.

After dinner a band of wandering musicians, who had arrived at the Château, struck up in the gallery of the hall, and there was a dance which lasted till midnight.

At half-past twelve Candon went to bed tired out, happy, and with no thought at all for anything but the festivity, the sounds of which were still ringing in his ears. He awoke at eight o'clock and his first thought was of the beautiful girl to whom he had almost lost his heart.

The vision scarcely disturbed him. He had mastered its power, and he no longer felt self-reproach for the momentary foolishness that had overcome him. The girl had looked at him—well, what then? There was nothing in that. And he might be very well assured that she had not cast that glance at Jack Candon. Seeing him with the Duc she had fancied him, no doubt, one of the great people who frequented the place. She had fancied she was fascinating a Lord or a Duke. She was a governess with ambitions, a forward hussy—aye—but how pretty she was all the same!

He was considering the latter fact when the valet, entering with hot water, disturbed his meditations. The valet looking about for his dressing-gown—which he had not brought—quite put to flight all ideas of everything but the poor figure he must be



cutting in the eyes of the servant. He went to his bath in a borrowed dressing-gown, and he went down to breakfast with the dressing-gown pursuing him phantom-wise.

The programme for the day was a picnic to Chaumont, a wonderful affair in which a whole fleet of motor cars took part. They arrived back in time for dinner, and as there was no dance that night, Julia retired at half-past eleven, whilst Jack remained for half an hour longer smoking and chatting with some of the men.

\*

As he came up the stairs heavy-footed from the day's enjoyment, he thought regretfully of the fact that they were leaving on the morrow. On the first floor landing he was turning down the corridor to his room when his eye caught sight of something moving in the left hand corridor.

It was the girl.

She was half-way down the passage which ended at a crimson curtain, and the softly-burning electric lights showed her distinctly. She had seen him too. As she passed along she looked back, and when she reached the curtain she looked back again, paused for half a second, and then vanished, the curtain closing behind her.

Candon hesitated, then he came down the corridor walking swiftly, drew the curtain aside and looked. Before him lay a continuation of the corridor lit by a single electric lamp, and as he stood listening and watching he heard the voice of a child complaining, just as children complain when awakened from sleep.

He knew the reason of the curtain now, it divided the children's quarters from the rest of the house.

The voice of the child had brought him to his senses, and, releasing the curtain which he had drawn aside, he retraced his steps.

He turned on the electric lamp in his own room and then peeped in at Julia. There was just sufficient light to see her as she lay sound asleep, motionless as a tired child.

Then he undressed hurriedly, got into bed and switched off the light.

He had followed her—and every step down that corridor had been a deeper betrayal of the woman who loved him. More than that, he knew in his heart that had she continued to lead him he would have followed her—anywhere.

He was still under the spell, yet he could not think clearly on the matter and feel the shame of his action.

He, a married man, had fallen in love with the Duc de St. Die's governess! That was the fact that he had to reason and find the reason for, whilst shame, sitting on his chest kept him awake till dawn, and then chased him into night-mare land.

Next morning about eleven o'clock he was crossing from the smoking-room to the picture gallery with his host, when he saw three children going up the stairs accompanied by a young florid-looking girl, a Hollander to the tips of her fingers.

"Ah! there go the children," said St. Die, "they have been out with the governess." He waved his hand to them and passed on into the picture gallery, Candon following.

"Is that their governess?" asked Candon.

"Yes," said St. Die, "that is the governess."

"But have they not another governess?"

"No—why do you ask?"

A chill coming from heaven knows where stole over the heart of Candon.

"I saw a young lady dressed in brown," said he, "whom I mistook for their governess."

"Ah!" said St. Die, who was looking at him curiously. "You saw a young lady dressed in brown?"

He said nothing more on the subject, but talked of the pictures as they walked along, pointing out this one and that till they reached a little curtained alcove, where he paused for a moment as if undecided. Then, as if making up his mind, he turned to the alcove and quickly pulled the curtain aside.

"Was that by any chance the lady you saw?" asked St. Die. Candon found himself face to face with the girl in brown.

"Good God!" said he.

"It is a good picture," said St. Die, "though the painter is unknown. It is Julie de St. Die, and she died two hundred years ago by the hand of the man she ruined. You have had an experience given to few. Very few people see her—she is shy—very shy—. But if a happily married man chanced to be here he might see her—or any really happy person whose happiness might be broken—she was that sort," he finished rather

bitterly, releasing the curtain and stepping aside.

"Julia," said Candon later in the day, as they were being conveyed back to St. Dizier. "That place was haunted."

"What place?" asked the startled Julia.

"The Château. I saw the ghost. It was a girl. I saw her the evening we came, and I saw her again last night."

"Oh, Jack!" cried Julia, nestling close to him, "why didn't you tell me?"

"I—I didn't like to," replied Candon.

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## FRUITS

By CLARA MAUDE GARRETT

HEAP me a basket with bloomy fruit,  
With yellow pears and mellow nectarines,  
And here and there the rich enamelled greens  
Of apples, and the delicate blue suit  
The ripe plum wears. There are no flowers that flute  
The ruffled fields, no garden love that leans,  
And lends a laughing eye to quiet scenes  
More beautiful: the rose herself is mute.

This berry speaks of June and bees and maze  
Of blossoms blown; this grape of amethyst  
Is silvered with the frost of Autumn's tears.  
Then heap my basket high so I may gaze;  
So sate my soul with perfume glow and mist,  
I shall be one with joy and ride the years.





THE RED OAK

From the Painting by

Homer Watson.

Exhibited by the Royal Canadian  
Academy of Arts.





# EDUCATIONAL SECURITY OF MINORITIES

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN

**I**T is well that all Canadians should remember that one of the happiest and most vital things in that great Charter known as the Act of Canadian

Confederation, which has bound in one dominion the scattered provinces of Canada, is the provision which is made for the educational security of the minorities in two of the provinces.

There is not indeed better evidence of true statesmanship in any country than the wisdom which guides legislators in their watchfulness that no act may be passed clashing with the divine prerogative of individual conscience as the monitor of the soul. This it is that is the supreme test of good and just government in every instance, as regards the freedom of the individual. Let it be recognized, too, at the outset, that the child belongs primarily not to the state but to the parent—and that upon this parent devolves the sacred duty of fostering and educating the child.

The state has a duty in seeing that it has an enlightened and educated citizenship, and therefor it is incumbent upon it to make provision for an adequate education of its people; but the kind and character of education which the child is to receive is a question that belongs entirely to the individual parent, and this freedom of choice on the part of the parent cannot and should not under any circumstance be contravened by the state.

It should be remembered, too, that education is something far more than a sharpening of the intellectual faculties. It is the triune development of the child fitting it as well for its moral as its civil obligations.

Let me state here, also, that though the term secular or non-sectarian is widely accepted in connection with schools, in my opinion there is no such a thing as a non-sectarian school. It is generally considered that a school in which there is no formal teaching of religion is a neutral or non-sectarian school. But this is far from the truth.

There are three things that fix the character of the school: the teacher, the text-books and the pupils. For instance, suppose there was no formal teaching of religion to-day in the schools of Quebec, would these schools cease to be Catholic schools? Indeed they would not. Again the school of the majority in Quebec is quite as much a public school as is the school of the majority in Ontario. It is built and equipped to meet the needs of the general public in Quebec just as the public school in Ontario is intended to meet the needs of the general public. The only difference is that the general public in Quebec happens to be Catholic while in Ontario it is non-Catholic.

When the Fathers of Canadian Confederation sat in council, discussing the problem of binding together the scattered provinces of Canada,



they found it necessary to give heed to many delicate and pressing questions that grew out of the great project under consideration. Amongst these was the question of safeguarding the educational rights of the Quebec and Ontario minorities.

Already Quebec, long even before the Act of Union in 1840 had conceded to the English and non-Catholic minority their Separate or Dissident Schools and had so permitted their full development, that at the time of Confederation in 1867 the minority in Quebec possessed a complete school system of their own, from the primary school to the university—elementary schools, academies, a normal school, inspectors and a committee of the Council of Public Instruction.

So Sir John Willison in his "Reminiscences Political and Personal",\* is entirely astray where he says touching on the question of dissident schools in Quebec at the time of Confederation:

"In Ontario if a school section contained a single Roman Catholic child it could attend the Public School without impediment or embarrassment. In Quebec there were and there are still whole counties where absolutely no provision exists for the education of isolated Protestant families."

It is not possible that Sir John Willison has read the school laws of Quebec, otherwise he never would have made such a statement as the above. If Sir John's statement is true, how comes it that we learn from the Report of the Superintendent of Education for Quebec for 1916-17, page 14, that nine hundred and seventy Protestant pupils frequented the Catholic schools of the Province and two thousand and sixteen Catholic pupils attended the Protestant schools for the same year?

The fact is that in Quebec, according to the school laws, the minority even should it be a single family can declare themselves dissentients or remain with the majority and send their children to the school of the majority.

Sir John Willison says further that the Protestant teachers of Quebec, on the eve of Confederation, while the delegates were in London, sent a petition to the Throne asking for a redress of their educational grievances. Well I have already indicated that the English non-Catholic minority of Quebec, at this very time, possessed a complete School System of their own and had absolute control over it while the Separate School System of Ontario, at the same time, was simply elementary possessing neither a normal school, high schools, inspectors nor a committee of public instruction.

What could the English non-Catholic Teachers of Quebec who petitioned the Throne on the eve of Confederation have desired? Here is their grievance as set forth in their petition: "Your Majesty's subjects professing the Protestant faith are subjected to serious disadvantages: first in being deprived of the benefits of a general system of education similar to that enjoyed by their fellow-subjects in Upper Canada."

In a word the minority in Quebec though possessing a complete School System of their own and having full control of it desired to impose their views on the majority. That is really what the petition meant.

May I cite at this point a witness to the generosity and liberality with which the majority in Quebec treated the minority during the years preceding Confederation. Sir John A. Macdonald in his discussion of the Taché Separate School bill of 1855 we learn from his Memoirs, vol. I., page 170, while contrasting the Ontario and Quebec systems of education said: "The system in vogue in Quebec is more liberal than ours in Ontario in that it not only permits the establishment of Protestant Schools for Protestant children but allows the whole municipal machinery to be employed to collect the rates to maintain them."

All this time the Catholic minority of Ontario, with the Catholic Bishops

\*Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.



at their head, were struggling to secure the Separate Schools, and according to Dr. J. G. Hodgins in his "Legislation and History of Separate Schools in Upper Canada—1841-1876" his chief, Rev. Dr. Ryerson the then Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, was greatly disappointed and incensed because the Catholic minority did not accept these few concessional crumbs as a final settlement of the Separate School question in Ontario.

By the way, Sir John Willison states further in his "Reminiscences" that "Sir A. T. Galt was distrustful too of the Quebec Legislature as regards safeguarding the educational rights of the Protestant minority."

Well, let us see what grounds there were for this apprehension. Hon. John Rose, representing Montreal Centre, speaking in the Legislative Assembly in 1865 when the question of the educational rights of the minorities was being discussed, said: "Now we, the English Protestant minority of Lower Canada, cannot forget that whatever right of separate education we have was accorded to us in the most unrestricted way before the union of the Provinces, when we were in a minority and entirely in the hands of the French population. We cannot forget that in no way was there any attempt to prevent us educating our children in the manner we saw fit and deemed best; and I would be untrue to what is just if I forgot to state that the distribution of State funds for educational purposes was made in such a way as to cause no

complaint on the part of the minority."

Hon. Mr. Rose is a witness to the educational justice meted out to the minority in Quebec in 1865—let me cite as a witness to the educational justice meted out to-day to the minority in Quebec the words of Mr. J. C. Sutherland, an Ontario man, now Inspector-General of the Protestant Schools of Quebec. It was at the meeting of the Dominion Educational Association held at Ottawa, February, 1917, that Mr. Sutherland when speaking of the School System of Quebec said: "There has never been a particle of friction between the Catholic majority and the Protestant minority in the Education Department of Quebec since Confederation or before that date. . . . We, the Protestant minority, have wonderful freedom and whatever is needed is given. We never have any trouble. . . . We have a complete system of reporting for the census and also for the school attendance."

I regret that Sir John Willison, a trained journalist and publicist, has fallen into the error into which he has in dealing incidentally with the "Dissentient Schools of Quebec", Sir John writes always in a most judicial tone characteristic of an old-time journalist, but no apparent moderation in tone can make up for the absence of facts.

One who has at heart the peace and progress of our country will agree with me, too, that the bridge that spans the widening chasm between the two chief races of Canada should be supported by piers of solid truth.





# RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

THE EXTRADITION TREATY



MAN named McHolme had failed in business in England, and having appropriated money which should have been handed over to his creditors absconded to Canada. After some time he was discovered here, and arrested, and brought before me for investigation and for authority to take him back to England for trial.

When the officer arrived from England with the warrant for his arrest, and with the evidence taken before the English Magistrate, I was doubtful as to whether the evidence was strong enough to commit him on the charge of theft, although the evidence was clear that he had committed an offence against the Bankruptcy Act.

McHolme insisted that the charge of theft was trumped up, to get him to England, in order to try him under the Bankruptcy Act. I told him they could not do that, because the British Government held that a man extradited could only be tried on the exact charge on which he was sent back. He and his lawyer both insisted strongly upon this, but I pointed out that the British Government only a few months before, had broken off the Extradition treaty with the United States, and were refusing to extradite any more, on account of the United States having taken that

course in one case, and I told the prisoner in the dock, that if they attempted to try him on the Bankruptcy charge, to tell the Judge what I said about it, and to refer him to the case in the United States, and the British Government's action thereon.

McHolme was taken to England, brought up for trial, and, as he expected, was charged under the Bankruptcy Act. Either he or his counsel told the Judge my message, that he could not be tried on any charge but that on which he had been extradited. I can fully appreciate the horror and indignation of a Judge of the High Court of Justice of England at receiving a message from a Colonial Police Magistrate. He took no notice of my message, tried the man promptly, and committed him to penal servitude for five years.

I had told McHolme to let me know if this happened, and his lawyer promptly sent a full account of the matter to the Counsel that McHolme had employed here. I was at once informed of it.

I wrote a full report to the Governor-General asking him to forward it to the Home Secretary, to have the matter put right. I did not hesitate to express my views in easily understood terms. Not long afterwards one of our detectives was in England, and asked what had happened to McHolme. He was told that he had got five years, but had been released in



six weeks, through some influence from Canada.

It was all the better for McHolme, for he was then free to remain in England, and as we had recovered almost all the money for his creditors, no harm was done.

\*

#### WELLWOOD ROBBERY

ON the evening of May 1st, 1908, W. B. Wellwood who at that time kept a fruit and confectionery shop at 161 Yonge Street went home for supper, leaving Ethel Sketch, a girl clerk in charge and alone. When he returned a little before 7 o'clock he found her lying in a pool of blood at the back of the shop, with her face and head a bloody mass of bruises. A doctor was called in at once and temporary treatment given. She was then removed to her home. The Police headquarters were then notified by telephone, and detectives Tipton and Wallace were put on the case. They went to the shop and got all the particulars regarding the surroundings, and also obtained the information that nothing had been stolen, although at the time the cash register contained a considerable sum of money. This left the crime without an apparent motive, which is usually the most unsatisfactory kind of a case to work on.

After everything possible was learned at the scene of the brutal assault, Miss Sketch was seen at her home, lying in bed, with her head swathed in bandages, and so weak from the recent experience and loss of blood, that it was impossible to get an exact account of what had happened from her. Hope of recovery was very doubtful. The two detectives, however, visited her on the following day, and were delighted to find her somewhat stronger, and more rational and able to give an excellent account of what had happened on the night before.

Shortly after she had been left alone, a man of whom she gave a very good description, entered the shop and asked to buy a pound of biscuits. The

biscuits were kept near the back of the shop, and not far from the cash register. When she stooped over to get the biscuits, she got a heavy blow on the head which sent her face against the jagged edges of the tin which contained the biscuits. This blow, strange to say, did not knock her unconscious. She struggled and called for help, but no help came, and she was soon beaten and strangled into the condition in which Mr. Wellwood found her.

She stated positively that she would know the brute anywhere, if she could ever get her eyes on him. Another very important thing she remembered, was, that while being smothered to stifle her cries, she had got one of the man's fingers in her mouth, and bit into and held on to it until she fainted away.

Shortly before this outrage, two women belonging to the unfortunate class, one living on Adelaide Street, the other on St. Patrick Square, reported that they had been held up in their homes, in broad daylight by a man with a revolver, who robbed them of whatever money they had. And shortly after it a man named Duncan, who kept a grocery shop on Adelaide and John Streets, was also robbed one night just as he was about to close his shop. This robber also had a revolver.

At the time I refer to four crimes of a serious nature had occurred within a few days, and nothing had been done.

Some of the newspapers had made sketches of the City Hall, and of Wellwood's shop, and gave the number of yards that separated them.

On occasions of this kind, members of the police department who have any pride in their organization, feel worse than any citizen, and the general public know but little of the strenuous work involved in keeping a city clean of dangerous criminals.

A few days after the affair at Wellwood's, information came to the department, that a man who had been from the city for a great number of



years, had recently returned after having served out a sentence in a United States Prison.

This man was known to be capable of almost any act of viciousness but he had been absent for so long, that no one in the police force knew much about his appearance.

Inquiries soon revealed where he was living, also that since his return home he had joined a hockey team. It was further learned that this hockey team had their photographs taken by a Yonge Street photographer recently.

A little careful negotiation soon put the police in possession of the group picture. It was taken at once to Miss Sketch, and at first glance she placed her finger on the man suspected, although there were about twenty in the group, and all wearing sweaters which gave them an appearance of sameness, and said "that is the man".

That night Tipton and Wallace secured a quiet spot where they had full view of the house where the suspect was supposed to live. Next morning about five o'clock they took up their watch. It was about seven before any one came out and between that and 8.30 four had left the premises, but none of them quite answered the description of the man wanted. A false move at this point would have spoiled everything.

Just a little after nine another man came out who filled the bill fairly well. He had both hands in his pockets and kept them in that position until he got a block and a half away from the house. Then he pulled out his left hand which held his pipe and in a few more seconds pulled out the right with a match to light it. As he reached out the hand to strike the match against a telegraph pole, a white bandage was quite noticeable on one finger; one of the detectives walked up on the left, the other on the right. Both arms were caught at the same time. He was supposed to have a revolver in his possession, and there was to reason to think that he would hesitate to use it. He, of course, denied

all knowledge of the charges preferred against him, but Miss Sketch, Mr. Duncan and two others who saw him running from Duncan's door after the robbery, as well as the two women who had been robbed, positively identified him. Then there was the silent witness of teeth marks well into the bone on both sides of one finger. I committed him for trial and while awaiting the sitting of the Sessions Court, he with a number of others made a most sensational escape from the jail. He was rearrested in Huntington, West Virginia, a few months afterwards and brought back to Toronto for trial.

The evidence was very clear in all the cases, and he was found guilty and sentenced by Judge Winchester to imprisonment for life in Kingston Penitentiary. Miss Sketch recovered in time.

Robbery was undoubtedly the motive of the brutal assault, but in some way he decided that it was wise to make good his escape before he had accomplished his purpose. The name of the prisoner was Alexander Rose.

\*

#### TURNER MURDER CASE

A section man in the New York Central Railway was walking along the company's track about three and a half miles north of Niagara Falls, when he noticed a parcel (which had been thrown out of a passing train) rolling down the embankment. He followed the parcel to the edge of the river and found the dead body of a new born child tied up in a shoe box. He at once notified the Coroner at Niagara Falls, who ordered its removal to the undertaker's, where an inquest was held. The inquest showed that the infant had been murdered by strangulation, and that a corset string had been used for the purpose. It also revealed the fact that the child had been born in a hospital or maternity home, as there was a piece of adhesive plaster bearing the name "Authers" stuck on the back. The Coroner's jury returned an open verdict and the body was buried.



A short account of the case appeared in a Niagara Falls paper and was copied by a Toronto paper, and read by a man on Booth Avenue who had a woman named Authers occupying rooms at his home. She had left to go to the General Hospital for her confinement about ten days before. He knew that this woman had been negotiating with some one for the adoption of her child, and that papers were to be made out and possession transferred soon after birth. These facts were given to the police, and an investigation started. It was found that Mrs. Authers had given birth to her child, that it had been adopted, and taken away a day or so after birth by a woman supposed to be Mrs. Turner, the wife of a commercial traveller from Niagara Falls, N.Y., the mother of the child paying two hundred dollars to the woman to whom she had given it.

The investigation further led to the arrest of a Mrs. Miller who was living in a house on Wood Street.

This Mrs. Miller turned out to be Mrs. Turner, who had adopted the Authers baby, the object being to get the two hundred dollars. She strangled it the night she brought it home.

The body was exhumed, and brought back to Toronto and a second inquest was held, and the woman was found guilty of murder by the Coroner's jury. Evidence in the Police Court, and at the Assizes showed that the morning after the murder, she left the house carrying a parcel, that she was seen getting on the Niagara boat with same parcel, and also seen getting off the boat at Lewiston, with the parcel, and getting on N. Y. C. train with it. She was also seen getting off the train at Niagara Falls without the parcel, and this was the same train from which the section man saw the parcel thrown from the window. A new pair of boots was found in Mrs. Turner's bedroom, with a certain number stamped inside; a corresponding number was found on the shoe box which contained the infant's

body, although an attempt had been made to obliterate it. The sale slip with the same number was found on file in Eaton's office, and also on the driver's sheet who had delivered the boots, and Mrs. Turner was identified by the saleswoman who had sold her the boots. The tag on the baby's back had been preserved, and the nurse who had attended Mrs. Authers identified her own handwriting on the tag. The tag and handwriting were both identified by another nurse who had been assisting and had stuck it on the baby.

Mrs. Turner was found guilty of murder, and sentenced to fifteen years in Kingston Penitentiary.

\*

#### JOSEPHINE CARR

AN extraordinary and tragic case was that in which Josephine Carr, a girl of about eleven years of age, was tried for murder. A young married woman left her little baby not yet a year old, in a baby carriage in front of Eaton's on Queen Street, and went in to make some purchase. When she came out the baby carriage and baby had both disappeared, and she could find no trace of either.

It appeared afterwards that Josephine Carr had taken the carriage and the baby and had gone east and at some distance from the built up portion of the city, had killed the baby, and hidden its body in a culvert, where it was found not long after. It was a stupid and unaccountable murder. The girl was tried and convicted, and sent to prison, and I understood that she died not long after.

\*

#### THE MURDERER OF GEORGE BROWN

ON the 19th of March, 1880, I had among the list of prisoners on my calendar one George Bennett, charged with non-support of his wife. I arraigned him and heard something of the charge, remanded him for a week on his own bail and let him go. As he went out I said to Mr. Nudel, Police Court Clerk, I am sorry I had to let



that man go, as he is one of the worst men that I have ever had before me. Nudel said that he had not noticed him. I remarked, "that man fears neither God, man or devil".

Before the week's remand was up, this man, who was employed in *The Globe* office in some capacity, went into the private office of Hon. George Brown, who was the Editor of *The Globe*, and after a short altercation drew a pistol, and shot Mr. Brown through the thigh. Bennett was arrested and brought before me on the morning of the 27th March, charged with shooting with intent to kill. He was remanded from week to week to await the result. Mr. Brown lingered for some weeks and died on the 9th May from the effects of the wound. The Coroner's jury on the 11th May brought in a verdict against the prisoner, and Coroner Johnson committed him for trial on the charge of wilful murder. After a careful trial in which he was defended with great ability by the late Nicholas Flood Davin he was convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

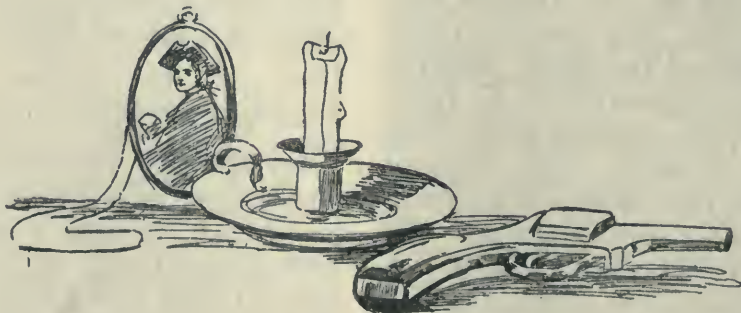
He was hanged on the 24th July, 1880, and the day before, the late Major Draper, our then Chief of Police, told me he was going the next morning with other officials to the jail, to see the execution, which even then was prohibited from taking place in public.

Remembering my impression about Bennett before the murder, I asked

Major Draper if he would pay close attention to the man's demeanour on the scaffold, and let me know whether he showed any signs of fear or trepidation, for I believed that he did not fear anything in heaven above or in the earth beneath. The next morning Major Draper told me that he never wanted to see another execution, that Bennett was cool and collected, showed no sign of fear, and was in fact the most unconcerned man of all those who were present. He asked permission of the Sheriff to speak to the assembled officials, and made a speech of about ten minutes in length, in a calm and self-possessed manner, and then turned to the trap door to be hanged.

The next morning in the *Toronto Globe* of the 25th July, there was a very full description of the whole affair, and I quote the following extracts from it:

"Immediately after the commission of the crime, and indeed until very lately, the prisoner spoke about the deed, and acted in the most nonchalant manner. His air at the coroner's inquest had a certain amount of bravado about it, and since then he has frequently expressed to fellow prisoners, and to his keepers, his utter indifference to his fate. . . . . His last artistic effort being a picture of himself dangling at the end of a rope. This last incident will serve to illustrate the flippant manner in which he regarded the awful doom whose consummation was but a few days off . . . . . He walked with a firm tread."





# MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

## CHAPTER XVI



MILHAMPTON folk are a leisurely lot. They do not, as a rule, catch early trains; nor does the fast express time itself to suit the town's convenience. David, catching the 6 A.M. flyer, found the station almost deserted. The platform was still wet and shining from a shower which had fallen during the night and the only people to be seen were Mickey the baggage-man and a girl who stood beside her suitcase in front of the station door. David's first impression of her was one of tall slenderness which on closer view became modified by comparison with his own height. She was not really tall, he found, but so straight, so alert that the illusion of height persisted.

It was an Autumn of tight skirts and the girl's slender figure was charming in its narrow breadth of Alice-blue serge, rounding neatly above delightful ankles and trim buckled shoes. A white blouse and Oxford coat completed the costume and on her head she wore a white tam-o'-shanter pinned with a silver pin. David noted all these details, partly because there was nothing else on the platform to notice and partly on account of the girl's hair which was unusual to a degree.

"Spun bronze," said David to himself with involuntary admiration. It was so pleasant to look at that he hoped its owner wouldn't turn around and spoil the effect.

"Mornin', David!" Mickey lumbered up with an empty truck. "Going

back to the City? Sure it's the early bird that'll be having pleasant company." A grin and a jerk of a rather dirty thumb in the direction of the bronze hair made his meaning clear.

David laughed. Mickey knew all Milhampton and was a privileged character.

"Too bad I don't know her, Mickey. She's a stranger, isn't she?"

"Stranger—her?" The old man's surprise was shrill. "Bedad, that's a poor joke," and before David could stop him he had raised his cracked voice and was calling to the girl. "Hi, Miss Rosme! Here's David Greig, disgracin' himself by saying he doesn't know ye at all."

The girl turned and David saw at once that he need not have feared the turning. Her face was even more attractive than her hair had been. It was vaguely familiar, too—where had he seen before those long, narrow eyes, the warm whiteness of the oval face, the smile which vanished mockingly into a dimple? It was all familiar as a dream is familiar. Yet, surely, any one who had ever seen this girl would hardly have forgotten her!

She moved toward him, a friendly hand outstretched, and memory, seizing upon that frank yet gracious gesture, swept the connecting links together. "Why, of course I know you," said David delightedly. "You are the little girl in the garden who had never played Pirates."

"And you," said Rosme, "are the little boy on stilts who came over the wall."



"Now thin," said Mickey benignly, "sure, I knew the two of ye was friends and all. Stranger, is ut? And her the purtiest girl this side of Ireland!"

"Well, you see," explained David, "it's a long time since we saw each other and time has played some tricks."

"Your fault entirely," said Rosme, "for you never came back."

"But I did come back; and it's your fault entirely because you weren't there."

They both laughed and David became aware that he was retaining a hand which did not belong to him. He dropped it precipitately, hoping she hadn't noticed.

"Are you—er—going away?" he asked awkwardly.

"Yes. At least, not away, but back. I have been spending the week end with my cousin. I live in Toronto. Do you remember Frances?"

"Frances? Was that the tall, pale girl who came to call you in to supper? Yes, of course I remember her. I disliked her very much. She spoiled our game."

Rosme smiled. "I thought that perhaps you might have met her since. But you have been away from town even more than I have. She married Dr. Holtby. They have two children."

"And to think that these wonders have all happened over night."

"It does seem like that. And see how big and tall we've grown. We must have nibbled the wrong end of Alice's mushroom. There isn't the tiniest change in the garden for I peeped in yesterday."

"Peeped? Doesn't your Aunt—oh, I say, I'm clumsy. I remember hearing of her death some time ago——"

Rosme nodded. "Two years ago. The house is rented until a purchaser can be found."

"It was too big for you, of course."

"Me? It isn't mine. Or Frances's either. Aunt left everything to the church and to foreign missions."

Again an illusive memory stirred in David's brain.

"Did she? That's funny—I remember hearing some one say she would do something like that. And I wanted to tell you. I was quite worried—oh, I say, here's our train! May I take your suitcase? Will you let me find a seat for us together?"

"Do," said Rosme cordially.

David noticed, with a passing sense of wonder, that she betrayed no hesitancy. She did not blush or stammer or look down. Her acceptance of his company was as frank as her handshake. She settled into her seat beside him quite as a matter of course and took up the conversation exactly where he had stopped it.

"It is odd, your wanting to tell me that. And it is odder still that you did tell it, in a way. It was your going away to school and the remarks which were made about it which first made me realize what a haphazard sort of education I was getting and afraid—afraid of things which might happen if I grew up dependent upon Aunt."

"But surely your Aunt——"

"That's what every one said, '*surely your Aunt*,' but somehow I felt sure she wouldn't. When Frances defied her and got married I saw the positive pleasure she had in cutting her off. And, of the two, she liked Frances better. So I wanted to be ready. From that time on I wanted only one thing, to be independent. You can't realize it, of course, but children know the bitterness of dependence quite as much as grown-ups. So I kept on at school until I got my teacher's certificates and while I was still at Normal, Aunt died. She left me two hundred dollars."

"You're joking?"

"No. Although it was rather a joke. I often wondered why she did it. A shilling would have been so much more artistic. But Aunt never cared for art. The two hundred came in very handy. I finished my year at Normal and took a country school."

"You were a school-teacher?" in surprise.

"The certificate said so."



"Well—er—I'm sure the children were pleased. Lucky kids!"

"They were." Rosme displayed her tiny dimple. "It was the trustees who weren't!"

They both laughed.

"What was the matter with them?" asked David belligerently.

"Um-m, can't say, I'm sure. I think they had silly ideas about efficiency. So, in the words of the story-teller, it became necessary for me to find another situation. Do you like chocolates?"

David didn't like chocolates but he took one from the box she offered him gratefully, and ate it without flinching. Was it possible, he wondered, to see right into a girl's eyes without seeming rude?

This girl's eyes were so curious, he would like to be sure of their colour. They were long eyes, beautifully shaped, but their colour eluded him. What colour is supposed to go with bronze hair? And what hopeless chumps those school trustees must have been! It wouldn't be every day that they'd find a girl with eyes like that willing to teach in their old school.

"It's a shame!" he burst out, "you shouldn't have had to teach at all."

Rosme looked up from choosing a chocolate. Her eyes opened wide and looked directly into his. He could see their colour! At least he might have, if he hadn't been too confused to look.

"What an idea!" said the owner of the eyes. "Why shouldn't I teach? Don't be silly."

But in David's mind an ingrained prejudice, combined with visions of a drooping Miss Sims and her fight against a hard world, caused him to shake his head. "It isn't right," he declared, "women and girls were never intended for that kind of struggle. It's too hard."

"It isn't hard at all," said Rosme calmly. "Have another chocolate?"

David had another chocolate. It was ginger and he hated ginger. But he ate it.

"You talk," resumed Rosma kindly, "as if you had just wandered in from the eighteenth century. A kind of left-over, so to speak. Where were you when women picked up their hats and walked out?"

"Did they walk out?" asked David. "I hadn't noticed it."

"You wouldn't. It didn't make much difference to anybody, except the women."

"Did the little girls go, too?"

"Meaning me? Certainly."

"But where did they walk to? And did they take their Sunday hats as well as their every day ones? I ask for information."

"You won't get it as long as you ask in a spirit of levity."

"Seriously, then? Don't think I don't believe in women's rights. I do. I think a woman ought to have everything she wants. Right on the spot. All she has to do to get what she wants is to ask me"

"Exactly," said Rosme, "that is the whole point at issue."

"What is?"

"The asking you. Supposing a woman doesn't want to ask—you?"

"That," said David, "is barely conceivable."

Again their eyes met and again they laughed.

"I'll have to be educated, that's evident," admitted David. "I don't mind. There is still room up aloft for a new idea or two. But honestly, I have always thought it a hardship for girls to have to work."

"Perhaps some girl made you think so?"

This was so near the mark that David blushed and, being furious with himself for blushing, blushed more. Rosme watched the blush with much enjoyment.

"Perhaps some girls do find it a hardship," she admitted magnanimously. "But most of them like it. I do."

"Is it literary work?" ventured David. He had noticed a note book and pencil in the bag with the chocolates.



"Literary work?" Rosme reflected a moment and her dimple stole out. "Why, yes. I suppose you might call it literary work. There's a lot in a name."

"A journalist?"

"Not *exactly*. Although some of my efforts appear in the daily press."

David, who, in common with many people who do not write, had a vague respect for the printed word, began to feel properly impressed.

"I should think you'd be very good at it," he told her generously.

"Oh, I am! Some of my things are lovely. Only," with a sigh, "they never will use the loveliest."

"Why?"

"They seem to like the practical every day things best. Inspirations are hardly ever practical. Madame Rameses is the only one who appreciates mine. She does it by the aid of her subconscious mind."

"Really! Is she a literary person, too?"

"No, she is a spiritualist."

"Great Scott!"

"You don't approve?" sweetly.

David stammered that he didn't know anything about spiritualists.

"Oh, you don't need to know anything about them in order to disapprove! You do it on principle."

"Well then, on principle, I do."

Rosme looked at him out of the corners of her long eyes and laughed.

"I thought you would. But in reality, you'd like Madame Rameses. I do. She's a dear. It's a nice name, don't you think—Rameses? One can get such suitable names when one chooses them oneself. Madam's real name is Mrs. Plumber. Quite impossible. She said it made her clients think of drains. There is no psychic suggestion about a drain. But Rameses makes them think of Egypt and the Pharaohs, don't you see?"

"Yes, I see. But I hope——"

David found himself unable to put his hope into suitable words. So Rosme, serenely interrupting, went on.

"She is a most interesting person. Really interesting, not just on the

outside. I live with her, you know. She intended keeping a boarding-house but it ended by her keeping just me. The spiritualism is a side line. I love her. I read her all my things which they won't have at the office. Do have another chocolate."

"Thanks. I think it would be wiser not."

"Don't they agree with you? Madam Rameses says I may eat all the chocolates I wish. They have no effect at all, she says, on my astral body and that is the only thing that matters. Astral bodies never get fat."

But David didn't join in her laugh this time. Already his interest in his young companion had become so—so brotherly that he felt worried.

"It doesn't seem to be just the best kind of place to board," he murmured uneasily.

"No! But then, you don't board there."

David, perforce, grew crimson under the delicate snub.

When he regained his composure she was talking of indifferent subjects and continued to talk of them until the approach of the city suburbs told them that their journey was nearly at an end. Then they both felt sorry that they had wasted their time. David, especially, remembered with a start that he didn't even know the colour of her eyes, or her address, or even her whole and proper name. Why had he been so foolishly officious? No wonder she had felt offended. The case was desperate.

"I board," he said hastily, and apropos of nothing, "with Mrs. Carr at 9 Arbutus Street."

"I hope," replied Rosme, "that Mrs. Carr is a proper person."

"My Cousin Mattie chose her," said David meekly.

Rosme permitted her dimple to return.

"How nice! But being a man, you would naturally need some one with discretion to choose for you. Do you expect to be met?"

"Met?"

"At the station?"



"Oh, I say, don't be hard on a fellow. Mayn't I carry your suitcase?"

Rosme drew on her gloves and appeared to weigh the matter, or, perhaps, the suitcase.

"It's a heavy one," she decided. "Yes, you may carry it to the car."

"And may I come some time to see—Madam Rameses?"

This was handsome reparation. Rosme smiled.

"The Madam never turns true seekers away," she replied demurely. "Her private circle is held on Wednesday at eight."

"And the address?" eagerly.

"To—ron—to!" shouted the brakeman. It was the third and last call. The train slowed rapidly. Passengers stood up, dusted themselves and lifted their hand baggage down from the holders. His question was engulfed in the confusion of arrival.

"I take the car from the upstairs entrance," said Rosme. "Come along."

They hurried down the steps and up the steps and into the big waiting-room of the station. David hoped that here she might pause a moment. His whole mind was now upon the matter of the address. But Rosme appeared, most unkindly, to be in a hurry.

"It's just nine o'clock," she said over her shoulder, "I shall be able to be down at the office by ten."

"Where is the office?" began David. And just then the catastrophe happened.

Two people detached themselves from the crowd in the waiting-room.

"Oh, there he is!" thrilled a vibrant treble voice and Miss Clara Sims, supported closely in the rear by Mr. William Carter Fish, advanced with every sign of pleasurable emotion upon the astonished travellers.

"Oh, David!" exclaimed Miss Sims with a break in her much too audible voice, "I am so glad!"

The blow was staggeringly complete. David dropped the suitcase! Any remark which he may have made was fortunately drowned by its rattle on the pavement.

Rosme, who had paused in polite wonder, needed no more than a second to see—what was so very apparent.

With a murmured word of thanks and a charming nod of her white-capped head, she picked up the ill-used suitcase and slipped away.

"We thought we would surprise you!" said Silly Billy beaming.

## XVII

"Do you mean to tell me," said William Carter Fish, seated, in judgment, upon David's one comfortable chair, "do I gather from your remarks that the whole thing is a frame-up?"

"You do not," said David indignantly. "I never suggested such a thing. What I want you to understand is that there has been an annoying mistake."

"That," declared Billy definitely, "is impossible. Nothing could be quite so infantile as to make a mistake about their being engaged. One either is or one isn't. I've been engaged and I know. Please remember that you're talking to a man of experience. Believe me, old scout, it's either a true bill or a frame-up."

"Then who framed it?"

"Ah," cried Mr. Fish dramatically, "let the villain declare himself!"

"I have told you my story," said David doggedly. "There's positively nothing more to it. The girl was frightened on the night of the storm. She ran in here and Mrs. Carr saw her and for some occult reason turned decidedly nasty. We were on the edge of a scene when Miss Sims, on the spur of the moment——"

"You're sure about the spur of the moment?"

"What else is possible?"

"You are very simple, my young friend, but proceed."

"Well, she just said that we were engaged. As a reason, you see, for coming to me. I thought it was very smart of her to think of it and it had a miraculous effect on our respected landlady. Lambs could not have been milder than she was after that."

"Quite so."



"Next morning I wanted to explain the whole thing——"

"What did you hope to accomplish by that?"

"I thought Mrs. Carr would be more reasonable in the morning."

Mr. Fish shook a wise head.

"Not ashamed," he decided. "They never are."

"But Miss Sims—well, she seemed to agree with you. So I thought the only other thing to do was to sit tight and let the whole thing die a natural death. People have been engaged before and got over it."

"They have," Billy's voice held deep feeling, "but only if the lady recovers first."

"You mean?"

"I mean that it's as plain as the nose on your face that your party of the first part didn't wish to get over it."

"But the whole thing was a—a makeshift. There was never any intention——"

"Not on your part, son, but on hers, yes. Believe your Uncle Billy."

"I can't. It's preposterous. Why, we had never spoken a word to each other beyond the ordinary give and take, a walk or so, an occasional evening at the theatre——"

"Is that as true as all the rest of your evidence?" in Billy's best judicial manner.

"I swear it!"

"The witness is sworn. But all that doesn't make any difference anyway. You did flirt with her a little, you know. Very mildly. Or she thought you did. The fact is that you can't say 'good-day' to a girl of that type without flirting. You can't say I haven't told you all this before. The benefit of my experience has always——"

"Oh, shut up!"

Billy arose, the picture of dignity under insult. "Consider me shut. I shall now retire."

The grace of his retirement, however, was considerably marred, as it had been once before, by a collision in the doorway.

"I don't see why you are always coming in when I am coming out," fumed Billy belligerently.

"Were you going out?" asked Willard politely. "Don't let me detain you. Hello David! I heard you were back. Terribly sorry to hear the bad news. Very sudden wasn't it?"

The two shook hands with the embarrassment common to all Britons where serious grief or joy is the matter in question.

"It was sudden to me," said David, "because he would not allow me to be told how serious it was until the last moment."

"Hard luck!" said Willard quietly. And with that and the exchange of a glance they both felt that generous sympathy had been tendered and appreciated. Then with a look toward Billy, which seemed surprised to find him still there, Willard settled himself comfortably in the freshly vacated chair and helped himself to a cigarette. With the first puff he looked keenly at his friend who, seated forlorn on the edge of the bed, seemed anything but glad of his scrutiny.

"Don't go away mad, Billy," said David. "Have a chair. I mean have a table!"

"Thanks. I'll have a radiator. As I was saying when Mr. Buttinsky interrupted——"

"No, no!" exclaimed David hastily.

"What? Oh, don't worry, he knows. Everybody knows. I have been trying to tell you that for the last half hour."

"Was it supposed to be a secret?" asked Willard.

"It wasn't supposed to 'be' at all. Murray, it looks as if I were in the deuce of a mess. Tell him, Billy, and cut it short, for the whole thing makes me sick."

Thus adjured, Mr. Fish used to the utmost his powers as narrator and succeeded in giving the newcomer a fair statement of the case and a summary of the discussion up until his arrival. When he had finished, a thin smile played about Willard's well-cut but sarcastic mouth.



"Clever girl," he remarked briefly.

"Just what I said," affirmed Billy cheerfully.

Willard, who habitually ignored Billy without any perceptible injury to that person, paid no attention to this observation.

"I remember her," he said to David. "Saw her on the stairs one morning. Quite striking—only a little too much of everything, especially eyes. You aren't a millionaire by any chance, are you, Greig!"

Poor David only looked the more bewildered.

"If you had money it is easy to understand her game. But as you show no signs of undue affluence there must be another reason—your *beaux yeux* perhaps."

"Not for Clara!" put in Billy. "Something more substantial, please."

"It must be that the lady has foresight and believes that you are a coming man. I shouldn't be surprised, either," continued Willard, thoughtfully with a glance at the littered table, "if you did come along a bit——"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" cried the miserable David.

"Yes, of course—modesty and all that. Great minds are always simple."

"Cut it out!"

"With pleasure. But you can see, can't you, that this thing has been engineered deliberately. In the first place it is very evident that there was no burglar in her room that night."

"Why?"

"Because burglars do not burglar in great storms. Too dangerous, every one awake. But, if by chance that rule were disregarded, with all that flood of rain there must have been marks of his feet and drips from his clothes on the carpet. Mrs. Carr appreciated that point. So, if we dismiss the burglar, why the lady's agitated entrance?"

"She may have been just frightened of the storm, and seeing by the light under my door that I was still up——" David paused distractedly.

The memory he had of Miss Sims's visit did not seem to tally very well with this explanation.

Willard, the acute, shook his head.

"No. In that case she would have gone into one of the women's rooms or hid her head under the bed clothes. Another point: you say it was only a minute from her coming in until you opened the door and ran into Mrs. Carr. Is that correct?"

"Yes, two minutes at the utmost."

"Then when she ran into your room, Mrs. Carr was already at the head of the stairs and Miss Sims must have known it."

"By jove, you're right!" gasped Billy. "She makes enough noise for a regiment of infantry, and the stairs squeak."

Willard paid no attention. "Point three," he continued, "why the embarrassing dumbness at the beginning of the interview? Miss Sims is not a child and she is not shy. If her story had been straight, or for that matter if it had been crooked and she had wished to make Mrs. Carr believe it, she would have acted quite differently. Can't you see that, David?"

David, who subconsciously had always wondered about this point, found nothing to say.

"I think it is plain enough that she was not averse to the little scene which followed. And her pat little speech about the engagement was not an inspiration of the moment——"

"Exactly what I said!" from Billy.

"—but a rehearsed effect. By the way, where was the roommate?"

"Away for the night with a friend."

"Just so. Everything tallies. I'm afraid you have been 'had', David."

"And that is the verdict of the court and jury in open court assembled," said Billy solemnly.

David's hair was rumpled and his face was rather white.

"Well," he spoke slowly, "I can't agree with you. There are points that I do not understand. But I don't believe the girl capable of a low-down, premeditated scheme like that. There's no motive, for one thing. I



believe she acted and spoke without thinking and, before she realized what had happened, had got so tangled up that she couldn't get out; and I was not here to help her. So she took the easy way and let everyone say what they liked. It's evident that Mrs. Carr told the whole house that we were engaged and the whole house told everyone else. How did you hear it, Murray?"

"Dropped into a lecture. Every one down there knows it."

"I didn't!" declared Billy as David's accusing eyes sought him out.

"What is the mistaken lady's attitude now?" asked Willard with his thin smile.

Mr. Fish began to giggle and turned it off with a cough. David grew very red.

She—she came to the station," he stammered.

"Yes," burst in Billy. "She got an hour off from the store to do it, and asked me to go with her. Gadzooks! had me on toast. I believed every word she said. She was so sweet, so shy and yet so eager——"

The pillow, thrown with deadly aim by David, temporarily obscured the fishy ones further remarks.

"I gather that she is taking it seriously, then?"

"Apparently so," said David with effort. "I tell you, Murray, I feel like a hateful cad."

"Well, it seems to me that the situation is simple. You must allow us to pass on your explanation that the whole thing is a mistake. Then you simply leave this boarding house and drop the girl. People will draw their own conclusions."

"Yes," David's lips shut tightly, "and in a case like this their conclusions won't help the girl any."

"You can't prevent that."

"I've got to."

"Don't be absurd, Greig! Do you want to tie yourself to a girl who has manipulated a trap like this? Do you

want, at the present stage, to tie yourself to anyone?"

"No I do not."

"Then what can you do?"

"I can do what I intended to do before I went away. I can wait a week or so and then, by mutual consent, our 'engagement' can be terminated."

"David," said Willard, "you may as well face it. This engagement will never be broken by mutual consent and every hour you permit it to continue you are making the repudiation of it more impossible."

The two looked at each other in silence. David knew the value of his friend's keen and selfish mind. He knew that as far as his own interests were concerned, he was getting good advice, yet he knew, just as surely, that he couldn't take it. As for Willard, he was, for a wonder, sincerely concerned. If he cared for any one in the world outside of himself he cared for David Greig. What the attraction was, he could not have said. But there was an attraction quite outside of any combination of good qualities which David may have possessed. As a matter of fact he was often impatient of these same good qualities. He was impatient of them now. It seemed incredible to him that David should hesitate for an instant in a matter so vital. What did a girl matter? Especially a scheming girl like this one? She could, he felt, be disregarded with perfect propriety.

"I think we are making too much of it," said David with forced lightness. "But even if we're not, I can't let a girl down like that."

Willard shrugged his shoulders. "Well, every man has my leave to go to the devil in his own way. See you to-morrow. By the way, how is old John?"

John Baird, referred to by the disrespectful epithet of "Old John", was the strongest link in the friendship between David and Willard.

(To be continued).





PASTURE

From the Painting by  
Fred. S. Haines.  
Exhibited by the  
Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.







The entrance to Upper Canada College

# UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

ITS BOYS AND OLD BOYS

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

**T**HE story of Upper Canada College—"the oldest residential school for boys west of Montreal"—throws many interesting sidelights on the history of Canada. We may indeed go further and say that it is itself a full and significant chapter of the nation's history.

It was founded ninety years ago by Sir John Colborne (afterwards Field Marshal Lord Seaton) one of the long list of provincial governors, who stands out, amidst many vague and shadowy forms, as a man of force and action, knowing his own mind and having the courage of his convictions.

Born at Lyndhurst in the New Forest in 1778, he entered the army as an ensign in his seventeenth year and "won every step of promotion without purchase". At twenty-six he had attained the rank of major and was military secretary to Sir John Moore who, at Corunna with his dying breath, requested that Colborne should be given a lieutenant-colonelcy. He was seriously wounded during the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, his right arm being shattered by a cannon-ball, and he played a notable part at Waterloo, when he routed a body of Napoleon's "Old Guard". In 1825 he was promoted major-general and became Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, where he was instrumental

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See the souvenir book descriptive of Upper Canada College, published in 1904, under the title of "An Epoch in Canadian History". To this, to certain M. S. articles, and to "The Roll of Pupils of Upper Canada College", edited for the Old Boys' Association by A. H. Young, M.A., D.C.L., the writer is indebted for much of the material in this article.





The "Blue" School, forerunner of Upper Canada College

in the restoration to its original usefulness of Elizabeth College, founded in 1563 by good Queen Bess. In 1828 he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, succeeding Sir Peregrine Maitland.

As in Guernsey, he interested himself at once in the difficult problem of education. However, a good beginning had already been made for, as early as 1826, there were in existence three hundred and fifty common schools, attended by some 8,000 pupils and eleven district or grammar schools with an attendance of about 300 pupils.

Colborne did not think the province "ripe for the University which had been contemplated", but "proposed the establishment of a minor college on the lines of his own Alma Mater, Winchester, introducing at the same time some of the improvements which he had employed in his reconstruction of Elizabeth College".

He acted in this matter with his accustomed decision and, on May 2nd, 1829, an advertisement appeared in *The Loyalist* newspaper, published at York, inviting tenders for the erec-

tion of a school-house and dwelling house for the proposed "Minor College".

Pending the erection of these buildings, the Lieutenant-Governor proceeded to the even more important matter of providing for his new foundation such an efficient head and staff of teachers as would ensure success. In *The Upper Canada Gazette* of December 17th, 1829, appeared the following announcement:

Upper Canada college established at York. Visitor, the Lieutenant-Governor for the time being. This College will open after the approaching Christmas vacation, on Monday the 8th January, 1830, under the conduct of the masters appointed by Oxford by the Vice Chancellor and other electors in July last. Principal, the Rev. J. H. Harris, D.D., late fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge. Classical Department, Vice Principal, the Rev. T. Phillips, D.D., of Queen's College, Cambridge; First Classical Master, the Rev. Charles Matthews, M.A., of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; Second Classical Master, the Rev. W. Boulton, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford; Mathematical Department, the Rev. Charles Dade, M.A., Fellow of Caius' College, Cambridge, and late Mathematical Master at Elizabeth College; French, Mr. J. P. Delehaye; English,





Athletic grounds, Upper Canada College

Writing and Arithmetic, Mr. G. A. Barber and Mr. J. Padfield; Drawing Master, Mr. Drury.

G. H. MARKLAND,

Secretary to the Board of Education.

The ideas both of the Lieutenant-Governor and of the Legislature were advanced and liberal; the college was at once put on the footing of a great public school, with four separate houses; in charge of each was a master at a salary of \$1,500, and a house, so that in view of the purchasing power of money at that time, the college was in a position to command the services of men of distinction. Permission was given to add to this by taking boarders. The salary of the Principal was fixed at \$3,000. From the first, day boys were included, but though this differentiates U.C.C. from Winchester or Eton, and makes her more like such great English foundations as Westminster or Clifton, the college has always been able to uphold the high traditions of character building which are the noblest side of the great English Schools, and has never wholly lost sight of education in mere instruction. Unlike some of the Eng-

lish schools, she has never been a rich man's school. The Government endowment of 63,268 acres of land, given her in 1832-5 by the Crown, enabled her not only to pay salaries which attracted masters of the first class from Canada, Great Britain and France, but also to set her fees at a level within reach of all but the poorest.

On January 8th, 1830, the Upper Canada College and Royal Grammar School, as it was called at first; was opened in the building, often referred to as the "Blue School" from the colour of its paint. This had been occupied by the "Home District Grammar School". It was intended that the new school should supersede the old one, but when it was found that the fees of the former were higher than those of the latter and its scheme of instruction less practical, the people of York felt aggrieved. Presently the District School was restored and, under its modern name of Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, is still at work. The Blue School stood at the corner of Church and Adelaide streets, where the Central Circulating Library now stands. In those days there were many pine-



Old Upper Canada College





Upper Canada College as it appears to-day



Rev. Joseph Harris, D.D.  
The first principal of Upper Canada College

stumps in the block, which was the boys' playground.

On January 4th, 1831, the school took possession of the new brick buildings, which were very large, fine and substantial for the time when they were erected. They were situated on the block, then called Russell Square, bounded by John, King, Simcoe and Adelaide streets. For sixty years these buildings were the home of the great school, sometimes called "the Canadian Eton", but were enlarged during the seventies by the addition of a new wing to the boarding house, Mansard roofs to the masters' houses and a new hall, with classrooms below it forming a much more imposing front to the old school-house.

By the end of the next decade the city had grown thickly around the

old site, causing increasing disadvantages for the successful care of the pupils. Modern equipment was needed, and other circumstances made a change necessary.

Meanwhile a thrifty government minimized its gifts to the provincial University, and an agitation was set on foot to do away with Upper Canada College, and to turn the endowment over to the provincial university. The crisis came in 1887 and the college was threatened with extinction, but at a meeting held in the Prayer Room under the chairmanship of Chief Justice Matthew Crooks Cameron, the startled government found that the "Old Boys" of U.C.C. had no mind to let their Alma Mater perish. A compromise was arrived at by which the King Street site, which had become commercially





Major W. L. Grant, M.A.  
The present principal of Upper Canada College

valuable but educationally unsuitable, was sold, and the proceeds together with the original endowment, given to the University, while in return the college received thirty acres of its present site just within the city limits, its present main building and an endowment which finally amounted to about \$30,000. The move from the old site, endeared by so many traditions, to what was then a farm in the county of York, was made in the summer of 1891.

In 1891 the Old Boys' Association was definitely organized with W. T. Boyd as President and W. J. McMaster as Secretary-Treasurer and it was largely owing to its action that certain last vestiges of Government control were shaken off, and that, by an Act passed on April 30th, 1900, the College was placed under its pres-

ent Board of Governors, seventeen in number. Of these, four are representatives of the Old Boys' Association, other Old Boys have been elected Governors and the result is that the institution is managed to a large extent by ex-pupils. The first Chairman of the Board of Governors was Lieutenant-Colonel George T. Denison, who had succeeded the late Judge J. J. Kingsmill (another indefatigable friend of the old school) as Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

Hanging on the walls of the corridors and hall are lists of the winners of scholastic honours, of cricket elevens and of teams in other athletic sports. At the top of the long roll of Head Boys, comes the name of Henry Scadding, which was also first on the register in January, 1830, and is associated in College annals

with "everything good, gentle and manly".

list, standing for statesman, bishop, author, soldier,—as the case may be—is now honoured far beyond the school walls. The same may be said of the holders of the Mason medals, awarded by the joint decision of masters and comrades.

U.C.C. boys have always been to the fore in times when the country seemed in peril. They wanted to fight the rebels in 1837 and the Fenians in 1866. Old Boys helped to suppress the Northwest Rebellion in 1885 and fought in South Africa in 1899-1902, when one of their number, H. Z. Churchill Cockburn, (son of the fifth Principal), won the Victoria Cross. Nearly half a century earlier another Old Boy, Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) Dunn, had won this greatest of all British military distinctions in the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

With such traditions it is not wonderful that when in 1914 the Empire was plunged into a life-and-death struggle, masters, boys and old boys should offer for service. During the war 1,121 went overseas. Of this number 233 won naval or military decorations, and the names of 174 fallen heroes are inscribed on the last roll of honour.

Were it not for lack of space much might be said of the masters of U.C.C. Amongst them have been such notable men as John G. Howard, the early drawing master, who afterwards gave High Park to the City of Toronto; the writers "Ralph Connor" and Stephen Leacock, and the three classical masters William Wedd (affectionately called "Billy") who served forty years; W. S. Jackson (known as "Stony") with an equally long record of teaching, and John Martland (called "Gentle", though feared and respected as well as loved) who taught for almost thirty years.

The first of "Upper Canada's" ten principals, as already mentioned, was Rev. Joseph Harris, D.D., who by his marriage with Lady Colborne's

sister, Miss Yonge, was closely connected with the founder. In his day the college set a high standard of scholarship, especially in classics and mathematics, and for a year or two even granted degrees.

Next came the brilliant Irish classical scholar, Dr. McCaul, afterwards President of the University of Toronto. His work was carried on by F. W. Barron, yachtsman, cricketer, boxer, Cambridge "Blue" and classical scholar. He was of the Old School, very strict, but very just. He took part with the boys in all their games, especially cricket, and was a good boxer and fencer, and an expert oarsman.

The fourth principal was Rev. Walter Stennett, M.A., the first Canadian and only Old Boy to hold the office. The fifth, Mr. George R. R. Cockburn, who ruled the college for twenty years, was "a shrewd and sturdy Scot who by canny investments increased the value of the endowment and after his retirement became a Member of Parliament and President of the Ontario Bank". He was succeeded in 1881 by Mr. Buchan, born in the United States but educated in this country; then, for ten strenuous years, during which the move was made to Deerpark, Mr. George Dickson was Head Master.

In 1895 Dr. (now Sir George) Parkin became principal. During his seven years' rule not only was the change, already referred to, made in the government of the school, but the grounds were enlarged and beautified, so that the rough and muddy desert to which the school had moved in 1891 became the beautiful estate of to-day, with stately avenues of trees and broad stretches of green sward. In 1901 was laid the corner stone of the Preparatory School. Under the ninth Principal, Mr. H. W. Auden, the swimming bath was enlarged, the new gymnasium built and equipped and new playing fields laid out.

The present Head Master, Major W. L. Grant, was at U.C.C. from 1898 to 1902 as a master under Dr.





Sir John Colborne, founder of Upper Canada College

Parkin, and in his inaugural address, on December 18th, 1917 (the day after the election when the Unionist Government was returned to power), he said that "to Dr. Parkin I owe a stimulating and a quickening of my vague ideals, a fulness of belief that we owe our all to our work and to Canada, a belief that we must be lavish of ourselves, not niggardly, for which I shall always be grateful to him. . . . We learned from him to think nobly of Canada and nobly of our calling".

Major Grant is the son-in-law of Sir George Parkin and the son of that other distinguished Canadian the late Principal Grant of Queen's University, Kingston. Like them, he has done valuable literary work, writing chiefly on Canadian subjects. The first published of his books was the life of his father, "Principal Grant: A Biography", in which he collaborated with a well-known journalist, C. Frederick Hamilton.

He has had the advantage of broad education, having studied successively at Queen's University, at Oxford University and at the University of Paris, and of varied experience in his chosen work and in life itself. After

lecturing for some eight or nine years on colonial history, first as Beit Lecturer at Oxford, afterwards as Professor in his Canadian Alma Mater, Queen's, he volunteered for service with the C.E.F. and having been a lieutenant in the 48th Highlanders, was appointed captain in the 59th Battalion, and was promoted to the rank of major in December, 1915.

Major Grant was overseas when asked to become Principal of the College. He felt that while he had health and strength his duty lay in France, but General Turner personally ordered him back on the ground that his work in England and France, satisfactory though it had been, was less important than that which a suitable headmaster could do at U.C.C.

Major Grant lays stress on the necessity of adequate pay for teachers, and says: "We must give our young Canadians a higher and a wider conception of what love for Canada means. . . . We must . . . teach our youth that Canada demands our sacrifices in peace as well as in war". In brief the great task to which the old school must set itself "is the education of the complete citizen".



View from the front steps of Upper Canada College



# GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

VIII.—SIR JOSEPH ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU



JOSEPH ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU was born in the village of St. Therese de Blainville, in Quebec, on the seventh day of November, 1840. His parents not only could boast of social standing, but also enjoyed the advantage of having experienced an unbroken connection with that locality for a period of more than two hundred years, their ancestors having settled on the soil close to St. Therese as far back as the year 1683. Chapleau's youth was uneventful, as are the early years of all save a very few of earth's great heroes. Birmarck fought twenty duels before he attained his majority. The aged Morton said of Thomas More, while yet a child in the illustrious Cardinal's residence, and long before the panoramic pageantry of a Utopia had ever illuminated the future dreamer's mind, "Whoever may live to see it, this boy now waiting at table will turn out a marvelous man". The battles of most men, and the precocious displays of wisdom, however, are reserved for a later period of life. Young Chapleau exhibited a very pronounced taste for advanced learning, and it was resolved while he was still attending the higher classes of a common school to fit him for one of the professions.

As law then, as now, was the first in importance of the secular callings, so Chapleau's education proceeded with that profession in view. After leaving the primary school, he entered Terrebonne College, and later the coll-

ege at St. Hyacinthe. In both these seats of learning he distinguished himself in all his classes. From the latter college he graduated while he was still a minor. He then went to Montreal and remained under articles until he was called to the bar, at which time he was taken into partnership by the gentleman with whom he studied his profession, and through them was introduced later to his earliest successes in the enticing yet treacherous arena of public life.

It may be elementary to assert that in law the voice is one of the master keys to success, and that to attain that success, very often the commencement is everything. Chapleau had an excellent voice, rich and resonant, and requiring but little training to enable him to use it with great and permanent effect. At the very threshold of his career, he began to use with skill and caution this great asset which lay in his possession. More people are impressed by sounds than by logic; and it is no reflection upon Chapleau to say that his voice attracted to him great numbers of people from the very first. At a later period came that wisdom, which was not entirely absent from the commencement, but which grew with the passing of the years, and which of course is indispensable in preserving the fame that the sounds inaugurate. This fame, in the case of Chapleau, gifted as he was with many talents and professional promise, was only the matter of a little time in arriving.

Soon after beginning to practise Chapleau was fortunate in being re-



quested to defend before a jury an entire family accused of murdering the youngest born of the parents of the family. The story was painfully sordid. Poverty, necessity and undoubtedly ignorance, figured as factors in the melancholy transaction. Sympathy with the unfortunates existed, but it was overcome by the deep-seated horror which everywhere was felt because of the callousness of the crime. One of the fundamental yet too frequently neglected functions of the lawyer's work is to ascertain in what quarter these human sympathies are naturally to be found, at the time of the occurrence and when the case is ready to be presented to the jury. Having ascertained this, then if the feeling be favourable, it must be employed with wisdom, or if it be adverse, it must be cautiously overcome. Often, and more particularly when a woman or a helpless person is the victim of an offence, the sentiment becomes widespread and difficult to allay. Particularly is this so when the sympathy becomes transformed into prejudice. In the case which Chapleau undertook to defend, he used a degree of skill and ability which a leader in his profession might justly have envied. At the close of the trial he poured forth to the jury a melting oration, delivered not with inexperienced vehemence or audacious superficiality, but with a thorough understanding of the extreme delicacy and seriousness of the situation. This oration sank deeply into the hearts of the jurymen, and no doubt continued to captivate their passions and sway their judgments after they had sought the seclusion of their room to consider the evidence and their verdict. As a result of the defence counsel's supreme and brilliant effort on behalf of the prisoners, he secured their triumphant acquittal of the serious charge which was hanging so heavily over them.

In 1867 Chapleau contested the electoral district of Terrebonne, and in company with Hon. Louis Masson, was elected to the first Legislative

Assembly of Quebec, which was called to meet after the passing of Confederation. His eloquence by this time was famous over a large territory, and he was chosen, because of his possession of this gift, to move the formal address, in reply to the Speech from the Throne.

This speech in those days was a more important deliverance than the shallow formality it has developed into in our day. At the present time the address is moved by anyone, generally a newly-returned member, who has intelligence enough to quote a line or two of poetry, and life enough to keep the assembly from falling asleep for ten or fifteen minutes. His effort consequently is about as eloquent as an advertisement and from the standpoint of style is about as finished as a time-table. Fifty years ago the most eloquent orator in the legislative halls was accorded this responsibility. He generally performed his task in such a brilliant manner that the arches of the parliamentary chamber rang with a wealth of splendid rhetorical periods and at the very opening of the assembly, a high standard of oratorical excellence was established below which ambitious men aimed not to descend during the remainder of the session.

In February, 1873, Chapleau was appointed by Premier Ouimet to the post of Solicitor-General, which office he held until the fall of the ministry on the eighth of September, in the following year. The overthrow of the administration was occasioned by a commercial transaction in which an exchange of Crown lands by a ministerial colleague evoked suspicion, and seriously reflected upon the Government's integrity. No stain in that, or indeed in any other, undertaking, was ever left upon the hands of Chapleau, and although he retired temporarily from office in company with the other members of the administration, he passed into opposition, retaining the honourable confidence of the people of Quebec.





SIR JOSEPH ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU  
A Great Canadian Orator

About this time his name was heralded over Canada by reason of an event of nation-wide importance which had transpired a few years earlier. Louis Riel had assumed the government of the far western districts of Canada, and, with the aid of a council elected partially by the passive consent of the Canadian Government, and partially as a deliberate act of rebellious usurpation, proceeded to dispense a tyrannical military law to the twelve or fifteen thousand

people who had settled in the districts of the Red River and Assiniboia. A part of Canadian history now is the tragic story of the cruel murder of Thomas Scott, which occurred in 1870. Scott was brutally shot by six half-breeds upon the order of Riel, after having been arbitrarily adjudged guilty of a trifling offence which involved matters rather of manners than of crime. After this wanton act of inhumanity, which Lord Dufferin, at that time Governor General of Can-

ada, characterized as "an inhuman slaughter of an innocent man, aggravated by circumstances of extraordinary brutality". Riel and his confederates became fugitives from justice. The leader's conduct in connection with the murder has long since been thoroughly canvassed by historian and politician alike, although for very different purposes, and has met with neither apology nor defence. Three years after the crime, lured back to Canada, by political expectations, by a suspicion that the deed had been either forgotten or merged in some larger transaction, and perhaps by that nameless influence, which is said to induce murderers to haunt the scenes of their crimes, Riel, and his Minister of Militia, Ambrose D. Lepine, reappeared in Manitoba, after their temporary exile, and were arrested upon the charge of murder. Lepine, whose part in the slaying of Scott was subordinate to that of Riel, was placed on trial for his life in the City of Winnipeg. He was defended by Chapleau, assisted by another eminent French lawyer, Joseph Royal, who afterwards became Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. The case attracted universal attention, and the defence was conducted with a masterly ability which was all Chapleau's own. At the close of the trial he addressed the jury in an oration which was one of the most eloquent and dramatic ever heard in a court of justice west of the Province of Ontario. There in that far-away court-room, before the jury, Chapleau stood, a strange light burning in his flashing eyes, a sublime inspiration, a consuming passion glowing on his noble countenance. From his lips there poured a fiery flood of utterance, a tide of matchless eloquence, in a mighty effort to free from his punishment the pale-faced prisoner over whom the avenging sword, visible perhaps to the eyes of a few, swung suspended.

The guilt of the prisoner, however, was all too apparent, and what is perhaps more, public sentiment had been fanned into a fever heat over the mur-

der of a man who was guilty of no offence except the offence of righteously repudiating the authority and emphatically protesting against the mad acts of the Western usurper. A verdict of "guilty" therefore was inevitable.

Both as a lawyer and as a statesman, Chapleau, from now on, was lifted rapidly upward to further usefulness and success. He held many briefs for the Crown in criminal cases. On each occasion, while his superb eloquence was always present on behalf of the accuser, his humanity was always available for a prisoner. The mercy and sympathy which, as a beginner, he frequently invoked in the interests of his own clients were part of his nature, and he could not help but permit those vast and inevitable virtues to unconsciously assert themselves whenever one of earth's unfortunates, ignorantly driven to criminal extremities, suddenly found himself friendless and resourceless and confronted with his fate. At the same time he did his duty at all times with conscientious fearlessness, and with a perfect indifference to results. His eloquence also arose to even greater heights than ever. Some of the addresses which he delivered to juries in Quebec and Montreal, rank among the peerless efforts of the very first orators of this continent.

Chapleau held office under various premiers in Quebec, and was Provincial Secretary on the occasion when Lieut.-Governor Letellier in 1876 dismissed his entire cabinet from office and precipitated that famous political crisis which has been the subject of many constitutional as well as party treatises. The real situation, which has escaped many of Letellier's opponents, is that Sir John Macdonald was unexpectedly returned to power in 1878, and of course speedily retaliated upon the unfortunate Governor, who had expelled Sir John's provincial friends from power. Constitutional writers, in their desire to view history from the standpoint of constitutional consistency have overlook-



ed the fact that it was might, rather than right, which dictated the closing scenes in the downfall of the luckless Letellier, and that the constitutional question raised by the Governor's dismissal of his cabinet has received no solution whatever from the lengthy controversy which this incident engendered.

In October, 1879, Chapleau became Premier of Quebec, and also assumed the office of Minister of Agriculture. He had earned this dignity by his gifts of eloquence and leadership, and likewise by virtue of the ceaseless and constructive opposition which he offered to the unprogressive measures of his official predecessors.

Chapleau's administration, though brief, was a thing long to be remembered. He held office for nearly four years, during which time he strove to make his Province a proud part of the great Dominion of Canada. Quebec had laboured under a grievous indebtedness for some years, and he made every possible effort to relieve the taxpayer of his burdensome and oppressive obligations. He sold to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company the North Shore Railroad, which had long been a source of heavy outlay by the Province. Although the sale price for the road was lower than its cost, the transaction was a profitable one for the Province, inasmuch as the indefeasible doctrine of Public Ownership had not yet become a permanent possession of statesmen and politicians; and the railway had not only long since ceased to show a surplus, but was actually absorbing, in its operation, public money every day. He also made a laudable effort to stimulate a greater activity in agricultural pursuits than had yet marked that pioneer enterprise along the fruitful banks of the St. Lawrence. He also set in operation a movement to bring money into the Province, and established several financial institutions which placed at the disposal of the borrowing public English money, and produced alike benefits to French-Canadian farmers and British capitalists.

By contributing a little intelligence to politics he succeeded in making the position of Prime Minister a post of service to his country as well as of honour to himself.

Sir John Macdonald, never slow to perceive and recognize genius, cast his eyes in the direction of this brilliant man, and resolved that he must take a share in the responsibilities associated with the wider sphere of service in the Government of the Dominion of Canada. Accordingly, Chapleau abandoned the premiership of Quebec, to take a seat in the Cabinet at Ottawa. In July, 1882, he entered the Dominion Parliament, and was at once appointed Secretary of State for Canada. Laurier's rich tones had not yet begun to charm the hearts of the two great leading races in this Dominion, nor had his magic potency yet commenced to cast its spell over two vast and unfused races, and over two widely-divided religious denominations in this country, as it afterwards was fated to do. There in that wider assembly, and faced by men of the experience and authority of Blake, Cartwright, Mackenzie, Holton, Cauchon, Dorion, Huntingdon and Fournier, he came speedily to be regarded as one of the leading French Canadians in the Federal Parliament.

It is at this point, perhaps, that Chapleau's fame had reached its zenith. He was now forty-five years of age. He had reaped rich harvests of honours and successes. He had gained a first place in his profession. He had been made a Cabinet Minister. He had become a leader of the French Canadian people. He was esteemed in the English-speaking parts of Canada. He was among the very foremost of the orators of the land. And this dizzy pinnacle did not prove to be the summit of his career, because of his future failure to ascend to greater heights than before. It was reached because during the remainder of his life no great public issues arose to call forth his powerful talents. He was still a power among the people, and in election campaigns was relied



upon by Sir John Macdonald to carry the whole Province of Quebec in the interests of the Conservative administration. His eloquence still silenced many an opponent, and steadied many a wavering voter, who, had Chapleau's silvery voice not been heard, might have brought to bear a powerful influence against the Government.

In December, 1892, Chapleau was appointed Lieut.-Governor of Quebec, and a little later he received the dignity of knighthood. In 1897, just as had ended the term for which he was appointed to rule his native Province, he was suddenly stricken with a fatal illness. Although he had accomplished much, he passed away while he was still in the meridian of his days.

Many pages might be written about Chapleau's influence upon his own French Canadian fellow-countrymen, about his influence upon Canada, about his place in history, about the tremendous impression he would have made upon Quebec in favour of that freedom which he loved, had he been living during the sometimes dark and perilous days which seem to be eclipsing all the past, and almost blotting out all the lessons which thousands of years of history have taught. It may be sufficient in that regard to say merely this, that his influence was far-reaching, and yet there was something which prevented it extending, as it might have extended much wider still. Had he been living now, and his powers been as they were in 1875, it is possible a spirit of patriotism might have been the proud possession of Quebec, as it is the proud possession of the children of the boulevards of Paris. It is with his oratory, however, that these pages have concern. Therefore though the study of the many important questions suggested by his life may be insistent, the thought must reluctantly turn away from them, and be directed to those Ciceronian qualities which he possessed, and which meant so much for his

countrymen during a generation.

In what respect did Chapleau's eloquence differ from that of other great orators of Canada? He had not the celebrated thunder tones of Douglas, nor the insinuating magic of Osler. He had not the always visible literary precision of Punshon, nor the unbending judicial dignity of Blake. But he had in a superlative degree, perhaps to a greater degree than any other Canadian in these pages considered, the one transcendent essential of the man who from the public platform seeks to touch ten thousand hearts—that divine fire, or contagious enthusiasm, which flows, although invisibly, yet in a consuming flame, from one burning soul to another. He used splendid language, not quite purple with vivid verbal imagery, yet brilliant beyond the average parliamentary, and his thought was as profound and original as his numerous other qualities were engaging and unique. He was possessed of a commanding presence upon the platform, and during the course of his delivery, moved about upon it with the grace and activity of a finished actor. His voice was rich, deep, penetrating and silvery. He knew that voice and tone, style and language, gesture and cadence must be blended harmoniously together, to give the utterance life, and interpenetrate the speech with that mystical and subtle spiritual substance, which so far has eluded the definition of the lexicographer and escaped the category of the logician, but which mortals call the "soul". Such was the architecture of the many orations of Chapleau. Such were his speeches during a quarter of a century, when he stormed, like an advancing conqueror, the court-rooms and platforms of the land. Others have had other charms: others have possessed different powers. But with all his competitors, in a land which produced not a few, he will stand to posterity as the Cicero of Quebec.





MARKET DAY AT MALINES

From the Painting by

Julien Celos.

Exhibite at the

Canadian National Exhibition





# THE MATCHBREAKERS

BY INEZ HAYNES GILMORE



HE noticed him with a thrill of blurred recognition, the moment she entered the car. But he, apparently, did not see her until she had seated herself. He stared for an immeasurable part of a second. Then his whole face broke into a smile charged electrically with delight. He pulled off his hat with a swift, vigorous gesture. With his head bare, he looked appallingly alien.

This is the formulæ of her thoughts for an infinitesimal interval:

"Oh, dear, I haven't the remotest idea who he is. I know I've never seen him before in my life. I'm sure I'd remember a man that looked like that. I won't bow. I'll simply glare at him until he slinks out of the car. But I can't cut a man with a whole crowd standing round to watch the massacre. Maybe he's made a mistake.

"I will bow. But suppose he's calculating on my not daring to throw him down—before people—suppose he takes advantage of my kindness to come over and talk with me. I won't bow."

She bowed.

"I know as well as I know *anything* that I never met him in my life. I never saw such a girl as I am for seeing people that look like somebody I can't remember. Perhaps he did it just as an experiment to see if I would. Perhaps he thinks I'm the kind of girl that—Perhaps this feather is too long—New York hats always look so queer elsewhere. But I

have always thought if there was anything that could be said to my credit—it was that I looked like a lady.

"I'm sorry I bowed.

"Probably I have met him somewhere. Where was the last place I went before going to the West—oh, I know, that evening at the Gordons' there were slathers of new men there. That's where I met him. Wouldn't it have been awful if I'd cut him! I wonder if the dot on my veil has worked onto the end of my nose. I'll get his name in a moment.

"I'm glad I bowed."

She stole a sideways glance in his direction when her sixth sense told her he was looking away.

No, it was impossible that he could be a mere vulgar villain. He had all the stigmata of the thoroughbred. He had a long, sinewy body that broadened into shoulders that cut off the whole view from the window at his side. He had the kind of chin outline that she particularly liked—cleft, too, not dented. The hand that grasped a bag full of golf sticks was slender, muscular, full of character. There had been in his eyes, when he bowed, that straightforward, pleasant look that much travelling had led her to believe was characteristic of American men alone.

Of course after that she stared straight ahead.

It was a magnificent day—a wild March wind rampaging through the mildness of late April. They sped up Boylston Street. The green vistas of Commonwealth Avenue and of Beacon Street flittered by. Then came

the rumpled Charles, beating from under Harvard Bridge to where, on Beacon Hill, the houses piled up to the golden dome of the State House.

"Now let me think of the men I met at the Gordons"—there was the one that had the walrus mustache—the one that looked like a peanut—the one with the fuzzy English accent—the pink-looking one with the mauve eyelashes. Then there was that nice Western boy who told me I was easy to look at. Oh, I know! This one must have come with that crowd of real men who stopped at the door in the automobile with Charley Gordon. Charley Gordon insisted on dragging them in. They were all in those cubby-bear coats and of course men never look remotely human in goggles. It's out of the question trying to remember his name.

"Wouldn't it have been dreadful if I hadn't bowed?"

On the other side of the bridge the car began to empty. There was a vacant place at her side presently. She knew the exact moment when he arose. She did not move an eyelash as she felt him drawing nearer.

"Have you seen the Robinsons lately?" he asked pleasantly as he seated himself at her side.

Oh, it was at the Robinsons' that he had met her then. That was a different thing. It was as if he had been marked "sterling". There were never any "seconds" at the Robinsons'.

"Not for two weeks, I think," she said with her prettiest air of graciousness. "How are they all?"

His face grew serious. "Then you haven't heard?"

"Heard?" She turned directly to him and her eyes went wide with alarm.

"Of Mrs. Robinson's accident? Please don't look like that!" He went on reassuringly: "She's not dangerously hurt. She was thrown from an automobile two or three nights ago—she's all right now—there were no bones broken."

"How dreadful!" Her soft brows

gathered into a furry plexus. "Are you quite sure she's all right? Have you seen her?"

"No. But I called last night. And they assured me that she was quite herself again; that she had, in fact, taken a short drive in the afternoon."

She knawed perplexedly at her under lip. "I can't see why they didn't tell me. But I have just this moment returned from New York. I suppose they wouldn't alarm me unnecessarily while I was there and they haven't had a moment since. There was an important letter taking me away the moment I got into the house."

This was half reverie and he did not say anything. But his look was sympathetic. His face was even nicer, she thought, in its serious aspect.

"It would be awful to have anything happen to Mrs. Robinson," she went on. "She's such a dear. And such a wonderful woman too. Wherever she is things happen—don't you think so? And you always meet such charming people in her house."

"I have—certainly," he acquiesced with enthusiasm.

"What car are you taking?" he asked as they both arose at Harvard Square.

"An Arlington car. But I want to run into the station and telephone first."

"I'll hold the car for you," he offered. "I'm going to Arlington too."

"I tried to get the Robinsons," she said on her return, "but nobody answered the 'phone. But I got Marvin and ordered some flowers to be sent out to her. I——"

"There's our car now," he interrupted.

"Who was with Mrs. Robinson at the time of the accident?" she asked as they seated themselves. "Or was she alone?"

"No, I believe Dora was with her."

"Dora?" she repeated questioningly. "Dora?"

"Yes, her daughter."

"But Mrs. Robinson has no daughters."



He stared at her. "She has two daughters."

"Two daughters." She returned his stare. "What Mrs. Robinson do you refer to?" she asked after a perplexed pause.

"I mean Mrs. Marmaduke Robinson of Belton Roads, Cambridge."

"I've been talking about Mrs. Aston Robinson of Brookline. At least," she went on haughtily, "it was to her that I had the flowers sent with a most affectionate message of sympathy for her accident."

He roared.

"Perhaps you'll be so good," and her cutting tone broke his laughter short, "to tell me where you met me."

"Why, at the—" he began confidently. Then he began to stammer. "I—I thought I met you at a tea given by Mrs.—Mrs. Marmaduke Robinson—three weeks ago. There was a girl pouring tea—no, she was ladling out that cold slushy stuff they give you at teas. Anyway she had a feather that dripped down over the side of her hat just like yours." He looked encouragingly at her as if this alluring description must jog her memory.

"As I don't know the Mrs. Robinson to whom you refer, I could not possibly have met you. It's not necessary for me to remind you that we don't know each other."

He arose instantly. "I beg your pardon," he said simply. "It was all my fault."

She bowed with dismissive haughtiness. "And, incidentally," her voice took a tone of elfin sarcasm, "I don't wear a hat when I pour at teas."

He raised his hat. He retreated to a seat in the farthest corner where he sat with his arms folded, looking away from her, out the window. Once she saw his shoulders shake. She knew he was thinking of the flowers. Her own shoulders took a loftier pose.

They were getting out toward Arlington and the wind had become a gale. The sky was a polished blue bowl on whose smooth sides the whipped-cream clouds tried vainly to get aground. In the east, a mass of

them, huge, puffy, overblown, huddled against the horizon line. The trees were all bent double in their efforts to withstand the onslaught. The flapping garments on the clotheslines across the street were distended into bloated, gargoyle-like parodies of the human figure.

He saw none of this.

He was thinking what an ass a man is anyway. But if girls only knew how different they looked when they were rigged out for an afternoon tea in dewdabs, dingbats, wassetts, and fluffy-doodles from afterwards on the street when they wore real clothes. That girl at the tea was a dead ringer for the one in the car. It was enough to dare any man. He would like to put them side by side and let their own mother pick them out. When he came to think of it, though, the girl at the tea had a wart or a mole or a wen or something on the side of her chin. And her eyes were brown. The girl in the car—idiot that he was—had gray eyes—luscious lamps they were too. He groaned mentally. Anyway they both wore the same kind of feather—one of those spaghetti feathers that keep blowing into a man's eyes and mouth—he could swear to the feather!

At Arlington Center everybody in the car but the girl and himself changed for Winchester. With a comfortable sense of being immune from discovery, he stole glance after glance at her during this process.

She certainly was a "looker". He decided that, better than any other style of girl, he liked a long slim one in a three-quarter coat. She was all in black, and from the bows on the pumps that revealed the beginnings of slender ankles to the carefully adjusted veil, her appearance held that note of jaunty trigness that, beyond any other, pleases the masculine sense. Through her veil glimmered a roll of brown hair, burnished softly with gold, gleamed eyes that shone with a virginal calm, sparkled teeth fretting in a pearly line at proud red lips.



She had not, all this time, looked once in his direction. But, suddenly, something outside caught her attention and she flashed about on the seat. The comb, that held the soft tendrils of her hair at the back, fell with a clang, disappearing behind the seat. He started to rise, but she had already noticed her loss. She stood up and investigated. He realized that the comb had dropped into the slot which received the shutter when lowered. But before he could find the courage to address her again, she had beckoned the conductor into the car.

"I've lost my comb down that place—there—" she explained plaintively. "Do you think you can get it for me?"

The conductor stared stupidly. "Get that hook that you use when the trolley's off the wire," she commanded. Returning, he fumbled with it in the slot, but unsuccessfully.

Two men stopped the car and held the conductor for a moment's conversation before they decided on another route. In his absence the girl poked without avail at the narrow opening.

"I must get it," she said when the conductor returned. "It's set with jade and was made in Japan. I should feel heartbroken if I lost it."

"Well, I guess they can git it for you at the car station," the conductor drawled. Then again he left her abruptly to help aboard the kitty-faced old lady who, after a voluble interval, elected to take a later car.

The man in the corner got up and strolled to the girl's side. "Let me try," he entreated.

"If you will be so good," she permitted frostily after an icy pause. She held out to him the instrument of her own defeat.

"Please don't give me the hook again," he asked humbly. He took one of the sticks from his golf bag and, breaking it at its jointed middle, transformed it into a fishing rod. He attached a hook to it and began to fish.

The girl stared in amazement. Then she exhibited a smile. She watched,

"The trouble is that you haven't any bait," she suggested after several moments of unsuccessful angling. "If we only had a copy of 'Izaak Walton.'" Her voice had become very soft. He snapped the rod together and returned it to his bag.

"I'd advise a mashie," she volunteered.

But he ignored her suggestion. Seizing a putter he went at it again. By degrees his face assumed a look of intense concentration and then suddenly his right arm shot up and the comb flew out of the opening. He caught it adroitly and handed it to her.

"I lofted it," he said in a tone of great satisfaction.

"Thank you!" She adjusted the comb firmly in its proper place. Then she pulled the edges of her veil together and pinned them firmly over it.

He started irresolutely to return to his corner again.

"I don't suppose," she began, "that I would have cared such an awful lot for the mistake. But no girl likes to be taken for another girl."

"It was all the fault of that feather," he protested with eager fluency. "I give you my word of honour now that I look at you"—he fixed her with so enthusiastic a scrutiny that she turned her face away—"that that girl doesn't look any more like you than my grandmother does. I don't know who she is—or what she came from—or where she's gone, and I don't want to slam her. But honest, I pity her from the bottom of my heart for having all the beginnings of beauty and then falling down at the last moment. You've got her played to the gaff, whipped a mile—backed onto the fire escape. But I'm glad she came ahead and prepared the way, for I know I never could have stood the full blaze at once. Why I'm getting all this out of my system is to prove to you that I shall never make this same mistake again. No, not if you wear forty feathers. Do you mind if I sit on the other side of it?—it obscures the view."





“Seizing a putter he went at it again”

When she caught her breath she merely said: “It’s immaterial where you sit. I get out in a half minute at the Arlington Heights Station.”

“So do I,” he averred humbly.

“You said you were going to Arlington.”

“So did you.”

“But I’m going beyond to Lexington.”

“So am I.”

She bit her lips. “As a matter of fact,” she announced sweetly, “I’m going to Concord.”

“I don’t expect you to believe me, but so am I.”

She looked at him in silent exasperation. While they waited for the Lexington car, she made one remark. “I suppose you’re from the West.” When he admitted it, her answering gasp seemed to say that that accounted for a good deal.

“May I sit beside you again?” he asked when they boarded the Lexington car. Without waiting for a reply, he put himself on the side opposed to the feather.

“Well,” she said in a tone that indicated that she had given up some sort of struggle with herself, “inasmuch as we seem doomed to travel to the

Pacific coast together, and as the rest of the world seems to avoid us as if we were a leper colony—" Her eye fell on the gilt letters that proclaimed the ownership of the card case he was just opening. "Are you Robert Ardsley?" she demanded.

"Yes."

She jumped and then shrank away from him. "Good heavens, I'm glad I found that out." She added with a stiffness, "I'm Barbara Bennett. That's why you looked so familiar. I've seen dozens of pictures of you taken with Dick."

"Barbara Bennett!" He stared open-mouthed. "Of course! That picture of you and Rhoda hung in our room in college for two years."

She straightened herself up, and her face, turned directly to him, was freezing in its look. "And of course as Rhoda Wrentham's best friend, I must refuse—absolutely—to have anything to say to the man who is responsible for her unhappiness."

"I responsible for her! I don't know what you're talking about, Miss Bennett. I had nothing to do with their broken engagement. Dick talked the matter over with me—the way a man talks things over with his chum—and I gave him my advice when he asked it. But as for being responsible for their broken engagement—you're quite mistaken! Upon my word you are, Miss Bennett."

"Unfortunately," the lady's tone had all the clearness and coldness of an icy mountain stream, "Dick happened to quote to Rhoda some of the things you said. She came straight to me with them. I heard the whole story in silence. But of course she got down on her bended knees and asked my advice, I couldn't withhold it from her."

"So I understand. Dick is strongly under the impression that if Miss Wrentham had not been tampered with—by outside forces——"

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning you, if you wish—that their engagement would never have been broken."

"Of all things! Why, I maintained so judicial an attitude through it all that I nearly exploded. And all the time I was simply dying to tell Rhoda just what I thought of Dick Yerrington. A man who while he is engaged to one girl goes off automobiling in a party that contains another girl to whom he has been markedly attentive in the past, and to simply load that girl with attentions until everybody in the party was talking about it and coming home and hinting and alluding to Rhoda—and pitying her. Well, I've my opinion of him."

"Miss Bennett, that's simply ridiculous. You know that Dick would never have gone off with that party if Rhoda—if Miss Wrentham had not gone to the Ryders' week-end when Bob Harmon was a member of the party. Everybody knows that Bob Harmon was desperately in love with her, and that he said he never would give her up until she was married to Dick. No man wants his girl skylarking with a man like Harmon."

"Oh, indeed," said Miss Bennett hotly. "Well, when people think they know so well what is good for other people, and the other people know they are perfectly competent to take care of themselves, and the people keep restricting the other people's liberty by their silly, offensive, and unmanly jealousy, and the other people are as patient, forbearing, and decent as they can be—and still other people keep interfering with the people and the other people—it's about time, I say, for the people to break their engagement with the other people."

With a corrugated brow Mr. Ardsley considered this for an instant. Then he roared. "What's the answer?" he asked finally.

She turned from him with a movement full of the rage that she was trying to repress. "It's not necessary for me to say again, I hope, that I absolutely decline the honour of your acquaintance."

His face grew serious. "Certainly not!" he said with emphasis. Lifting





“‘That girl doesn’t look any more like you than my grandmother does’”

his hat he strode down the car to a seat in the corner. There, hunched against the window, he stared out at the approaching scenery.

The gale had by no means gone down—rather it had increased. The car was going at top speed. It bounced up and down the tracks, jerked around corners, and seemed occasionally to vault the crossings. Doors rattled and windows shook. Miss Bennett and Mr. Ardsley continued to occupy it in frigid silence and isolation. Because of his superior weight, he was able to present a dignified appearance, but the girl was thrown back and forth in her seat. The fresh Massachusetts country slid by like a moving-picture show. The trees,

mere green blurs, marched with the flying car. The hills seemed to be playing a dizzy game that confused the background. Memorials to American patriotism slipped into the picture and were lost out of it.

Suddenly Ardsley jumped. “I think I ought to tell you, Miss Bennett,” he called over the hubbub, “that I’m going out to the Paul R vere House in Concord to meet Dick Yerrington. He came on unexpectedly for a day or two and he invited me out for a game of golf. I thought you might wish to avoid him. I’ll do my best to keep him away from the places that you’re going if you’ll only tell me where they are. What’s the matter?”



Miss Bennett was staring at him, affrighted, her eyes big with excitement of some kind, her soft lips parted. "Oh, Mr. Ardsley," she exclaimed. Her voice had lost all its chill. It was sheerly a girl's voice, low, tremulous, appealing.

He left his place in the corner and took a seat again at her side. "Tell me what's the matter," he commanded.

"Oh, Mr. Ardsley, it's too perfectly dreadful for any words. Listen, I am going to the Paul Revere House, myself, to meet Rhoda. There was a note from her waiting for me when I got back from New York, telling me that she was only going to be here for a day and a night and begging me to come to her as soon as possible. Oh, we must keep them apart. You can't realize how embarrassing it would be if they met. I know they haven't laid eyes on each other for six months."

"What shall we do?" he asked, immediately sympathetic.

She considered the question, her lids downcast, reverie lying like a shadow over her face. "Oh, I'll tell you." Her whole look bloomed in the smile of her sudden triumph. "I'll pretend to be sick and I'll make Rhoda stay with me every blessed minute. Not that it will be hard, for she's such a devoted dear when there's anything wrong. I'll pretend not to be able to go downstairs to eat, and we'll have dinner and breakfast served in our room. Then I'll get her home to my house the first thing to-morrow morning. If you keep Mr. Yerrington away all the afternoon, golfing—there isn't the slightest possibility of their meeting."

"You don't think it would be desirable for them er — er to see each other," he said tentatively.

She stiffened immediately. "Certainly not. Nothing but pain for them both could result from such an encounter. Besides there's no knowing what ideas it might put into their heads. And they're the last people in the world who ought to be allowed to marry. They're not one least little

atom in the world suited to each other. Don't you think so?"

"I—I don't know—I don't see why not," he stuttered weakly.

She gave him a glance of ineffable scorn. "It would be spiritual suicide." She brought the last words out with appalling distinctness. "Thank you," she added.

Somehow he felt dismissed.

He arose forlornly and retreated again to the corner of the car.

They had passed through Lexington and again they plunged into open country on their way to Concord. He looked in her direction once or twice, but she had turned her head and was resting it against the arm which extended over the back of the seat. He could see the round of one cheek, over which her eyelashes hung, long, shadowy. Her upper lip protruded a little beyond the lower one, forcing it into ripples that ended at the corner of her mouth in a pool of soft shadow. Even as he slyly studied her, she jumped to an upright position and her eyes fixed themselves upon him. "Oh, Mr. Ardsley!" she called wildly.

Obediently he arose and walked to her side.

"I've been thinking about it all. It occurred to me that maybe Dick Yerrington may have heard that Rhoda was in Concord, and came out to see her. They may have met. How can we keep them apart?"

He shook his head. "I don't think so. He's been up here for two or three days, but he didn't mention her in his letter to me. Perhaps Miss Wrentham heard that he was here and—" He stopped overpowered by the blaze in his companion's eyes. "I think he would have mentioned it to me if he expected to see her," he ended lamely.

Miss Bennett sighed. "Oh, dear, I am worried," she admitted wistfully.

"Don't worry," he begged, dropping his voice until it was full of tenderness. "I don't think there's any need of that."

"But—" She bit her lips and did not go on.





"I'm so glad, dear. I hope you'll be terribly happy "

"We shall reach the Paul Revere House in another moment," he warned her.

"Oh!" She arose and walked to the other side of the car. He followed her, and, together, they stood, looking out. The tendrils of her feather played a soft tattoo on his cheek, but he did not mind it now.

The big Colonial hotel came into view. Two figures—a young man and a young girl — came rushing down to meet the car.

Miss Bennett began to tremble. She seized her companion's arm in a grip that testified to the development of muscles, unexpected in a girl. "It's an appointment," she breathed.

The car stopped. He helped her out.

"Barb—dear—oh, Barb," the girl cried. "I've got such news for you." She was a little brunette creature, slender, sparkling.

"I know," Miss Bennett said "you're married to Dick. I'm so glad,

dear; it's perfectly lovely. I hope you'll be terribly happy."

Then she burst into tears.

Miss Bennett and Mr. Ardsley were returning to Boston over the same road that they had taken in the morning. This time they were in a motor-car.

It had been a long day full of pleasant companionship and the beauty of out-of-doors. Now they had just come from seeing the bridal pair off to their honeymoon.

The wind had infused Miss Bennett's eyes with a soft brilliancy. It had whipped into her cheeks a velvety flood of colour that ran from her lashes down to the shadowy pits at the corners of her mouth. Her hair, a tangled iridescent mesh, was a swaying background for all this colour.

"We shall be in the city in another ten minutes." His manner was full of regret. "When am I going to see you again?" His tone was leavened with an element of proprietorship.

"Really, Mr. Ardsley, I don't know," Miss Bennett said languidly. "Is there any necessity for our seeing each other again? I can't see how people with such peculiarly diverse ideas on things could ever take any pleasure in each other's society."

"Am I to understand," he demanded in an aggrieved tone, "that you refuse to let me call on you?"

Perhaps she had not expected this. She thought for an instant. "Yes," she said finally with an air of decision.

"Oh, very well. But of course I shall see you again."

"Where?"

"At the Yerringtons'."

She laughed triumphantly. "You'll never be invited there. You know what—proverbially—happens to the bachelor friends of the groom, especially when they were the means of breaking the engagement once."

"I had nothing to do with the broken engagement, as nobody knows better than yourself. But I fixed that. I've got Rhoda dead to rights." He turned to her a face that radiated

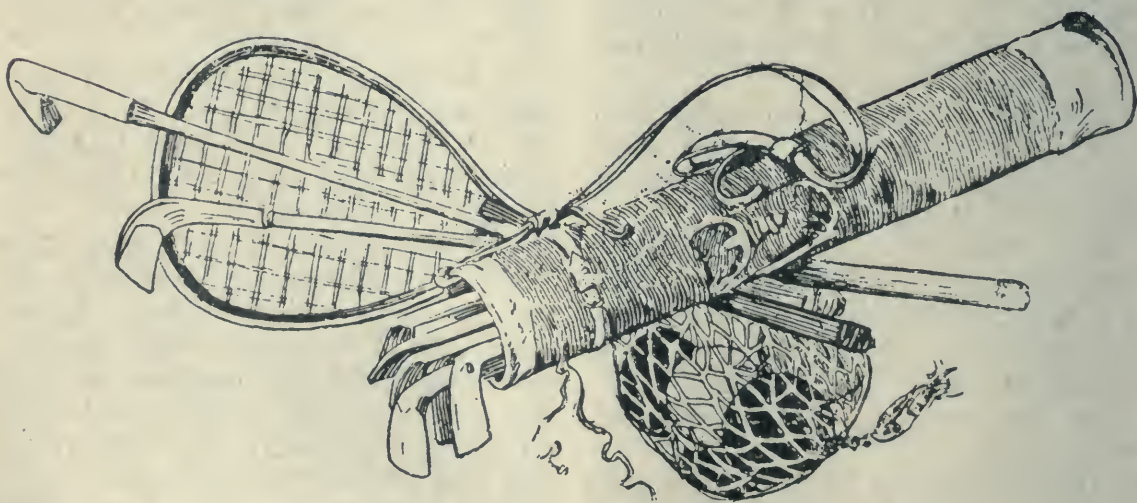
mischievousness. "She's actually invited me to come and live with them next year, and I'm going to accept. I don't think you'll let me have the triumph," he insinuated craftily, "of believing that you don't dare to come to see your best friends on my account."

Conflicting emotions, accompanied by exquisite gradations in colour, warred in Miss Bennett's cheek. Ardsley watched the display with approval.

Curiosity triumphed. "How in the world did you manage that?" she asked in a baffled tone.

"I appealed to the instinct that is stronger in woman than death. I told Rhoda that she could certainly marry us off if she'd only provide me with a chance to get to you. Now come," he wheedled. "Be a sport! Give me a fighting chance! Let me come to-morrow night."

For a moment Miss Bennett stared at him, her lips compressed, her nostrils quivering. Then something in his gaze got the better of her. She laughed. "Yes, you may come," she said.





# THE ROMANCE OF BASRAH

BY R. A. MacLEAN

"The stars are setting and the caravan starts for the Dawn of Nothing"



FOR one who has lived all his life in the Western Hemisphere, until its modes of thinking and of being have sunk into his very soul and become part and parcel of his existence, it is a contrasting but educative change to find oneself, even when ushered in by the whirlpool of a great war, in a country round which such a wealth of history and romance still lingers, and about which so little as far as the Westerner is concerned is in any real sense known. Mesopotamia, to which I refer, is such a land, and Basrah more truly than any other city in Mesopotamia, not even excepting Bagdad, is a city of romance, taking us back as it does to our early days, when with Sinbad the sailor we encountered marvellous adventures, or perhaps in our imagination we listened to the music of the nightingale, the music of a voice that once charmed magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in færy lands forlorn.

But before delving into the past or touching the springs of imagination and romance which lie beneath the huge mass of material which a great war has thrust upon the country, perhaps it will not be without interest to the reader if I attempt to give a present day picture of the city once the great trade emporium of the East.

Some sixty miles from the Persian Gulf, situated on the Shatt-el-Arab, a noble river which carries the joint waters of the Tigris and the

Euphrates to the sea, lies the city of Basrah, if a disorderly collection of broken-down houses and huts might be dignified by such a name. The approach to the city from the head of the Gulf is much finer than one's anticipation of it. The banks of the city are lined with groves of palm trees which stretch in long regular lines several miles back from either side of the river. These embowered groves of pillared palms, beautiful and impressive as they are to the eye, have a value for the Arabs far different from the æsthetic. They constitute the chief source of wealth for all Mesopotamia. Basrah, which formed the base for the Indian Expeditionary Force to Mesopotamia is, strictly speaking, divided into two parts—Ashar, the port stretching for several miles along the river front, and Basrah, the old town which lies about two miles inland. These two divisions of the town are connected by the Ashar creek, a fine stream when the tide is high, but a sluggish rivulet with slimy banks, when the water is low. On its waters Arabs in their picturesque dress ply the native *belem*; women come down to the water's edge and fill their bottles; boys bathe in the stream; the sewage of the town is carried away on its full tide, and when its waters have been employed for every other necessity of the natives, then it is used for drinking purposes. Running parallel to the creek is the Strand, and intersecting the Strand are Oxford and other streets of classic name—a device



A typical Coolie woman of Basrah

in nomenclature for imparting to streets a dignity which they do not in reality possess.

The port of Ashar during war time gave an impression of bustling activity. Munitions of war and all the other paraphernalia strewed the left bank of the Shatt-el-Arab for miles. Offices of administration, ordnance stores, huts, barracks and hospitals, all lay huddled together, and quite recently the river front was dignified, although its old-time charm partly destroyed, by the erection of a fine hotel. In Ashar there are a few bazaars and native theatres, but these are best seen in Basrah, where Oriental silks and Persian rugs, not always genuine, are offered for sale, or to speak more correctly, where the credulous Westerner parts from fabulous sums of money for the privilege of carrying back to England or to

America some merchandise or curio of doubtful value.

But to dwell on what one sees with the physical eye in a casual tour about Basrah gives but a very imperfect, even a wrong impression of the city and its people. If you would know something of the city's former glory, and gain access to the inner thinking of the Arab's mind, you must associate with the native, you must acquaint yourself in some measure at least with his language. Then perhaps something of his genius will at odd moments dawn upon you, and as you walk up and down the dirty streets and listen to the strange jargon, you may see and hear things which have come to have some significance for you. At all events you will derive more pleasure from your daily round, and in seeing as you will that East is East and West is West, you may





Ashar Creek, Basrah

also discover that no one country possesses a monopoly of all the arts of civilization.

So some fine evening when the sun has set, and the shades of night help to conceal the city's squalour, come for a tour round old Basrah. At Whitely's bridge we engage an *arabana* (carriage) for the evening, and as it is necessary to keep on good terms with the driver, we say to him *arid aruh illal Basrah* (I want to go Basrah), and off we go in a rickety two-horse carriage down the Strand. Or if the roads are bad, as they usually are, it will be necessary to have four horses. Even with this addition you will be lucky if you reach the entrance to the bazaar without having to dismount.

We have at last arrived. The *arabachi* (driver) is told to wait till we return from a tour on foot through the bazaars and quaint narrow streets of El-Bussorah. Tourists to Dublin say that one of the sights of that city is the smell of the Liffey. On the application of this principle to Basrah, there are sights more numerous and varied than one can "inhale" in any single evening. To graduate them properly, there are the perfumes

of the spice bazaar, the odours of the vegetable market, the smells of the sheep and cattle mart, the stinks and the rank abominations of filth which thrust themselves upon your nose and eyes almost everywhere without any positive action on your part in searching for them. But to proceed.

The streets are in total darkness save for the presence of a few lanterns which the native population use to guide them to their homes or to the theatres. As we walk along narrow lanes, low voices are heard behind latticed windows above us, and an occasional light reveals sights not intended for men's curious eyes. The women of the East may see but may not be seen. They are jealously protected behind curtained windows, and when they walk in the streets behind their lords and masters, their veiled faces and their subdued demeanour are a striking testimony to the non-emancipation of the women of the East. Farther on is a coffee shop. We say *salaam aleykum* to those present, and in respectful fashion the Arab denizens all stand up and say in reply *wa aleykum es salaam* (and upon you also be peace). We take a seat, order





Whiteley Bridge, Ashar Creek, Basrah

some coffee, then, after a few more formalities, we are looked upon as true guests. From this time on till our departure the sacred laws of hospitality are binding upon our hosts even to the preservation of our lives should we encounter any danger. The modern Arab, like his ancestors, may be a villain, a robber and a cut-throat, but at any rate he bears the outward marks of respectability, courtesy and affability. He is aristocratic in his bearing and dignified in his manner. In his own house he is a real host. When you enter he says, *beti betak* (my house is yours). If you admire any of his possessions, provided he is a true aristocrat, he will tell you to take the object of your admiration. But you soon learn not to put too literal an interpretation on his words, and when you become better acquainted with his mode of hospitality, you are divided in opinion as to whether you should admire his courtesy or abominate his hypocrisy. But the mind of the Easterner is generally interpreted the truest when one does not cast a too ungenerous reflection upon its thoughts.

It is now ten o'clock. We meet some richly jewelled dancing girls going to the theatre. Their silk gowns and satin slippers form a striking

contrast to the dirty grimy streets, through which they pick their steps. One of the girls, to judge by her appearance, is a Jewess, one a native Arab, and the third a Circassian, who in contrast with the painted faces of the other two uses no artificial aid to add to her beauty, which is typical of the beauty of that sadly persecuted race from which she comes. A little later on we meet some Armenian women. They are dressed in the long *aba*, which is so familiar in the East. But their faces are not veiled. They are young and beautiful to behold, nor do they bear any of the marks of oppression which has been the lot of this unfortunate people even from Roman times.

In Basrah there are a good many Armenians. In fact there are people of almost every race and creed. And strange though it may seem, it is the Englishman with his Western ideas and Western manners, or the American missionary with his evangelistic zeal who seems most out of place in Basrah. It is difficult for an Arab to understand why an Englishman living in the East should dress in closely fitting garments of such a sombre hue. And there is some reason in his philosophy. Clothes are after all in some degree the measure of the man. The Westerner in the



picturesque Arab language is "the father of coats", and his outward garb, so unsuited to the East, prevents the native from getting access to the wearer's inner soul.

But the hour is getting late, so we move on down a narrow lane until we are arrested by the sound of music and dancing. There are no lights about and where the sounds come from is difficult to determine. But by following them we soon find ourselves in a native theatre. Here there are some two hundred persons, all men except the three girls on the stage, the very same three whom we had met on the street a short time before.

The building is simple in structure, with a gallery running round three sides. There are vacant boxes, but we prefer to sit down on the front seat along with some aristocratic Arabs, and join in their conversation. Cigarettes and monkey nuts are drunk and chewed. The Arab always says *tishrub jigarra* (will you "drink" a cigarette). So we exchange cigarettes—English for the long Arab kind about six inches in length.

The stage performance, which consists chiefly in singing and dancing to the accompaniment of the monotonous droll of an Arab playing an instrument like a mandolin, is as weird as it is incomprehensible. The singing is of the piercing high-toned variety, and as to the dancing I doubt if even Terpsichore herself could mould her form to her desires in such a variety of ways, more gracefully than did the richly-jewelled, dark-eyed girl of Ras-el-ain. Nor was the Arab girl to be robbed of her palm of glory. With an enterprise worthy of an artiste of a London music hall, she sang with much gusto for our special benefit, "Tis a long way to Tipperary".

Such is the modern touch in far-off Basrah. But the hour is late, and it is time to return to our billet. The *arabachi* impatiently and drowsily awaits our return at the entrance to the bazaar, and soon we are rattling along the Strand under a veil of darkness, which wings the imagination back to other days and other times.

On the following day we loaf languidly about in keeping with the place. At ten a. m. the thermometer



Coffee-shops in Basrah





An Arab family, near Basrah

stands at one hundred and five degrees in the shade, and a drowsy feeling steals over the land. It is only by the broad-flowing Shatt-el-Arab that there is any freshness in the air. Here the shallop still flits silken-sailed as of yore, driven by a slight breeze, and the round *guffahs*, and all the other antediluvian craft upon the river take one back to the days of Sennacherib and the Assyrians and all the ancient culture of the past. In few places in the world has time made a less impression than in Mesopotamia. To this very day you may see anywhere upon the Tigris or the Euphrates the *kellek* (skin inflated rafts) such as one may see pictured in stone in the Nineveh Gallery of the British Museum, and the aristocratic Arab as he walks about in princely fashion, with his long-flowing silk robes, might well be one of the patriarchs described in the Old Testament.

Yes, in this dreamy lotus land all things always seem the same. In the coffee shops the current gossip and politics of the day are discussed over coffee-cups and cigarettes. The hot

dry winds and sun-baked plains of the desert develop all one's innate germs of laziness and indifference to life's joys, and disease of all kinds stalks rampant as the will of Allah. The fatalism of the East everywhere manifests itself, and reason is dethroned. The frenzied life of the West is a thing unknown. The Bedouin of the desert seems to have solved the problem of the high cost of living. With the camel, which supplies all his own wants and those of his family, he wanders about free from life's worries. This wonderful beast furnishes him the means of transport, its milk gives him sustenance, its hair is woven into his tents and clothes, its very dung is steeped for medicine, and then used as fuel to cook his food and warm his tent. A camel steak, I am told, is very good eating, and in the matter of by-products of a carcass, even the enterprising Chicago packers might learn something from the wandering Bedouin of the desert.

Various writers at various times have struck true notes in the music of the East. Doughty's "Travels in





Arab Craft on the Shatt-el-Arab

Arabia" form delightful reading. Mrs. Wilkins in "By Desert Roads to Bagdad", has made a valuable contribution to the literature of the desert. Miss Lowthian Bell, late of the Political Service in Bagdad, has, in my opinion, written of the East with a charm and insight which few modern writers on travel possess. It is a pity that books of hers such as "Amurath to Amurath" and "The

Desert and the Sown" are not more generally known and more widely read.

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out, the Shatt-el-Arab rolls noiselessly on, and ancient Bussorah, with her one road to the desert and the other to the sea, remains true to her old traditions, undisturbed by the tramp of armies or the dawn of a newer day.



# FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

## I

Resignation  
and reward

THREE representatives of the United Farmers who were returned to the Ontario Legislature in the general election have resigned the seats in which they never sat in order to make vacancies for Mr. Drury and two of his ministers. It is explained with much fervour and apparently with complete candour that the members who resigned are not to receive offices or any other valuable recognition or emolument. The gods may provide, but there is no understanding with the gods which could be interpreted in an earthly atmosphere as a bargain.

Looking backward to Confederation, and beyond, one recalls many instances in which members resigned to accommodate defeated ministers or through other urgent political exigency. But never was there any admission that the member would be rewarded. It was always positively asserted that there was no promise. But it always happened that the resigning member dropped into a life senatorship or some other comfortable position. One cannot think of a single failure in half a century nor a single instance in which it was admitted that there was a promise. In all the history of the tribes of men there is no other such remarkable illustration of faith and its certain reward.

One will follow with curious interest the future experiences of the elected farmers of Halton, East Kent and East Wellington who resigned for Mr. Drury, Mr. Doherty and Mr. Raney and unless they fail to receive "recognition" in the happy future a new chapter will be written in Canadian history. Whether they are rewarded by faith or by contract the people expect that the members who made way for the ministers will not be neglected".

## II

Depreciation  
of the dollar

IN references to the depreciation of the Canadian dollar in the United States there is often a hint of anger with the American people. But Americans are not animated by hostility to the dollar any more than they are trying to destroy the British pound or the German mark or the French franc. The chances are that exchange will operate tremendously against United States exports and compel other countries to develop their own natural and industrial resources. It is for this reason no doubt that Great Britain has been reluctant to incur fresh obligations in order to



stabilize exchange. To borrow in the United States would stimulate United States exports to Britain and aggravate rather than relieve the British financial and industrial situation. Ultimate relief must come by saving and producing and not by borrowing and spending. It is conceivable that sooner or later the European nations will have to establish a system of barrier or at least a new basis of international trading until debts have been reduced and the long strain of the war measurably relieved.

For the time, however, exchange bears heavily upon Canada. Every month we buy goods in the United States to the value of \$60,000,000 or \$75,000,000. An additional twelve or fifteen per cent. is added for exchange. To original cost, to exchange and to freight paid to American railways the Canadian retailer adds his regular profit. Every family in Canada, therefore, is paying between \$1.50 and \$2 every working day to United States capitalists and workers for American products as against eight cents a day paid by every family in the United States for Canadian products. Upon American purchases Canadian consumers are paying in exchange alone at the rate of \$100,000,000 annually above the amount paid for equal purchases before the dollar fell from 12 to 15 per cent. below its par value.

It is clearly essential, therefore, whatever may be one's fiscal faith or political connections, to buy less in the United States and more in Canada, to find as far as is practicable substitutes for American articles, to avoid purchase of luxuries across the border, and even to lose a season at Atlantic City, in the South or in California. This is merely the law of self-preservation. Abstention from purchase of American goods and products, as has been said, is not dictated by any feeling of hostility to our neighbours. Nor is concern for Canadian industries necessarily the dominating motive. We cannot afford to increase our huge war obligations by an excess payment of \$100,000,000 to American manufacturers and workers. A heavy payment we cannot escape for we must have coal, ore, cotton and other raw materials. But we can go a great distance to balance the account. The situation imposes upon Canadian manufacturers a special obligation to supply the home market at reasonable prices and to increase exports to the utmost. A special obligation lies also upon leaders of organized labour to impress upon workers the necessity for co-operation with employers to produce "goods made in Canada" adequate to the demand and of quality that will hold the market in future.

### III

**F**IFTY-SIX years ago the American greenback was quoted at thirty-nine or forty cents in Toronto. During the Civil War there was heavy buying by United States army contractors in Canada until prices very like those which now prevail were paid for many farm products. Although the North financed the war with skill and courage the years which followed witnessed the plottings of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk and demonstrated that a great general was not neces-

Buy less in the  
United States

The greenback  
in Toronto

Back in  
Sixty-four

sarily a wise president. Henry Adams, whose absorbing autobiography was published only a short time ago, has told the story of the "gold conspiracy" although at the time he could not get publication in his favourite British magazines.

Mr. C. C. Taylor, author of "Toronto Called Back", extracts from whose book are quoted by *The Home Bank Monthly*, explains that in 1864 American gold poured into Canada, farmers and merchants reaped a golden harvest and fortunes were accumulated by many traders and speculators. Mr. Taylor had a friend who took \$40 to a broker on King Street and received \$100 in American currency. "The fare to New York, which from Suspension Bridge was \$10, was to us only \$4, while the charge of \$4 at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, was to us just \$1.60 a day." Mr. Taylor tells also of a visitor from the United States who bought an article on King street for twenty-five cents and got fifteen cents change out of an American dollar. Neither the Canadian dollar nor the British pound are yet in such low estate among Americans. But the prophets grow cautious. These are days in which any man is as wise as his neighbour and the economists only confound one another.

#### IV

The situation  
in Russia

IT is stated that the Russian Soviet Finance Commissariat has begun to issue a new series of notes, including denominations of 5,000 and 10,000 roubles. The Government's dependence upon the printing press is absolute. Between January, 1918, and December, 1919, the budgets totalled 197,000,000,000 roubles. As against this expenditure the Finance Commissariat has received since January, 1918, only 32,000,000,000 roubles. At par of exchange the Russian rouble is worth 51.5 cents in Canadian currency. It is now quoted at slightly over three cents. But since there is practically no trading the quotation is merely nominal. It is not easy to ascertain how much paper money has actually been issued by the Soviet Government. One estimate, regarded with respect, is that down to December, 1919, the total was \$34,000,000,000 which at par of exchange is roughly equal to 66,000,000,000 roubles. A statistician declares that this amount in average denominations of 100 roubles, would reach five times round the globe.

If ever there was a situation which called for the intervention of a League of Nations it is that which exists in Russia. Yet murder, pillage, famine, and every sort of evil visitation which can come upon man sweep across Russia and the world stands aside. During the first two years of the war Russia made immense sacrifices for the common cause of the Allies. To-day the Allies do, perhaps can do, nothing. Unfortunately all history demonstrates that outside interference drives the people of any country together but despite that warning it is difficult to reconcile oneself to patient waiting for the Russian people to settle their destiny by murder, outrage and starvation. The time may come, however, when other nations can do something to assist Russia, and the British Empire may have opportunity to show that it is not



less concerned than Germany for the welfare of the Russian people. It is alleged by the professional Bolsheviks that "a capitalistic press" conceals the truth about Russia. One would like to think so. There is danger that if all the truth were told the world would be driven to the verge of madness. It takes more than a phrase and costs more than a throne to make the world safe for democracy or safe under democracy.

## V

**T**HE MONTREAL DAILY STAR of January 8th and these three advertisements:

WINDOW CLEANERS WANTED—We pay from \$35 to \$40 a week. Apply New York Window Cleaning Co., Toronto. We will return your fare if you remain with us.

PRESSERS on men's coats; steady work; salary, \$40 to \$48 a week. Write Box 1221, Star Office.

PROTESTANT TEACHER wanted for Cote St. George School, County Soulanges, holding first-class diploma; salary, \$40 per month. Duties to commence at once. Apply to John J. Dewar, St. Telesphore, Que.

The burden  
bearers of  
democracy

The time was when \$40 a month was regarded as a decent salary for a teacher, but it is a pitiful amount as living now goes. There are, however, thousands of teachers in Canada who receive less than Cote St. George school offers. All over the Dominion and indeed all over the continent teachers are restless and bitter under a sense of injustice. They learn of strikes among workers for wage increases and often of the intervention of Governments to force employers into submission. They read that the minimum day's pay of unskilled labour in the United States Steel Corporation is now \$5.08. They know how railway wages were forced upward in the United States by President Wilson. They have knowledge of Industrial Conferences at Ottawa and Washington to improve relations between workers and employees and incidentally to maintain or increase wages. But they find themselves comparatively neglected, forced to be content with small advances, or required to incur public disfavour by organization, appeal and protest.

In the West there are hundreds of school sections where teachers cannot be obtained and many schools all over the country are in the hands of teachers without adequate qualifications. In the past we have looked to teachers, professors and ministers for sober counsel and the inculcation of reverence for authority and order. The temper of democracy is fashioned by church, school and press. If we treat the leaders with callous neglect, and feed them on the mere crumbs from other people's tables, can they give the best service and the best counsel? Not many men are divine enough to suffer and be grateful. The truth is that in this as in other "democratic" countries we give least to those whom we need most and we are still so far from any decent recognition of our obligation to ministers and teachers that one fears the Kingdom will not come until it comes by violence. Democracy with all its profession and pretension is a hard taskmaster and a shabby paymaster. It is not true that the masses of workmen despite

Dearth of good  
teachers

higher wages are worse off than they ever were through the great increase in the cost of living, but it is true of a multitude of teachers, professors and ministers of the Gospel.

## VI

The confusion  
in politics

**I**N North Ontario the candidate of the United Farmers had overwhelming majorities in the townships but was beaten by four to one in the towns and villages. It cannot be established that there is any such conflict of interest between the towns and the townships as the voting suggests. There is no general hostility to farmers among the urban population. Indeed there are the most intimate personal and social relations between the people who voted so strongly for the Unionist candidate and those of the townships who polled as decisively for his opponent. For the moment, however, antagonism has developed and class and local considerations determine the attitude of multitudes of electors.

Through the organization of the Union Government the old party loyalties were vitally disturbed. The death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier affected thousands of voters whose devotion to the Liberal leader was personal, even before it was political. There is an element among Conservatives which believes the old party divisions should be restored and which at best only tolerates Union Government. The disappearance of patronage has affected the allegiance, or at least the enthusiasm, of many voters, while the long absences of Sir Robert Borden from Canada have impaired the cohesion of the Unionist forces.

During the war attention was necessarily concentrated upon war issues. Ministers could not go before the constituencies in defence of their general administration and policy. The political education of the people was necessarily neglected and to a degree we had what has been described as government by explosion. Organized minorities in Parliament were very powerful and important measures were adopted upon which the people were not or could not be consulted. Since the armistice the United Farmers and the Liberal party have each formulated a definite political programme. But the Unionist party, if there be such a party, has no definite national policy, and it is suspected that upon vital questions the Government, which is the only mouthpiece of Unionists, is divided. The extent of the division is probably exaggerated, but at least there is uncertainty, which produces instability of opinion in the country. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is not surprising that the by-elections have resulted unfavourably to the Government, and that the country is demanding a definite programme and aggressive leadership from the Federal ministers and reliable assurances that they are in essential agreement upon questions of public policy.

Compromise  
will not do

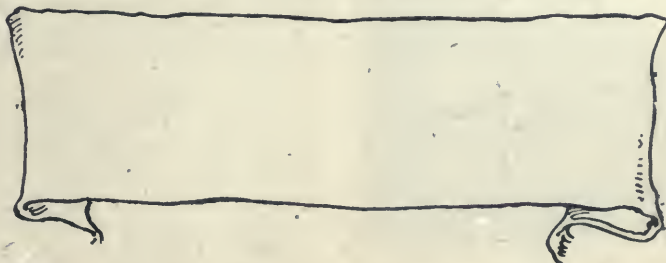
It is doubtful if the old party divisions can ever be restored. Some of the old political practices are in disfavour. Some of the old traditions no longer appeal. The Unionist Government cannot survive by continual compromise between the Conservative and Liberal wings. The country is not con-



vinced that there must be an equal balance in the Cabinet between Conservative and Liberal ministers or that there must be an exact division between Conservative and Liberal appointments to the Bench, the Senate, and other public places. It does not believe that the Government should concern itself unduly with the claims of individuals to recognition for ancient services to one party or the other, or that the dignity of individuals should be the chief consideration in reorganization of the Cabinet. It wants heads of departments who have experience and resource and a national outlook. If they have no "claims", so much the better, and so much the better if their training in the old political schools was neglected. But they must have a common national faith and a common national platform.

Kind of  
Government  
needed

It is not essential that they should regard the tariff as too sacred for revision or that they should be the particular servants of either the industrial or the agricultural interests. But they must recognize that Canada requires a constructive policy, that her natural resources should be energetically developed, that settlement must be encouraged and agriculture stimulated, that East and West cannot wisely war "in the bosom of a single state", that racial and sectional quarrels must not be permitted to bedevil the country in future, that class government is divisive and disruptive while group government produces personal and political trading and feeble administration, that agitators from other countries who would exploit their inherited grievances in the free air of Canada are unworthy of Canadian citizenship, and that Labour should have a direct voice in the public councils. In short, we want a government with a programme which the people can understand, upon which they can pronounce judgment with knowledge and intelligence, which has courage enough to put the common national interest before all class and sectional consideration, and which will determinedly resist all those who would make mischief between the Dominion and the Mother Country, and vigorously support every rational proposal for commercial and political co-operation between all portions of the British Commonwealth. We have had such Governments. We may have such Governments again. If we fail to get what the country deserves and demands it will be in great degree because the political leaders, through lack of vigour, lack of courage, and lack of vision, give the people no fair opportunity to express their devotion to Canada when a new Parliament has to be elected.





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

### AN APOSTLE OF UNITY

**S**PEAKING in Toronto a few weeks ago in the interests of the Forward Movement, that famous Canadian, Bishop Brent, formerly of the Philippine Islands and now of Western New York, had much to say of links and ties and bridges; of the spirit of com-

radeship between nations; of "the Kingdom of God on earth and of God's Universal Church". The message of unity—not a new one from his lips—comes with special force because he has lived it as well as preached it, not only labouring to bring about closer co-operation between Christian bodies on the grand scale, but witnessing to his belief by speaking in the churches of other Christian denominations than his own. Circumstances have perhaps helped to realize the need for the breaking down of the walls of partition dividing man from man, nation from nation, church from church.

He put the case somewhat quaintly. After speaking of the visits of the King and Queen of the Belgians, Cardinal Mercier and the Prince of Wales as increasing "the security of those ties that bind the old to the new", he added: "I, in a very simple way and in a very lowly way, may aspire to be an international bridge because of my Saxon-Scotch-Irish-Canadian blood, and added to that my American-Philippine-European experience."

Naturalized in the United States, claimed as "a fine example of an American patriot," he is "none the less loyal to the country and people of his birth". Asked once which country he liked best of all he had



Bishop Charles Henry Brent





#### CHAMPION HORSEWOMAN

Miss Hilda E. McCormick, noted Vancouver horsewoman, champion of the Pacific Coast for high jumping, with a record of six feet one inch by her thoroughbred hunter, *Tank*, made two years ago in Vancouver and easily retained at San Francisco's International Live Stock Show against half a dozen competitors who fell out. On this occasion *Tank* made a magnificent clearance of the five-foot eleven hurdle. Miss McCormick has been riding horses since she was five years of age.

seen, he answered with loving recollections of his earliest home, "Newcastle!"

And Canadians are proud to remember their claim on him. In 1910, after he had attended the Church of England bi-centennial celebrations in Halifax, he visited King's College, Windsor, (that oldest of Canada's universities recently destroyed by fire), to receive the honorary degree of D. D. Incidentally it is of interest that his aunt, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, received an honorary degree—that of D.C.L.—on the same day.

It was at Newcastle in Ontario, that Charles Henry Brent was born on April 9th, 1862. His father was a clergyman of the Church of England, his mother, a wonderful musician, and the Bishop inherited her

love of music as he has followed his father's choice of a profession.

He took a brilliant course at Trinity College School, Port Hope, and after graduating from Trinity College, Toronto, was ordained deacon in 1886. He offered for work in his home diocese, but the way was not open, and, after a brief period in Buffalo, he became an inmate of the Clergy House of the Society of St. John the Evangelist in Boston. Here he showed a remarkable gift for ministering to people of different creeds, classes and races and "St. Augustine's Church is a memorial of his zeal for the coloured people". In 1891, when Phillips Brooks became Bishop of Massachusetts, he placed Charles Brent and a friend in charge of the Church of St. Stephen. Here Brent laboured till he



Lady Dorothy Cavendish,  
daughter of the Governor-General of Canada, whose engagement to Capt. Harold  
Macmillan has been announced

was elected First Bishop of the Philippine Islands in 1901, about thirteen years after he had come, young and unknown, to work amongst the poor of Boston.

When he left a writer in *The Outlook* had this to say: "In him churchmanship takes its most attractive form. It compels him because he so clearly sees the glory and dignity of the corporate body to think humbly of himself. . . . No fear that the episcopate will spoil his simple rugged nature, he thinks too highly of 'the office of a Bishop in the Church of God to use it for personal ends. . . . He will be the implacable foe of every evil that, under the protection of the flag, would exploit these people. . . .

He is a cautious and judicial man. one can depend on what he says. He is a brave man and no fear of inconsistency will lead him to keep back the truth. As a man, as a churchman and as a citizen Bishop Brent deserves honour."

His attitude towards the Philippines is illustrated by his taking to his own school at Port Hope "Hilary", the son of a "head-hunting savage". The little fellow used to steal to the window of a mission school to watch the lads within at work or play. Bishop Brent took Hilary with him round by England and so great was the boy's intelligence and "bump of locality" that he ventured to send him sightseeing in London on his own ac-



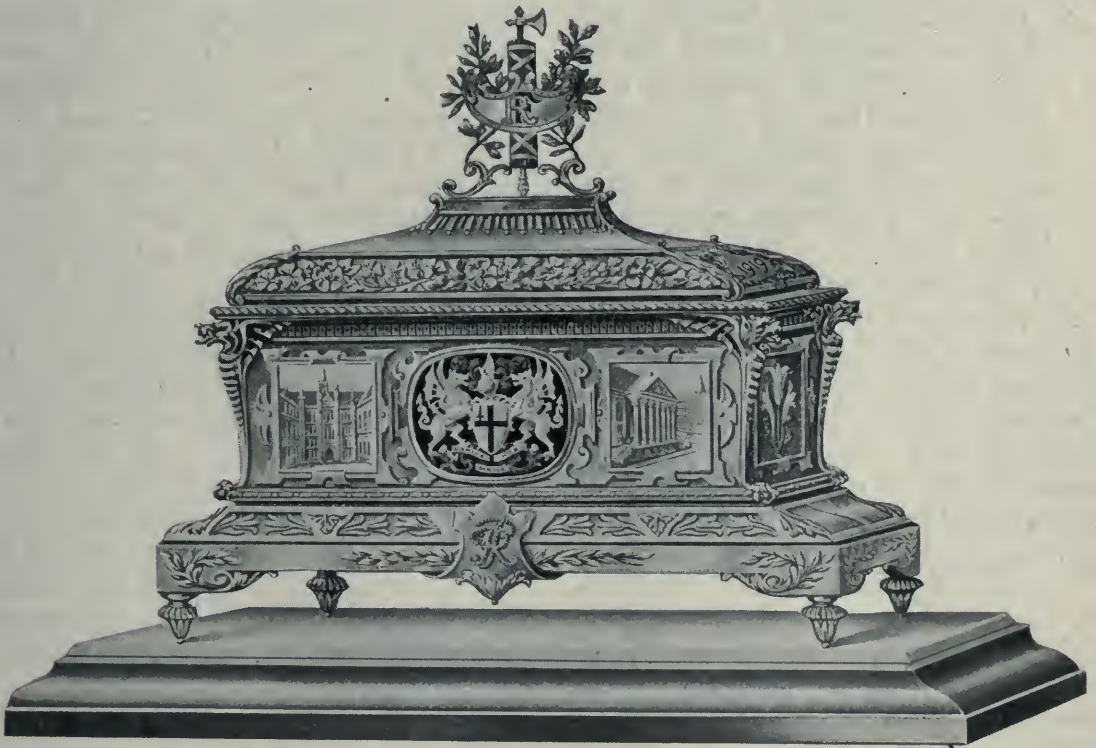
count. At first the boys at Port Hope showed some tendency to gully the dark-skinned stranger, but when he took part in a game of football he showed such prowess that they changed their minds and lionized him. He is now a physician in Manila.

Bishop Brent was the chief mover for the appointment of the Philippine Opium Commission, of which he was a member in 1903-04, and soon became a leader in the international crusade for the suppression of the evil. In 1911-12 he was President of the International Opium Conference which met at the Hague, and was followed, in the United States, by the passing of the Federal Anti-narcotic Law. This came into force in 1915.

When General Pershing was put in

command of the American Army destined for service in Europe, he promptly asked Bishop Brent, by whom he had been confirmed when on military duty in the Philippines, to become head of the chaplains. He accepted, choosing as his aides, a priest of the Roman Catholic Communion and a Congregationalist minister. At his desire, the chaplains wore the uniforms of privates and were distinguished only by a small cross on the collar.

Twice Dr. Brent has refused to become Bishop of Washington, D.C., and once to become Bishop of Rhode Island, but, when on his way to France, he accepted the smaller and less important diocese of Western New York.



Designed and manufactured by The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, London, Eng.

#### A GREAT CITY'S TRIBUTE


A representation of the gold casket presented by the corporation of the city of London to M. Raymond Poincaré, President of the French Republic. The casket is entirely of eighteen carat gold, wrought by hand and decorated in the style of the late Renaissance



# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## LABOUR IN THE CHANGING WORLD

BY R. M. MACIVER. Toronto: J. M.  
Dent and Sons.

WO years ago I sat behind a row of Toronto labour leaders listening to Prof. MacIver lecture before the Canadian Institute on "Capital and Labour". I wondered what was happening to their cherished conviction of political science faculties as apologists for the "predatory rich".

The labour men said nothing, but allowed an opinionated young Marxian Socialist to tell the audience how little the Professor knew of the subject he had been called across the Atlantic to teach, but later on they asked that the lecture be repeated in the Labour Temple.

This invitation marked a bridging of the chasm which separated students of economics within the labour movement and the University, till, to-day, in various parts of Toronto Trades Unions and university men in classes of the Workers Educational Association are together studying the problems of reconstruction.

This new sympathy partly explains why Ontario has achieved a veritable political revolution without justifying the alarmist prognostications of those journals which accepted Queen's Park agitated oratory as representative of labour's soberer mind.

By his close association with these classes as well as his experience as vice-chairman of the Dominion Labour Commission, Prof. MacIver has had opportunities shared by few economists of feeling the pulse of labour, which gives him the right to write with authority.

Since the "economic foundations are laid in the heart of humanity" Prof. MacIver is not alarmed by the shaking of the superstructure, provided society can be persuaded that we are in an era of reconstruction not re-action and are framing a new industrial organization to house the new life to which the recent cataclysm has given birth.

Beginning with the axioms of the scientific economist, that all wealth is produced by human labour and is meaningless save as a contribution to human welfare, Prof. MacIver criticizes the wastefulness of the present wage system. This system, by its division of interest between owner and wage-earner, treats labour as a commodity rather than a capacity and the worker as an instrument rather than a partner in a process of whose completion he can have no intelligent comprehension, and it really has increased enormously the cost of production by leaving undeveloped the native ability and initiative of the worker, killing all the old craftsman joy in achievement and replacing it by the modern worker's chronic "hatred of his job". This has led to the direct waste of the enormous labour turnover quite apart from strikes and lockouts caused by discontent with wages or industrial environment so demoralizing to production.

Last of all there is the most tragic of all wastes caused by the materialistic standards of a plutocracy in which rich and poor alike squander life for "that which profiteth not".

Marxian Socialism is criticized for failing to reach through class consciousness to community consciousness and aiming to replace the control of one order by another. I. W. W. and other extreme revolutionary move-



ments are regarded as councils of desperation in districts where repressive measures have been in force and where organized labour has not reached a high state of development.

Prof. MacIver criticizes the Rockefeller plan for cutting across trade unionism, which he believes as well as the wider co-operation between employers as essential to that final co-operation between both. He believes that the wage system must ultimately be replaced by co-operation in management, ownership and control, so that "labour ceases to be merely labour and capital merely capital" both contributing to the common welfare of the community in which both realize themselves not as antagonists but fellow citizens. Meanwhile every plan which secures consultation between the various factors in production brings nearer that ideal.

Prof. MacIver is as frank in his statement of the difficulties in plans to allay the unrest as in his survey of conflicting interests; in this relation mention may be made on his chapter dealing with women's invasion of industry. But he does not regard economic misery as inevitable. Vital statistics and the enormous increase of production consequent on the application of modern science to agriculture have discounted the doctrines of the melancholy Malthus.

Society may choose not to progress, says Prof. MacIver, but he reiterates the doctrine of his earlier book the only rule of economic, as of social, progress is the golden rule.

The writer had the somewhat unique experience of sitting beside the most representative, as he is also the most conservative, of Canadian labour leaders when the only other comprehensive plan evolved by any Canadian publicist was outlined and getting his direct criticism. This was more frank than commendatory.

When the majority of the people in a country is discontented—and surely the farmers and industrial workers together form the majority, *are* the "public" more than any other classes

—then change is inevitable and the plans for change must be those in which the majority have some confidence. Some plan is better than no plan. To quarrel with majority rule is to quarrel with democracy which has chosen to learn by mistakes if you will, but by the mistakes of a ruling *people*, not a ruling class. Thus Prof. MacIver's book performs a timely service, whatever we may think of its social doctrines. It also gives the scientists negation to any further necessity on the part of the Christian church of harmonizing economic pessimism with its religious gospel by his quiet acceptance of the stern doctrine of human brotherhood, as essential to the realization of earthly as well as spiritual riches.

"Labour in the Changing World" will be certainly an alarming book to those whose faith is built almost as much on the national policy as the scriptures. It will be decidedly disconcerting to the Christian sentimentalists, while to the materialists with whom class privilege and prejudice are foundations of the only tolerable world it will be a book to fight with methods more or less crude or subtle. But to those who have tramped for years the mean streets of our great industrial centres trying in some small way to realize there the teaching of Him who was both King and carpenter, it is a book of cheer. It opens at last within the "dismal science" a door of hope upon a sunny road down which the children of to-morrow may go singing to their play.

ISA M. BYERS.

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### THE VITAL MESSAGE

By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Toronto: Hodden and Stoughton.

IT is a well-known fact that many persons who are adjudged insane appear to be sane and logical on all but one subject. In other words, many insane persons talk along and almost convince of their sanity until quite unexpectedly they make some absurd



and irrelevant observation. It is much the same with this book; it moves along in a way that is convincing as to the author's normality and sincerity in discussing spiritualism and recording psychic phenomena. Then this paragraph confronts the erstwhile credulous reader:

In a recent case I was called in to check a very noisy entity which frequented an old house in which there were strong reasons to believe that crime had been committed, and also that the criminal was earth-bound. Names were given by the unhappy spirit which proved to be correct, and a cupboard was described which was duly found, though it had never been suspected. On getting into touch with the spirit I endeavoured to reason with it and to explain how selfish it was to cause misery to others in order to satisfy any feelings of revenge which it might have carried over from earth life. We then prayed for its welfare, exhorted it to rise higher, and received a very solemn assurance, tilted out at the table, that it would mend its ways. I have very gratifying reports that it has done so, and that all is now quiet in the old house."

We do not know what is meant by "tilted out at the table", but in any case exhortation is a new way of disposing of ghosts. The shotgun used to be effective.

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### GEORGIAN POETRY, 1918-1919

Edited by E. M. London, 35 Devonshire Street: The Poetry Bookshop.

THIS is the fourth volume of this series, which for nine years has gathered together some of the vagrant poetry of the younger spirits in England who are speaking in at least new voices and with some departure from tradition. Poets whose works are now well known are here represented—Lascelles, Abercrombie, Gordon Bottomley, William H. Davies, Walter De La Mare, John Drinkwater, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, D. H. Lawrence, Harold Monro, and several whose poetry is not so well known and who appear among the Georgians for the first time. One of these is J. D. C. Pellow, of whom the editor confesses he knows

nothing. We quote his poem, "The Temple":

Between the erect and solemn trees  
I will go down upon my knees;  
I shall not find this day  
So meet a place to pray.

Haply the beauty of this place  
May work in me an answering grace,  
The stillness of the air  
Be echoed in my prayer.

The worshipping trees arise and run,  
With never a swerve, towards the sun;  
So may my soul's desire  
Turn to its central fire.

With single aim they seek the light,  
And scarce a twig in all their height  
Breaks out until the head  
In glory is outspread.

How strong each pillared trunk; the bark  
That covers them, how smooth, and hark,  
The sweet and gentle voice  
With which the leaves rejoice!

May a like strength and sweetness fill  
Desire, and thought, and steadfast will,  
When I remember these  
Fair sacramental trees!

One of the new writers, Robert Nichols, has a wonderfully beautiful poem in "The Sprig of Lime", part of which we quote:

Sweet lime that often at the height of  
noon  
Diffusing dizzy fragrance from your  
boughs,  
Tasselled with blossoms more innumerable  
Than the black bees, the uproar of whose  
toil  
Filled your green vaults, winning such  
metheglyn  
As clouds their sappy cells, distil, as  
once  
Ye used, your sunniest emanations  
Toward the window where a woman  
kneels—  
She who within that room in childish  
hours  
Lay through the lasting murmur of  
blanch'd noon  
Behind the sultry blind, now full, now  
flat,  
Drinking anew of every odorous breath,  
Supremely happy in her ignorance  
Of time that hastens hourly, and of Death,  
Who need not haste. Scatter your fumes,  
O lime,  
Loose from each hispid star of citron  
bloom,  
Tangled beneath the labyrinthine boughs,



Cloud on such stinging cloud of ex-  
halations  
As reek of youth, fierce life and sum-  
mer's prime,  
Though hardly now shall he in that dusk  
room.  
Savour your sweetness, since the very  
sprig,  
Profuse of blossom and of essences,  
He smells not, who in a paltering hand  
Clasps it, laid close his peaked and gleam-  
ing face  
Propped in the pillow. Breath silent,  
lofty lime,  
Your curfew secrets out in fervid scent  
To the attendant shadows! Tinge the air  
Of the mid-summer night that now begins,  
At an owl's oaring flight from dusk to  
dusk  
And downward caper of the giddy bat  
Hawking against the lustre of bare skies,  
With something of th' unfathomable bliss  
He, who lies dying there, knew once of  
old  
In the serene trance of a summer night  
When with th' abundance of his young  
bride's hair  
Loosed on his breast, he lay and dared not  
sleep,  
And drinking desperately each honied  
wave  
Of perfume wafted past the ghostly  
blind  
Knew first th' implacable and bitter  
sense  
Of Time that hastes and Death who need  
not haste.  
Shed your last sweetness, limes!  
But now no more.  
The fruit of that night's love, she heeds  
you not,  
Who bent, compassionate, to the dim floor,  
Takes up the sprig of lime and presses it  
In against the stumbling of her heart,  
Knowing, untold, he cannot need it more.

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### CANADIAN SINGERS AND THEIR SONGS

BY EDWARD S. CASWELL. Toronto:  
McClelland and Stewart.

WITH this book, which is a de-  
parture from the usual anthol-  
ogy, and which, indeed, is not an  
anthology in the broadest meaning of  
the word, Mr. Caswell has done more  
perhaps than any other compiler to-  
wards familiarizing Canadians with  
some of their most popular poets. It  
is something to know what a poet has  
written, but it is much more, in addi-  
tion, to know what the poet looks like

and the peculiar chirography that dif-  
ferentiates him from other poets. Mr.  
Caswell has succeeded in obtaining,  
poems, in the authors' own handwrit-  
ing, of many of our best known poets  
from Charles Sangster to John Mc-  
Crae. The collection is astonishingly  
comprehensive, especially in view of  
the fact that a number of the poets  
represented have passed away, mak-  
ing it difficult, and in some cases al-  
most impossible, to procure any of  
their poems in their own handwriting.  
But undoubtedly this collection is the  
result of a labour of love extending  
over many years.

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### WAR VOICES AND MEMORIES

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD. New York:  
James T. White and Company.

TWENTY years ago the author of  
this volume was known to readers  
of American magazines as a poet with  
a fine sense of rhythm and music, a  
nature poet whose metre was true and  
colour abundant. He was an out and  
out lyric poet and showed no inclin-  
ation towards free verse. His fancy  
ran as he himself expresses it in "The  
Song Valiant", the first poem in the  
table of contents in this book, where  
he says:

"Give me to sing a valiant song, I pray,  
Without a note that shall its cadence mar".

The reader is informed that the  
book is composed of verses written  
during the years 1917 and 1918. One  
would judge that he has not been  
moved greatly by the so-called free  
verse—the production of poets of this  
day who look with scorn at anything  
that rhymes. But we do find one  
number in blank verse, only one—  
"The Cock of Tilloloy". We quote  
from it so that it might be compared  
with one other in his usual style:

For years unknown the Cock of Tilloloy,  
Of ancient Tilloloy in Picardy,  
Stood staunch on guard upon the old  
church tower,  
Whirled with the whirlinig winds, and,  
many deemed,  
Sounded a shrill reveille when the morn  
Flowered in the east like an aerial rose.



After a thousand thousand rains and  
 snows  
 Had beaten on it, sanguine battle came  
 And smote the rod which held it. Down  
 it fell,  
 Clashing and clanging on the lichened  
 tiles,  
 And thence to earth. In the diaphanous  
 dusk  
 Of early June, what time it poised and  
 plunged,  
 A Poilu, wandering in the dim church  
 close,  
 Saw the descending vane and caught it up,  
 The ancient iron Cock of Tilloloy.  
 Somehow it seemed a symbol and a sign,  
 And so he bore it with him. At Verdun,  
 And too upon that red intrenched line  
 Along the Somme, it crowned the barrier,  
 And 'twas as though it crowed the  
 clarion call  
 To Victory, though the shrapnel clipped  
 its comb  
 And rent it's slender body. The Poilu,  
 Fain on his furlough after days that  
 reeked  
 With shock and slaughter, took the bat-  
 tered Cock,  
 The ancient iron Cock of Tilloloy,  
 And hid it.  
 Now that kindly hearts and hands,  
 Hearts, wherein burn the flame of love  
 for France,  
 Are to remould and fashion wall and  
 tower,  
 Again upon the crest the radiant vane,  
 Unvanquished by the onset of the Huns,  
 In reverence raised from its safe hiding-  
 place,  
 Will greet the morning as in elder time  
 When winds of Peace blew over Tilloloy.  
 Such is our dream—and may the dream  
 come true.

#### IN JUNE

The crimson roses tell me it is June;  
 I know it by the wind that never  
 grieves,  
 And by the radiant rondure of the moon,  
 And by the emerald shadows of the  
 leaves.  
 The fireflies with their tenuous golden  
 skeins  
 They too reveal it, and the oriole,  
 Flame-breasted, says to me that Junetime  
 reigns  
 By the unburdened rapture of its soul.  
 Yet sometimes I am barren of belief,  
 And whisper to myself it cannot be,  
 With all the nations in the grasp of grief,  
 And all the world so wrenched with  
 agony.  
 June is for joy, yet horror stalks abroad,  
 And he who wrought the crime blasphemes  
 to God.

#### RICHARD COBDEN: THE INTERNATIONAL MAN.

By J. A. HOBSON. Toronto: J. M.  
 Dent and Sons.

ONE would judge by reading this  
 book, which is the work of one of  
 the foremost economists of the day,  
 that had Cobden's ideas, especially  
 his idea regarding internationalism  
 and in favour of free trade been  
 adopted, not only by Great Britain,  
 but also by the other great powers  
 of Europe, there would have been no  
 such war as we have just witnessed.  
 Cobden condemned protective tariffs  
 and other impediments to trade, not  
 only because they made food dear  
 and otherwise impaired the produc-  
 tion of national wealth but because  
 they interfered with free and friendly  
 intercourse of different nations, bred  
 hostility of interests, stimulated hos-  
 tile preparations, and swallowed up  
 those energies and resources of each  
 nation that were needed for the culti-  
 vation of the arts of peaceful pro-  
 gress. Cobden believed that non-in-  
 tervention was the only safe and sure  
 condition for the play of the positive  
 forces of human sympathy and solid-  
 arity between the members of dif-  
 ferent political communities. Peoples  
 themselves, if governments would  
 cease to interfere, would discover and  
 maintain friendly intercourse, first  
 in the mutual interchange of goods  
 and services for the satisfaction of  
 their common needs. Then in grow-  
 ing co-operation for all the higher  
 purposes of life. Mr. Hobson's ap-  
 preciation of Cobden as an interna-  
 tionalist, made possible by access to  
 material hitherto unpublished, places  
 the subject in a new light, removes  
 him from the isolation of purely  
 British politics and makes him one of  
 the great modern political reformers.  
 The book, therefore, is an intensely  
 interesting study of one who while  
 devoting his energies to the allevia-  
 tion of conditions of living in Britain,  
 looked farther afield in the hope of  
 applying his theories in a practical  
 way elsewhere.







HORSES FEEDING

From the Painting  
by André Lapine





THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 6

## CANADA'S POSITION IN THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BY HON. N. W. ROWELL,  
PRESIDENT OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL

**I**N the crisis of July, 1914, there was no existing international organization or tribunal competent to take into consideration the grave issues then raised, and there is no finer or more pathetic incident in modern history than the heroic, persistent, but vain endeavour of Sir Edward Grey to secure an agreement of the nations to some conference or consultation before the world should be plunged into the war from which it has so grievously suffered.

The League of Nations is the logical and should be the inevitable development from these conditions and from the loss and suffering the world has sustained through the war. Its great function is to promote international co-operation and to set up such machinery and create such tribunals for the investigation and, if possible, adjustment of international disputes as

will render impossible a repetition of the conditions which existed in July, 1914, and as should render impossible a repetition of this world war. The League expresses the new spirit in international relations.

Participation in the League means a changed attitude on the part of each nation to all others. In the past each nation has regarded all others as potential enemies and that the only course of wisdom and safety was to provide against aggressive attack by defensive armaments to the limit of the nation's ability and to protect against combinations of other powers by similar combinations of at least equal strength. In the League of Nations, each nation is bound to look upon the other as a potential, if not a real, friend, for each is committed to the protection of the other so long as the covenants of the League are duly performed and provision is made for common and united action



for the preservation of the world's peace. For "the balance of power", which, for more than three centuries has been the expedient of statesmen to guard against the ambition and aggression of great powers to increase at the expense of the weaker, it substitutes an agreement among all the nations to secure and maintain international peace. It means the substitution of co-operation for competition and conflict.

Canada's participation in the League means a complete reversal of our traditional attitude toward foreign policy and world affairs. In the past Canadian public opinion has demanded that our Governments concern themselves almost exclusively with our own domestic problems, that we should not mix in the maelstrom of European or world politics, that we should go our own way and live unto ourselves. The war has changed all this. It has shown that no one nation can live unto itself, that that which vitally affects one ultimately affects all; and whether we welcome or regret the prospect we must face the new condition and accept our share of responsibility for international co-operation and world peace.

The formal organization of the League of Nations at the meeting of the Council of the League in Paris on the 16th of January marks the dawn of a new era in international relations and should mark a great advance in human progress. One cannot but note the regret expressed by the statesmen of the world at the absence of the United States from this meeting, a regret which we in Canada, their neighbours, sincerely share. We earnestly hope that the United States will become a member of the League and that the whole weight of her influence will be thrown on the side of the great principles for which the League stands.

The ratification of the Treaty and the inauguration of the League, with Canada as one of the original members, also marks Canada's advent into the family of nations as a member of

the Britannic Commonwealth of free, self-governing states. The British constitution is so flexible in its character, is so easily modified to meet changing conditions, that even we who lie within the Empire are scarcely conscious of the momentous character of the changes which are being silently wrought in its constitution and in the relation of the different portions of the Empire to each other. The British Empire has ceased to be an Empire in the real sense of the term, composed of one central power with lesser powers dependent on her, and has become in a very true sense a commonwealth of free, self-governing nations of equal status, though not of equal power, all owing allegiance to a common Sovereign and bound together by historic ties and by a community of interest and sentiment which are the surest guarantee of its strength and permanence. It did not require any Act of the Imperial Parliament to bring about this change; it has been a gradual development. That such a change has been brought about is recognized by the statesmen of Great Britain and of all the Dominions. The position could not be stated more clearly than in the Report of the War Cabinet for the year 1918, presented to the Imperial Parliament by the British Government, from which I quote the following:

The common effort and sacrifice in the war have inevitably led to the recognition of an equality of status between the responsible Governments of the Empire. This equality has long been acknowledged in principle and found its adequate expression in 1917 in the creation, or rather the natural coming into being, of the Imperial War Cabinet as an instrument for evolving a common Imperial policy in the conduct of the war.

In a statement issued in September, 1919, by the British Government on "National needs and National policy", the Secretary of State for the Colonies defined the national status of the Dominions as follows:

The Peace Treaty recently made in Paris was signed on behalf of the British Empire, by Ministers of the self-



governing Dominions as well as by British Ministers. They were all equally plenipotentiaries of H.M. the King, who was the "High Contracting Party" for the whole Empire.

This procedure illustrates the new constitution of the Empire, which has been gradually growing up for many years past. The United Kingdom and the Dominions are partner nations; not yet, indeed, of equal power, but for good and all of equal status. A time may come when one or more of these Dominions will equal or even surpass the United Kingdom in wealth and population, as they already surpass it in geographical extent.

While this change in our constitutional position was clearly recognized by Great Britain and the other portions of the Empire before the meeting of the Peace Conference in Paris, it was not until the meeting of the Conference that this change was recognized by the other nations of the world. If some outside our borders have been slow to appreciate its significance, it may be due to the fact that the British Empire, as now constituted, is something new in human history. It is a constitutional experiment in free democratic government for which there is no precedent, and if it succeeds, as we confidently anticipate it will, it will express the greatest triumph of the Anglo-Saxon genius in the realm of government. The British Commonwealth is itself a league of nations.

The participation of Canada and the other Dominions in the Peace Conference was naturally and inevitably followed by the recognition of the right of Canada and the other Dominions to become members of the League of Nations with all the rights, privileges and obligations of membership.

Since the signing of the Treaty the position of Canada and the other Dominions in the League has been challenged in the United States and their right to a vote has been denied. Canada initiated the movement which resulted in the representation of the Dominions in the League and she accepts full responsibility for all the consequences of such action. We confident-

ly submit there is absolutely no just ground for opposition to the treaty on this score.

Let me remind you that there are no less than seventeen other American nations named in the treaty either as members of the League or as neutrals who are entitled to become members and not one of these has raised any objection to the participation of Canada or the other Dominions. I would go further and in view of the experience gained at the Washington Conference, would say that I believe everyone of these nations not only recognized Canada's right to representation, but would welcome Canada's presence in the League. No other nation in America, and no nation in Europe, Asia or Africa, has offered objection, from which we are justified in concluding that in the opinion of men of all races Canada is entitled to the position granted to her in the League of Nations. I do not believe that any nation will finally deny to Canada the right won for her by her sons on the field of battle and un-animously accorded to her by the Peace Conference at Paris.

The members of the United States Senate who supported the Administration recognized the right of the Dominion and supported the treaty as submitted to the Senate. The Republican minority on the Committee of Foreign Relations in the report presented to the Senate by Senator McCumber, strongly supported the right of the Dominion to representation and to a vote in the Assembly and pointed out that the United States, in view of her relation to Panama, Cuba and the Central and South American States was not in a position to question the votes in the Assembly of the self-governing Dominions of the British Empire.

The treaty has been ratified and is now in effect and the status of the Dominion members has been definitely and finally established. Stripped of all diplomatic verbiage, therefore, the question which we face is, shall the Dominion be forced out of distinctive



representation in the League in order that one of the many objections urged by some members of the United States Senate to the ratification of the treaty may be removed? To that question there is only one possible reply, and that is, a dignified but unequivocal, No.

May I briefly restate the reasons why this should be Canada's attitude. The United States Senate has by a majority approved fourteen reservations to the treaty, commonly known as the Lodge reservations; some of them are mere interpretations of the treaty, others are more substantial, but the one which is of special interest and importance to us is No. 14, commonly known as the Lenroot reservation; under this the position of Canada and the other self-governing Dominions in the League of Nations is challenged. The following is the text of the reservation:

The United States assumes no obligation to be bound by any election, decision, report or finding of the Council or Assembly in which any member of the league and its self-governing Dominions, colonies, or parts of Empire in the aggregate have cast more than one vote, and assume no obligation to be bound by any decision, report or finding of the Council or Assembly arising out of any dispute between the United States and any member of the league, if such member or any self-governing Dominion, colony, Empire, or part of Empire united with it politically has voted.

If Canada has no right to distinctive membership or a voice or vote in the League she has no right to distinctive membership or a voice in the International Labour Organization; and although the Lenroot reservation deals specifically with the League of Nations, it challenges Canada's position also in the International Labour Organization.

This reservation deals with two distinct matters; (1) the general voting rights of the Dominions in the League and (2) the position of the Dominions in case a dispute should arise likely to lead to a rupture between the United States and any portion of the

British Empire. May I say in passing that the question of the votes in the Assembly has been magnified out of all proportion to its relative importance. Anyone who understands the principles and spirit of the League will at once recognize that no question of vital importance ever will be decided by a vote. The importance to Canada is not the question of a balancing of votes; it is a question of our national status and our right to participate in this Assembly representing the family of nations.

Dealing with the second part of the Lenroot reservation, it is said if a dispute should arise between Great Britain and the United States which would be likely to lead to a rupture, and this were referred by the Council to the Assembly under Article 15 of the Covenant, that while Great Britain and the United States would be excluded as parties in interest, Canada would have the right to vote. I do not so read the covenant. Canada owes allegiance to the same sovereign as Great Britain and so long as she continues to do so she would be a party in interest and disentitled to vote. If she disclaimed interest and claimed the right to vote she would thereby proclaim her independence, and this she will never do. Therefore in such a dispute the United States could not possibly be prejudiced. This part of the reservation need not give us particular concern. It is the first part of the Lenroot reservation which challenges the position of Canada and the other Dominions in the League, and is clearly contrary to the express terms of the treaty. One cannot but think that such a contention must be due to a misunderstanding of our constitutional position in the British Empire and of Canada's attitude on international questions or to a lack of appreciation of Canada's part in the war.

Canada is entitled to membership in the League of Nations and to a vote in the Assembly; (1) because she is a free self-governing nation, one of the nations of the Britannic Common-



wealth; (2) because of her proved interest in the cause of Peace and the part she has played in promoting the settlement of international disputes by peaceable means and (3) because of her part in the war and her contribution toward the re-establishment of world peace.

Some have likened the position of the British Empire to the United States and the position of Canada to one of the states of the American Union. No comparison could be farther from the fact or less truly represent our constitutional position. In the United States one Government, the Federal, waged the war, called out the troops, levied the taxation, negotiated the terms of peace. Its jurisdiction extended into every State of the Union and no State had the right to question its authority. In the British Empire on the other hand, six Governments waged war, called out troops, levied taxation and negotiated the terms of peace. Great Britain had no more constitutional right to conscript men in Canada or levy taxes for the purpose of carrying on the war than had the Government of the United States or the Government of Panama. In our participation in the war the Government and the Parliament of Canada were exercising their sovereign rights. The Canadian Government and the Canadian Parliament exercised these sovereign rights in behalf of and responsible to the Canadian people and to the Canadian people alone. A more correct comparison would be between Canada and the United States, our Federal Government corresponding with theirs and our Provincial Governments to the State Governments.

But it is said that Great Britain has six votes and that the United States has only one. This statement is entirely incorrect. Great Britain has only one vote and each of the self-governing Dominions of the British Empire has a vote in its own right as an original member of the League. Those who contend that Great Britain has six votes wholly ignore the fact that the British Empire is composed of a

group of free, self-governing nations of equal status though not of equal power and that each of these nations is a member of the League and has a right to participate in its deliberations. Canada's right to membership in the League is well stated in the Republican minority report of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the United States, on the Peace Treaty, prepared by Senator McCumber, to which I have already referred, from which I quote the following:

The situation growing out of this great world conflict is unique. Every nation that declared it was at war with Germany is made a party to this treaty, though such nation never furnished a soldier or a gun, or a single dollar to maintain the war. Hedjaz, with a population scarcely as large as the city of Washington, has the vote of a nation. Panama, with a population scarcely larger, has a vote. Honduras and Uruguay, each with a population approximately half a million, have the same power as Great Britain or France or the United States in the Assembly. None of them did anything to carry on the war. Canada, on the other hand, with a population of nearly eight and a half million people, and which fought valiantly through all the long years of the war, losing hundreds of thousands of soldiers, imposing a mighty burden upon her people for centuries to come, asks that she be given a vote in the Assembly.

After a reference to the part played by Australia and New Zealand in the war and declaring that Canada and the other self-governing Dominions of the British Empire should have a voice in the Assembly distinct from that of Great Britain, the report proceeds:

On the other hand, the European countries could complain with far greater reason that the United States will so dominate every nation in the Western Hemisphere as to have a voting power that would overrule the influence or power of the older nations, than that the British Empire would have a voting power that would overrule the purposes and interests of this country. These nations in the Western Hemisphere which declared war against Germany did so to please the United States rather than for any effect their action might have on the results of the war. France or Italy, or Great Britain



could with as much reason say that the United States in every contest with a European nation will control Cuba and Panama and practically every Central and South American State. But those countries know as we know, that all disputes between great nations will be settled in the council and not in the Assembly.

If representative public men in the United States feel on this issue as the writer of this report evidently does, it should not be difficult for our friends in other countries to appreciate how Canadians feel. What could be the attitude of self-respecting Canadians when it is seriously contended that Panama, whose relation to the United States is suggested by Senator McCumber, with a total population of little more than half the number who enlisted in our expeditionary force, and took no part in the war, should have a voice and vote and Canada have none; and Panama is only one of a number of States all holding a somewhat similar relation to the United States. Canada recognizes the right of these States to a vote, but claims at least an equal right. In addition it should not be overlooked that the League of Nations is not a thing of a day; but is designed as a permanent part of the world's organization for the promotion and preservation of peace. While to-day Canada is a nation of less than nine millions, her territory is larger than that of the United States and potentially she is a nation of thirty to forty millions and will have a corresponding interest in the work and decisions of the League. These facts should not be ignored in considering Canada's position and future standing as a member of the League.

What has been Canada's attitude on international questions? Is its attitude in accord with the objects of the League of Nations?

The objects of the League are:

(1) To promote international co-operation. (2) To achieve international peace and security by acceptance of obligations, not to resort to war. (3) The firm establishment of

the principles of international law. (4) The maintenance of justice and the scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations.

What has any nation to fear from the attitude of Canada on these great questions? Did not the Government of Canada promote the establishment of a permanent Joint Commission between Canada and the United States to deal with and settle international controversies which might arise, not only in relation to boundary waters between the two countries, but to investigate and report upon all questions of difference which may arise between the two countries? The Convention of 1909 was probably the most advanced of its kind ever entered into by any two governments. For more than one hundred years we have lived in peace and amity with our neighbours to the south, and we and they have given to the world an illustration of how possible it is for nations to live at peace and to settle their international disputes by peaceful means. When it comes to the question of maintaining justice and a scrupulous regard for international obligations, what has been Canada's position? When Germany invaded Belgium and thereby violated her international obligations and the principles of justice and liberty, Canada did not hesitate to count the cost; her sons went forth freely to fight and die that international obligations should be respected, justice and liberty safeguarded and peace re-established on the earth. What nation that loves peace and justice and respect for international right has anything to fear from Canada's voice and vote in the League of Nations?

I repeat, those who oppose the claim of the Dominions to membership in the League evidently do not appreciate the part played by Canada and the other Dominions in the war and their contribution to the cause of peace. When the war broke out and when the world's freedom was in jeopardy, Canada threw her whole weight on the side of liberty and pledged her fut-



ure on the issue. It can be truthfully said that our Canadian troops never failed to take an objective and never lost a gun or foot of ground when once consolidated. According to the impartial testimony of General Ludendorff, the Canadian and Australian troops on the 8th of August, 1918, in front of Amiens, gave the German army the darkest day in the war, and with the Canadians as the spearhead of the attack, they started the move-

ment on the Western front which culminated in the defeat and overthrow of the German forces and the final triumph of the Allies.

Canada asked and Canada received no favours at Paris; she sought only justice and fair play, and these have been cheerfully accorded to her by the nations which have ratified the treaty. I believe that Canada will yet receive the same recognition at the hands of her neighbours to the south.

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## FREIBURG CAMP

By ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

HERE in the shadows of our cloistered walk  
Where all our life is narrowed to a square  
We prisoners sit; we sleep or read and talk,  
Dreaming of halcyon summers spent elsewhere.  
The towering trees strive upwards to the sky  
In semblance of our spirits' liberty,  
Which lives on recollections ne'er to die,  
Although the earthly body be not free.  
And sometimes through the vaulted, cloudless blue  
There dives with thundering engine, swift as light,  
An albatross, all painted yellow, new,  
Volplaning houstops, vanishing in flight.  
Thus do we pass our close-sequestered life,  
Hoping the hopes of freedom, following strife.

# THE MOTHER-WOMAN

BY ANNE ALICE CHAPIN



HE assistant stage-manager was already on his rounds giving the "fifteen minutes' call at the dressing-rooms.

"Oh, Lil," called a feminine voice across to the next room, "lend me your spoon?"

"What do you want it for?" demanded Lil. "I thought you had become an aristocrat and bought yourself a real, gilt-edged, thirty-five-cent stewpan, to boil your grease-paint in!"

"So I did yesterday," admitted Vic meekly. "But the little woman borrowed it to heat the baby's milk in last night and I've not had time to get it back."

"What little woman?" grumbled Lil, tying on her wig-band as though she were strangling an enemy.

"That little mother-woman thing," answered Vic.

"Her name is Norris," called out another of the girls. "Wife of Jack Norris, who manages the lights. You know—the one with the baby."

Lil gave up the tin spoon grudgingly. She was having a hard time with her lips; they *would* smudge.

"Hurry up with it, that's all," she warned. "This beastly cold weather makes it such a job to get any make-up on at all. There goes Gussie's sixth eyelash. Oh, dear! I know that Lemuel will be grouchy as blazes to-night. You'd better look out for him, Regina. You've hardly made up at all."

"You know how much I care what he thinks of my make-up, don't you?"

remarked Regina ominously. Her eyes were particularly leonine. She was one of those rare women who show emotion about six times in their lives, but set the river on fire and stir up everybody when they do it.

"Steer clear of the Empress of China," said Lil. "She's got a grouch."

Regina adjusted a hair-pin with superb indifference to all derision. She not only did not object to being called the Empress of China, but did not notice it.

She was a tall, pale blonde, with smouldering eyes and tragic gift of reticence. She was married to Sandy Cairns, a good-looking Scotsman, who had rather a large part in the piece. Regina, however, was merely one of the extras, except for a short song she sang behind the scenes in the first act. She and Sandy were understood to be on speaking terms only.

"Overture, please!" called the assistant stage-manager, just outside: "Is everyone here?"

"Everyone," called Vic.

"No," added Lil impertinently. "Regina Cairns, the Empress of China, is several miles away; and Miss Lilian Leeds has not been heard from at all. We are afraid she has been kidnapped!"

"A little less noise, Miss Leeds," said the assistant stage-manager tolerantly, and passed on. Lil was a favourite of his. Twice he had told the stage-manager that she was in the theatre when she was really out of town at a house-party.



"Awful rot of that little mother-woman thing to keep the baby in the theatre," resumed Lil, when the assistant stage-manager had gone down to the next landing. "Bad atmosphere for a kid to be brought up in!"

"She's not old enough to be hurt by the atmosphere," remarked Vic, "considering that she's only six months of age! And she hasn't money enough for a nurse to take care of the kid at home."

"Who isn't old enough to be hurt by the atmosphere—the little mother-woman?" demanded Lil.

"You think you're smart, don't you?" said our tough girl, Bird Laffin. "Anyway, the kid's a sweet kid, bless her heart!"

"I hate children!" said Regina, with venom.

They were all silent for a moment. There are certain locked and removed holies in the souls even of extra ladies. Not another of the five girls in the room would have said such a thing. A sort of chill manifested itself in their attitude toward Regina, by far the best-bred and best-educated of them all.

"Hurry up, girls!" exclaimed Vic. "The overture's on. Get down on the floor in a hurry!" And she slid out of the room, and went down the little hallway, toward the stairs, softly humming to herself the air the orchestra was playing.

"I'm done," announced Lil, with open pride. "Managed it in seven minutes this time. Whoopee!"

She plunged out of the room, and was gone. Before the door had had time to swing to, a small, breathless figure dashed in.

"How are you, Mrs. Norris?" said Bird Laffin, cordially. "Holloa! You've brought the kid! How's your health, youngster?"

Mrs. Norris was very little and slight and pink, and looked like a child herself. In her arms she carried a wailing baby, wrapped in a soft embroidered blanket.

"Oh, please," she gasped, looking

from Bird to Regina, and then to silent Gus James in the corner. "Baby's sick again to-night, and—and I have to go on in this act, to-night. Mr. Lemuel just told me he wanted me to take Kate Carpenter's part, for the two nights she's away; I'm little, like her; and I don't dare refuse. Are all three of you on in this act? If not, could—could one of you be an angel, and take baby, just till the first curtain? I—I don't believe she'll be much trouble; she'll get quiet in a moment; she's crying now, because I haven't been able to hold her while I was making up."

Bird and Gussie looked at each other, and then at their slippers. Neither of them was to go on in that act, but one had a date down on the floor with one of the extra men, and the other was in love with the leading man. Therefore neither was anxious to spend the next twenty minutes in taking care of a crying baby. Mrs. Norris straightened up with a flush that showed through her make-up.

"I'm sorry," she said, with a sharp note of resentment in her voice. "I shouldn't have asked——"

Regina turned in a casual way from the particular cracked mirror which she claimed as her own.

"I'll take her," she said quietly.

The others stared. Regina the baby-hater, the cold, the ill-tempered! Moreover, she had her song to sing in this very scene!

"Regina!" exclaimed Bird Laffin. "You're crazy! Don't you remember you have your song?"

"It's sung in the wings," returned Regina, imperturbably. "And I never *have* sung much with my arms."

The two other girls left the dressing-room in silence as she took the Little Mother-Woman's baby into her arms. There was a certain odd hungry element in her manner of grasping the tiny girl that struck the Little Mother-Woman's maternally acute perceptions.

"You—you have a baby of your own?" she ventured shyly.



Regina shook her head fiercely. Then she looked at the other woman with a dumb betrayal.

"It died," she said harshly.

The Mother-Woman put out her hand to touch with an involuntary, greedy finger the white dress of her own living baby; then with a rare tact she turned her eyes from Regina's face.

"I'm going to borrow one of Miss Leeds's long black pins," she said; and the indifferent way of saying it made Regina passionately grateful to her. "She's such a good sort that I'm sure she won't mind!" She turned toward the door quickly. "Thank you so much, Mrs. Cairns," she added, in a matter-of-fact way.

As she stood for a moment in the doorway, Regina, rocking the baby in her arms, could not help exclaiming, hardly realizing what she said, "How little, how awfully little, you are!"

The Little Mother-Woman's forehead grew slightly pink.

"Isn't it silly?" she said; then she added, with a sort of soft shamefacedness, "Jack calls us his two babies!"

She laughed a little and hurried away.

Regina took the now quiet baby and walked slowly out to the head of the stairs, where she could hear what was going on down on the stage below. After a few moments she descended, with a leisurely step, still hushing the baby in the hollow of her left arm. Her right hand, with that soft, accustomed touch of motherhood, caressed the little flannel-shrouded form.

On the stairs she met Miss Bradon. She was leading woman, and a great friend of Eleanor Bridge, the star. Her rouge was badly put on, and made unbecoming and unnecessary high-lights upon her hard, sharp cheekbones.

"Really!" she exclaimed, "a baby in the theatre! This is too absurd! I shall certainly speak to Mr. Lemuel. Is it yours?"

Regina did not even look at her, but walked on down the stairs, look-

ing, with her grave face, tall figure, and pale, clear colouring, not unlike a painted and powdered Madonna. The dress she wore, her costume for the third act, was a ridiculously bizarre one, but nothing could cheapen the soft, new feeling of her face and manner. She passed between three or four young, whispering, gossiping members of the company, who were improving the dusky moments of a dark change by flagrant flirtation, and did not even hear their murmured comments of astonishment.

When she reached her usual place in the wings, her husband was on the stage. He was making love in his usual outrageous fashion to the soubrette who played opposite him; for once, Regina gazed on the scene unmoved. The nightly torture which she habitually went through was for the nonce lifted and removed. She clasped the baby closer to her, and waited, tall and motionless, for her cue.

The situation on the stage required a tender, melting melody, which was supposed to charm the wayward heart of the flirting cavalier into a musical and sentimental channel. The composer of the incidental music had written a cheap waltz song, which Regina had sung each night during the run with a scornful heart and a frigid intonation. To-night everything seemed different. She felt suddenly that she could not sing that trivial, meretricious air; instead, another, long and determinedly unsung, if not forgotten, drifted insistently across her brain. She had not sung it since the first gold-threaded days of her mother-life, when Sandy was still her lover, and her baby lay on her breast. Now, when her cue came, and her trained brain responded, she found herself singing the old dear, foolish little song which on one black summer morning she had vowed never to sing again:

"Look where the little stars play

And call to the flying sun:

'Come back, Sun, from your love, the Day,  
For your work is now all done!



Come and dance in the moon-lit sky,  
 For the night is sweet and true;  
 Come, old sun, and we dare you try  
 To dance like us in the pleasant blue—  
 In our ball-room cool and blue!’ ”

It was only when it was all over, and the silenced and bewildered orchestra had taken up the bars of an entrance chorus supposed to follow the little song, that Regina realized what she had done.

She heard the stage-manager say sharply,

“Great Cæsar, Mrs. Cairns, what on earth did you mean?”

But she could not wait for another word. Speechless, she fled through the crowded wings, hiding her head against the sleeping baby. She felt she must go some place where she could be alone; for her newly-awakened self shrank from unsympathetic contact. She turned her hurried steps to the stairway that led down to the big room in the cellar where the good wig-maker and his wife, the wardrobe mistress, reigned supreme.

She met Mrs. Hansel on the steep stairs.

“Ach, it Frau Norris’s baby, ist, *nicht*?” She said. “The pretty *Engelien*! I half not you seen lately. Frau Regina; it iss all vell mit your husband, *nicht wahr*?”

“May I take the baby down to the room?” asked Regina breathlessly. “She is asleep, and I am afraid the noise in the dressing-room——”

“Ach, *warum nicht*? Take her down, surely yess! There iss a pile of silk sashes fih ve gif out to de girls for next *Montag*, and dey will make a *gut*, *hubsch* resting-place for the *lieber kind*—a place for *schlaf und ruh*, *nicht*?”

“Is anyone down there?” asked Regina.

“Aber, der iss Fritz. But do you not him mind, *nicht*? He the *kinder* loves! I go to Miss Bratton. Ach, she iss one old maid!”

Regina ran down the stairs, and, slipping past the excellent Fritz, who was sitting curling wigs in the front

room, installed herself and the baby in the tiny silk-filled back room where Mrs. Hansel kept all her surplus as well as her new supplies.

There, by the light of a dingy gas-burner, Regina made the softest of couches for her small charge. Sashes, kerchiefs, scarves, and even laces, she used to make a bed such as a wee fairy princess might have enjoyed. Upon this rainbow couch she laid the baby, and then, secure from interruption, she hung hungrily over the wee little form, and poured out to it some of the pent-up mother-love which her own baby was too many long eternities away to hear.

And as the little one dropped asleep the minor tragedies of her restrained life since the baby’s death came to the fore with sharp distinctness.

“He never seemed to care!” she murmured, vacillating between tears and hardness. “I could have borne it—oh, I *think* I could have borne it—if he had only seemed to care!”

Upstairs she could hear the tramp of feet. Soon the Little Mother-Woman would come to rob her, the spurious, make-believe mother-woman, of her treasure. She got on her knees and clasped the sleeping baby to her breast. The child stirred and whimpered softly, opening and shutting an aimless hand; its mouth was half-open, moist and as pink as a moss-rosebud. Its scant fair hair, as soft as the fur of a very young kitten, was damp. Still sleepily crying, she cuddled closer into the soft nest of Regina’s bosom and, in a moment, had drowsed off again.

“Look, where the little stars play,”

sang Regina, brokenly, controlling her wild longing to press the sleepy baby closer to her heart.

“And call to the flying sun:  
 ‘Come back, Sun, from your love, the  
 Day——,’ ”

There was a firm and extremely hurried step outside, and a man’s voice speaking a quick word to Fritz.



But Regina did not notice. She laid the baby gently down, singing, beneath her breath,—

“For your work is now—all—done——”

Suddenly there was a shadow at her side; she was caught, clasped, and held hard, hard, against a very stormily pounding heart.

“Regina!”

She looked up, trembling, into the earnestness in Sandy’s face, and, crushing down her agitation at what she saw there, whispered,

“Hush! You’ll wake her!”

The little phrase brought back to them both, with a poignancy that was knife-like, the many times in the past that one had used it to the other, tip-toeing with hushed laughter about their tiny flat, when the baby was asleep and they were helping each other get dinner.

“Regina, I saw you with that baby —” he said again, with a very unsteady voice. “I did not know—I did not realize——”

“You forgot!” said Regina with reproof that was the sharper for its gentleness.

He shook his head, dumbly, yet

humbly, for he knew better than she how near he had been to forgetting. Then with manly determination he said vehemently and contritely,

“I will *never* forget again, Regina.”

“Hush, *hush*, you’ll wake the baby!” whispered Regina happily; and Sandy acted the rest silently.

“Oh, Mrs. Cairns,” gasped the anxious voice of the Little Mother-Woman at the door, where is——” Then she caught sight of the heap of silks and what lay upon them, and darted forward, with an ejaculation of relief.

“I—I hunted for you everywhere,” she explained, as she gathered her small daughter into her arms, and looked apologetically from Regina to Sandy. Then she seemed to feel some subtle something that was new and electric in the air. “I—I hope that she has not been any trouble,” she said a little awkwardly, but with a wealth of sympathy in her childlike gaze.

The two women looked at each other, a long, understanding look.

“No,” said Regina, a little breathlessly, and with strangely shining eyes. “No. She—has—not—been—any—trouble!”





# INDIAN TITLE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY J. A. J. McKENNA



VATTEL, in his "Law of Nations", affirms: "The savages of North America had no right to appropriate all that vast continent to themselves; and since they were unable to inhabit the whole of those regions, other nations might, without prejudice, settle in some parts of them, provided they left the natives a sufficiency of land." On this dictum Indian title may easily be disposed of. But our formal adoption of the doctrine might have awkward involvements. Some eminent jurists have expressed the principle that the principle of publicists built upon the principle of the right of Japan to take possession of the vast unoccupied territory in Australasia. For the doctrine evolves not from the state of savagery, but from the very purpose of creation. A chief of Germania summed it up well when he said to the Romans: "As heaven belongs to the gods, so the earth is given to the human race; and waste territory is common to all." Even then the Germans were moved to expansion.

Perhaps we should praise the wisdom rather than the generosity of the Puritans who, notwithstanding the charter from the King, purchased from the Indians the lands they took possession of in New England. Quite oppositively motivated men, the Hudson's Bay adventurers, albeit Charles Second "created and constituted" them "the true and absolute lords and

proprieters of "the territory", and "the courts of law", as Justice Martin has written, "practically found that the proprietary rights of the Company under its charter . . . were valid", the Hudson's Bay Company recognized that, over and above their rights, the Indians had a title in the territory which the King's charter did not destroy. For in the transfer to Canada the Company emphasized that it was not conveying plenitude of title by the proviso that the Indians should be compensated "for lands required for purposes of settlement". And the Manitoba Act made ample provision for complying with that condition.

Many years previously, the Earl of Selkirk, a keen man, deemed it wise before venturing his historic settlement, to have the apparently plenary conveyance to him by the Company confirmed by the Indians through a surrender of their rights to the Crown. And Sir James Douglas, who was never regarded as meticulous, took care to secure surrenders from Indians of British Columbia of lands in respect of which he purposed exercising active possession. Before Confederation, the United Provinces of Canada, by settled practice, extinguished the Indian title in advance of settlement and the making of grants. The Dominion sent commissioners far north and west to the boundary of British Columbia, to free the land for settlement by treaties ceding the Indian right.



The nature of the title of the Indians has been defined in various ways—from the right to hold and use territory “according to their own discretion” to a ghostly claim on “Christian charity”. The law lords of the Privy Council, when they came in contact with what Canada had been scrupulously removing, declared it to be “a mere burden” on the Crown’s “paramount estate”, but, yet, such a “burden” as required to be “surrendered or otherwise extinguished” to give the Crown *plenum dominum*. It follows that the Government of Canada had been not merely politic in its treaty making with the Indians, but, in fact, removed a burden which kept the Crown’s title, useful as it was for practical purposes, from being what sovereignty’s should be.

However opinion has differed as to its nature, howsoever indeterminate the best, one attribute has been definitely defined: Indian title can only be ceded to a sovereign power. And that implies that it partakes of something of the very nature of sovereignty itself. Its origin is in natural nationhood—a nationhood like unto that of the barbaric nations of Europe—the inherent rights of which could only be eliminated by conquest or extinguished through negotiation. They had to be washed out in blood or ceded by agreement. Indian title is not in the nature of a fee. No unearned increment accrues to the land it covers. Neither the passing of years nor work of development adds to it. The value of its removal is to-day what it was at the creation of the colony. And the value stands apart from expenditure consequent upon the demands of public wisdom for the establishment and maintenance of means for the advancement of the natives.

Its extinguishment is an appraisable benefit. The law lords held that, to the extent to which the “benefit . . . accrues to her”, a province must bear the cost. The province in the particular case was Ontario. The deed of extinguishment, the North-West Angle Treaty.

Sir John Macdonald had the treaty made to clear the way for the establishment of Manitoba. He was more of a centralist than a federalist. Autonomous provinces with a considerable realm had to be conceded for the attainment of confederation or we might have had a much more centralized system than we have. He went as far as he could, but he did not go as far as he thought. He believed that Ontario’s jurisdiction and territorial right ended where the purchase from the Hudson’s Bay Company began. The judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the famous litigation which grew out of the North-West Angle Treaty was his first great disabusement. He found he should have had, at least, the concurrence of Ontario in covenanting to carve Indian reserves out of her territory. It never occurred to him to ask her leave. And thereby was woven the tangled web that at every step for long years tripped up Indian administration in a large part of Ontario. It was only got rid of a while before the war came, when Ontario finally agreed to go so far in meeting the obligations of the treaty as to confirm the reserves selected without her consent and transfer them untrammelled to the Dominion in trust for the Indians, the Dominion being left to bear alone and in perpetuity the burden of the annuities, as well as the other financial obligations of the treaty.

The Dominion had learned the lesson Sir Oliver Mowat was so proficient in teaching. Had Ontario been consulted and her necessary co-operation sought—as the law lords intimated it should have been—she doubtless would have done as she did many years after in respect of Treaty No. 9, when she joined in the negotiations, furnished the land selected by the Indians as reserves, and undertook to provide for payment of the annuities, the Dominion bearing but the cost of administration and the expenditures incidental to the other undertakings of the treaty.



The point of all this is that Ontario considered, after taking much thought and much time, that the removal of aboriginal title was well worth paying for, even in these later days when the glory of the red men has faded and their nations no longer inspire fear, as it was in the days of her beginnings when they still, with a measure of force or of fear, could compel recognition of right.

And another point is that Ontario found it good policy to release the stranglehold she had on the reserves constituted under the North-West Angle Treaty, which was like unto British Columbia's reversionary interest in Indian reserves. Like it, her hold kept from settlement and production lands within reserves which the Indians could make more beneficial use of by selling or leasing than in any other way. For the revenue in part or in whole from the sale of land by a province is a benefit but transitory and small in comparison with the permanent benefit that accrues to the commonwealth from its improvement and development.

In the early days of the colony, aboriginal rights were taken seriously. The Colonial Secretary, on the 31st of July, 1858, wrote Governor Douglas "to enjoin upon" him "to consider the best and most humane means of dealing with the native Indians". He went on: "Let me not omit to observe that it should be an invariable condition, in all bargains or treaties with the natives for the cession of lands possessed by them, that subsistence should be supplied to them in some other shape." In the following September he reminded him that the subject of "the treatment of the native Indians" was "one which demands" his "prompt and careful consideration". The latter despatch covered a communication from the Aborigines' Protection Society, in which, among other pregnant remarks, is this: "It would seem that a treaty should be promptly made between the delegates of British authority and the chiefs and their people, as loyal, just, and

peaceful as that between William Penn and the Indians of Pennsylvania, but that more stringent laws should be made to ensure its provisions being maintained with better faith than that was carried out on the part of the whites."

In 1859 Lord Carnarvon wrote: "In the case of the Indians of Vancouver Island and British Columbia, Her Majesty's Government earnestly wish that, when the advancing requirements of colonization press upon lands occupied by members of that race, measures of liberality and justice may be adopted for compensating them for the surrender of the territory which they have been taught to regard as their own."

It began to enter the minds of the local statesmen that the natives had prior and pervasive rights which it would be well to be decently rid of. Land was abundant, and of that they were ready to give portions for the sole use and benefit of the natives. But there was the money difficulty. Then the idea came of asking the good old Home Government, so scrupulous about Indian rights, so sedulous "of diffusing the blessings of the Christian religion and of civilization among the natives", to furnish the cash. The House of Assembly, in 1861, by petition prayed "for the aid of Her Majesty's Government in extinguishing the Indian title to the public lands in this Colony". And in transmitting the petition, Governor Douglas "felt that it would be improper to conceal from" Downing Street, whence its urging came, "the importance of carrying that vital measure into effect without delay". The conversion was not conviction. The old order never gave place to the new. The Home Government curtly refused the funds. "The acquisition of the title is a purely colonial interest," replied the Duke of Newcastle, "and the Legislature must not entertain any expectation that the British tax payer will be burdened to supply the funds or British credit pledged for the purpose." And the colony left it at that.



Whether designedly or by happy chance, British Columbia finally was relieved of the obligation. Probably the question never arose, never was thought of when the terms of Union were discussed and given form. British Columbia was taken with the practical-purpose title she had to her lands, and her whole duty to the Indians was confined to the providing of land for reserves. It followed that, with the Indians, Canada took over all other obligations in respect of them. Whatever other claims they had stood, and still stand, against the Crown as represented by the Dominion.

Aboriginal title is not a claim enforceable at law. The natural law of nations out of which it arises has no court for its enforcement. The law lords in the judgment already referred to might have gone further by way of defining the bearing of the question upon public morality. But questions of that nature are entirely for governments, however poor they be at solving them. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council are advisers of the Crown in law, not in morals. They went about as far as they could. They might easily have been more discursive, and made their judgment, in so far as it touched upon Indian title, an immensely more interesting and a much more valuable contribution to history; but they could not indicate means of enforcement or fix the price of its extinguishment. The Judicial Committee have done much for us; perhaps we expect them to do too much. Indian title belongs to the domain of public policy, unimpinged upon by our constitutional law.

The Duke of Newcastle put no hedging of law about the subject. It imposed a burden on the State and the State had to devise the means and meet the cost of its removal. We have learned no more and can learn no

more. Whether he was quite justified in putting the burden on the emerging colony is a question upon which there is room for difference of opinion; but such question has no bearing now.

The transfer from the Hudson's Bay Company did not create the title of the Indians between the mountains and the Lake of the Woods, which the Dominion afterwards extinguished. It simply made it clear that the Company was not purporting to convey what it did not possess. The Company did not have to be told by the courts that its title lay under the burden of the Indian title; nor did the Dominion go to the courts to ask whether the condition as to the claim of the Indians was binding in law, and, if so, what had to be paid to satisfy it. That was a matter of State policy, and as such was dealt with.

The agreement made a few years ago whereby Ontario was so largely relieved of the obligation of the North-West Angle Treaty, was not a complete corollary of the Judicial Committee's judgment. Indeed, it released Ontario in large measure from what their lordships implied she was bound to. It could as easily have been made had they never spoken. It was effected as a matter of policy—and wisely effected. Ontario had a hold in virtue of the Dominion's mistake, and the Dominion gave consideration for its losing.

In the end all such matters have to be disposed of on grounds of policy. When British Columbia satisfactorily meets the land requirements of the Indians, she cannot, altogether apart from the terms of Union, fairly in the face of the arrangement with Ontario as to the North-West Angle Treaty, be asked to do more. It is for the Dominion to extinguish Indian title in British Columbia, and in doing so to assume the other obligations which established policy and practice imply.

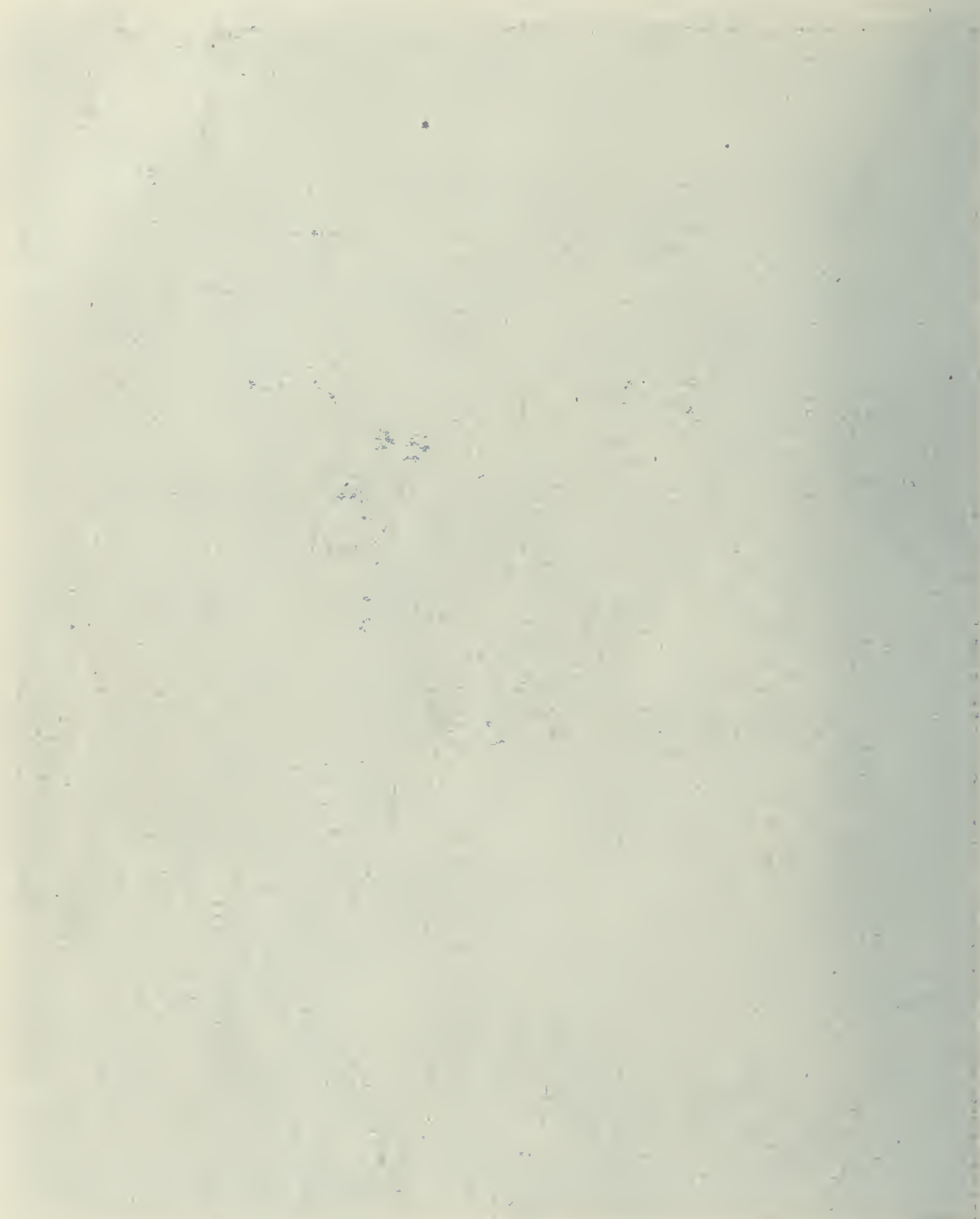






STILL LIFE ARRANGEMENT

From the Painting by  
John Russell.  
Exhibited by the  
Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.





# MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

## CHAPTER XVIII



ANY one who has followed this tale so far may think that too many chapters begin with getting out of bed in the morning. Well, we make no apology. Things do begin that way. The newness of every day is such a commonplace phenomenon that we miss the wonder of it. Yet think! Of all the millions of days which make up the million years of the aeons this day which begins when we get out of bed in the morning is the only day which has never been lived by anybody! It lies before us, a tiny fleck of time, virgin as yet of the touch of man or angel. Perhaps in this knowledge lies the source of that imperishable optimism which makes us feel so able to do things in the morning? If so, it is fortunate that our having done nothing special yesterday seems to leave our hopefulness unimpaired.

Rosme loved the morning. She always woke suddenly and completely and when she woke she got up. Usually, that is—this morning was different. It wasn't that she was sleepy or that the room was cold; it wasn't for any particular reason, but just because she had a feeling which she did not analyze that there were things, important things, to think over. One can think with great comfort in a warm bed. Rosme tossed back her hair (it looked rather wonderful against the white pillow) peeped at her watch and drew the blankets up to her chin.

"Now I can think," she decided luxuriously.

Does any girl think when she decides that she is going to? What Rosme really meant was, "Now I can remember," for immediately her unleashed mind raced back through the events of the last few days, pausing only when it reached Milhampton station on a fine, crisp morning after rain.

We have already visited that station upon that same morning and we know all the little trifles that happened there. But then we were with David and now we are with Rosme. Instead of a straight young girl with bronze hair, we see a young man sitting on a baggage truck. He is an upstanding young man with an arresting face which, at first, we cannot decide to call either homely or handsome but which is all the more fascinating on that account. We note particularly the eyes which are deep set and very gray. This young man speaks and we like his voice. We like his voice very much—all kinds of disconnected memories crowd in here—things which the young man said and the way he looked when he said them—a confusion of pictures piling one on another—of the young man's face as he ate a ginger chocolate which he didn't like, of his expression when speaking so briefly of his recent loss, of how he looked when discussing the rights of women, of his trick of rumpling his hair, his habit of blushing—we find Rosme's memory dwelling on all these trifles



and many more, especially the awkward zeal with which he had tried to discover her address. Then, with a bound, it cuts the confusion and presents a very clear-set vision of the arrival in the waiting-room.

That girl!

That girl with her too red lips and her heavy lidded eyes, the ultra fashion of her dress, the slight exaggeration of her hat—her whole indefinite yet damning air of being not the real thing but something just as good! This picture was clearest of all, although Rosme had seen it only in the merest flash—the girl's hand on David's arm with its insufferable air of possession, her "O David!"

What did it mean?

In her wise little head, Rosme was afraid that she knew what it meant. Girls, even girls unrestrained by the dictates of good taste, do not behave so obviously in public places unless they are conscious of a position solid enough to warrant it. Only an engaged girl might act so, but—David Greig engaged to a girl like that! She could not believe it.

She had caught a glimpse of his face as she picked up the dropped suit-case and the thought of it now brought out a reluctant dimple. Amazement, chagrin, fury, but chiefly amazement, had left him staring like an owl caught by sunlight. Why had he been so unprepared? Rosme couldn't answer that, but it opened out new avenues for speculation. Perhaps he wasn't engaged after all; perhaps there was a misunderstanding somewhere? Perhaps it had been a practical joke? This last held an element of possibility. The girl in the big hat had not been alone. Over her shoulder Rosme had caught sight of a familiar face, a face with a mouth which could have belonged to no one save Mr. William Carter Fish, and Mr. Fish, Rosme felt, was capable of any silliness. She had met that gentleman before, had known him, in fact, as the latest and fast vanishing satellite of Miss Mary Fox, once a schoolmate of Rosme's in Milhamp-

ton. For a brief period, Miss Fox had found Mr. Fish useful. "Not anything like so silly as he looks, dear," she had told Rosme. "Quite a duck, really, and knows no end of nice boys."

Was David Greig one of the "nice boys", Rosme wondered. If so, perhaps Mary had already become acquainted with him. She might know all about the girl at the station. But curiously enough this possibility was not pleasant. Rosme rather hoped that Mary did not know David at all. Mary was a dear girl but she was certainly a flirt. Dangerously pretty, too, with her flaxen hair and round childish face with its air of blossoming innocence. A half-formed resolution of calling on Mary faded! Probably the episode at the station had meant just nothing at all. It is often so, in books. People who might have been jolly good friends are estranged through such blind trusting to appearances. She, Rosme, would not be so foolish. If Mr. Greig, when he found out her address, desired to come to see her she would act exactly as if nothing had happened. He would probably explain, if explanation were necessary!

By this time Rosme's wish had so fathered her thought that she had begun to wonder what she had been making such a fuss about. A man can't be engaged without knowing it and Mr. Greig had certainly not looked like an engaged man—not that she cared if he were engaged. She only wanted to be friends and one can have a perfectly good friendship with an engaged person. Certainly. Why not? Well, of course, it isn't quite the same. There is a certain flatness—Rosme sighed.

The sigh proved the end of her reverie, for a certain small person, who had been waiting outside the door for some such indication of wakefulness, pushed delightedly into the room and plunged, head first like a small porpoise, into the warmest place in the bed. The ease of her plunging spoke of long practice.



"Infant! How did you get out of bed?"

"I climbed out. But I waited till you woked. It was a long time—feel my feet!"

"Och!" exclaimed Rosme, "they're like ice. You're a naughty girl!"

"I'm good now," in an injured voice.

"Lie still, then."

"Rosme," in a wheedling voice "will you tell me Peter Rabbit?"

"Are you asleep, Rosme?" Small fingers explored the corners of the girl's closed eyes. "Please don't be asleep! Rosme! Turn round!" The fingers sought and found a convenient handle in Rosme's nose.

"Oh, baby, don't!"

"Does it hurt?" with interest.

There was no answer. Rosme was trying to recapture her interrupted musings.

"Will you tell me about Peter, quick, before Granny comes?"

"I'm so tired of Peter, Infant!"

Two childish eyes opened widely in surprise at the foolishness of this remark.

"But it's not you, it's me," said the Infant reasonably.

Rosme laughed and gave in. But the delay had been fatal.

"Rosme, is the Infant in there?" asked an inquiring voice from the hallway. "Why Rosme," as the owner of the voice followed it into the room. "Aren't you up yet, child? Do you know what time it is?"

The first sight of Madam Rameses was always a shock, especially to any one who had heard her speak before seeing her. Sound creates an illusion of form, and the form created by the voice of Madam was so different from the reality that momentary confusion was inevitable. Madam's voice was sweet, even haunting, Madam's appearance was—well, striking. She was a large woman with a square cut, masculine face, faintly shaded upper lip. Her brow was broad and unsoftened by the gray hair which was dragged back from it and worn short in a fashion resembling a Dutch

cut. Only the eyes seemed to claim remote kinship with the voice, for they were mild and kind with an expression of appeal, almost of timidity, curiously at odds with the rugged face they graced.

Though it was so early in the morning Madam was dressed for the day in a trim, gentlemanly shirtwaist and a tight, short skirt. She practiced an habitual neatness which was a continual shock to those "seekers" whose preconceived idea of a clairvoyant and medium was of something thin and hazy in kimonas. She wore boots, too, although everyone knows that slippers are the proper psychic garb. Slippers which slip, belts which refuse to stay down and hair which declines to stay up are full of soulful suggestion. But Madam would have none of them. Her cuffs and collar were as white and prim as those of a hospital nurse and her skirt never sagged. A woman of curious contradictions was Madam Rameses, spiritualist.

"No, I don't know the time, and please don't tell me," entreated Rosme "I'll hurry."

"Well, breakfast is waiting. You shouldn't indulge the Infant with stories, Rosme, it is only teaching her to climb her crib."

"She hasn't told me a single story!" wailed the Infant.

But her grandmother paid no attention. She was watching Rosme with a curious expression of indecision.

"What's the matter?" asked Rosme, who knew this look well.

"Nothing at all important. But I have a short message for you. Do you care to see it? I know you have no faith, my dear," she went on without waiting for an answer, "but I feel it my duty when a message comes through to pass it on whether the recipient laughs at it or not."

"I'm not laughing," protested Rosme with some truth. "I can't laugh with a tooth brush in my mouth."

"I refer, of course, to your mental attitude," said Madam mildly.



"There was no circle last evening. The message came through by automatic writing while I was preparing for bed."

She spread upon the girl's dressing table two fairly large sheets of rough scribbling paper loosely covered with large irregular writing which straggled anywhere across their surface. The script was so bad as to be almost illegible but Rosme had seen it often enough to be able to read it with some ease.

"Let Rosme tell—to be careful of—"

The blank spaces were quite indecipherable and so were two or three words which seemed to complete the message.

"It is unfortunate," said Madam in her charming voice, "that I was unable to get the remainder of the message more clearly. I am afraid you may find it obscure."

Rosme laughed.

"Well," she admitted, "if I knew whom I was to tell and what I was to tell him, and why he should be careful and what of, the meaning might be slightly clearer."

"Sometimes," went on Madam, her light, blue eyes growing dreamy, "the subconscious mind supplies these deficiencies in the script. I have known seekers to translate perfectly a half finished message which to me was perfect nonsense. It is wonderful what the merest suggestion will do."

"It is," said Rosme, "that is why I prefer not to let it do it."

Madam looked faintly puzzled. "I fear you are prejudiced, my dear. However, there is the message. Shall I tell Maggie to pour your coffee?"

"Yes, please. I'll only be a moment now. Who's going to dress the Infant?"

"Maggie will do that. The water in the taps is not warm enough yet. Did I tell you that I had a message to stop the cold baths?"

"No!" said Rosme, peering through the cloud of her hair.

"Yes, a doctor, Cornelius Brown, who passed over early in the eighteenth century, has sent a warning.

Too great a shock to the system. Surprising, don't you think?"

"Not at all. Early in the eighteenth century cold baths would have shocked many systems. All the same I agree with Dr. Brown about the Infant. I have always thought cold baths for her rather heroic."

"Yes," uneasily. "I thought so too. But I began, you remember, on account of a message from—there's the bell! I'll have your coffee ready." With a word of caution to the Infant to wait for Maggie, Madam Rameses hurried out.

"Now," said a small but determined voice, "you can tell me the story about Peter."

"But if I tell you about Peter, baby, I won't have time to drink my coffee."

"Will that hurt you in your tum-mick?"

"It might."

The ineffable sacrifice.

"Angel!" cried Rosme, picking her up for a final hug, "you shall have Peter to-morrow and the Flopsy Bunnies too, and maybe Jemima Puddleduck, but now I must fly!"

Yet even in her hurry she paused a moment to glance once more at the scribbled message — was that a "D" at the beginning of the undecipherable word? It might be a "D". But it might just as well be anything else. Rosme was quite able to smile at her own absurdity!

Rosme ate her breakfast in record time that morning, conscious of a kindly scrutiny from across the table. Whatever Madam Rameses's professional abilities may have been (and with these Rosme felt she had nothing to do), she certainly possessed an uncanny power of receiving impressions from other people. By the time Rosme decided to tell Madam anything she usually found that Madam already knew. It was a state of things not without its conveniences — usually. But this morning Rosme ate her breakfast in a hurry not all attributable to the fact that she was late.



Perhaps Madam knew this, too, for there was a smile in her light, blue eyes as she watched the girl. She was very fond of Rosme; loved her in fact with the timid, half-hesitating love of one to whom love has not been gracious. Madam Rameses, otherwise Mrs. Plumber, born Anna Wilkes, had led a life which had been singularly loveless. Left motherless when a very little girl, it would have been infinitely better had she been left fatherless too; for Joe Wilkes the father had been at best a bully and at worst a brute. Little Anna early learned fear and hate from him and would have suffered actual abuse had she not possessed, unconsciously, a weapon which he feared from the depths of his ugly, superstitious soul. Anna was a quiet, somewhat stupid child without any of the ordinary prettiness of childhood. ("Ugly little devil," her father called her) and her strange faculty of seeing more than other people saw helped to keep her solitary even in the midst of a kind-hearted community. Mothers of more ordinary children looked at her askance. They were sorry for the child but—one has to think of one's own, and there was no doubt that Joe Wilkes's Anna was a bit odd. Even the children themselves did not take to her. She was too quiet to be a good playmate and she could never return any of their childish favours by inviting them to her home. Her father would allow no children inside his gate.

So Anna fought her silent way into girlhood through what agonies of loneliness no one ever knew. She learned to dread the strange "sight" which made her different from those around her. Desperately she tried to put all that part of herself away, to hide it, to smother it, to kill it if she could; and her square chin, outward semblance of an inborn stubbornness helped her. Only with Joe Wilkes did she use her curious power and often she protected herself against his brutality by a use of it which cowed him utterly.

When she was sixteen, a well grown, homely girl, Joe Wilkes, at that time a contractor in a small way, fell from a scaffold while inspecting a building and was instantly killed. With his death, a great weight was removed from Anna's life. The world seemed kinder, the air purer, now that she was alone. When his affairs were settled it was found that she owned the cottage she lived in and the ground on which it stood, its apple and cherry trees, its useful bit of kitchen-garden and its roses and lilac trees in front. There was a little money in the bank.

Anna drew a long sigh of relief and looked around her. She was not afraid of life. She was young and everyone was kind. The old rumours of her "queerness" had almost died out or were disregarded. There were good friends ready to help the orphan girl. Things looked well for Anna, but calamity was again just around the corner.

In an evil moment, Anna Wilkes met Richard Plumber. He was a man of twice her age, of cheap, good looks and easy manner. He lived in a near-by town where the door of his office bore the word "Broker", a most suitable name if one may be permitted to play upon words. No one knew exactly what he broke, for the pieces were skilfully hidden.

In this man, poor loveless Anna thought she had found love. She was not naturally clever and at this crisis her abnormal faculty for "seeing clear" deserted her. She was an easy prey. When he said he loved her she believed him. When he said that she was beautiful she looked into her mirror through a mist of happy tears and thought that perhaps it might be true.

The story is too sordid to dwell upon. From the standpoint of Mr. Richard Plumber it was a most satisfactory affair. He got the pretty cottage with the useful bit of garden; he got the bit of money in the bank and he got an excellent housekeeper to whom he need not pay wages and



on whom he did not need to waste the time required for deeds of ordinary courtesy. One little child was born to them and here at last Anna found love. The baby was a sturdy little girl with her father's good looks and, as was to appear later, his selfish soul. But to her mother, more homely now than ever, she was a little bit of heaven.

For a while Anna was happy but that misfortune which seems to dog the steps of some with pitiless zeal, was not yet satisfied. With the disappearance of Anna's bit of money and the money from the sale of the cottage, the brokerage business disappeared too. Money grew scarce—and scarcer. A frightened look came into Anna's eyes; a look which never afterwards wholly left them. Then one morning, Richard Plumber, husband and father, was nowhere to be found. He had followed the money and the brokerage business into the limbo of lost articles. He never came back.

Anna Plumber's memory was confused about the time which came afterwards. She supported herself in various ways, including the taking in of washing, and managed to rub along somehow until the baby's infancy was passed. Then to her dismay she found her own strength failing. With poor health she began to "see" again, and, as if fortune had been lying in wait, it was just at that time that she became known to the Rev. Jasper Holmes, a believer in the occult and an eager, if somewhat unstable, psychical researcher. To the Rev. Jasper, who had retired from active ministry in order to give more time to his new hobby, Mrs. Plumber was a "find". Was she not that rare thing a natural medium, an unprofessional, a woman without guile, against whose honesty no word could be said? The little man thrilled all over! and this marvel was taking in washing for a living! Well, the Rev. Jasper could stop all that. He had money and it was always easy to get more for his experiments. The rich are especially subject to psychic spasms.

Anna Plumber "sat" for the Rev. Jasper and his friends and began to find life easy again. She took the change in a bewildered sort of way. She could not see just why or how she was earning this money but it was pleasant to earn it so easily. She was so horribly tired!

One night as she sat beside her table close to her little Anna's bed, thinking of nothing at all, she was astonished to find that her right hand, in which she held a pencil had begun to write quite of its own accord. The writing was large, sprawling and rapid, quite unlike her own painstaking efforts. Fascinated she watched it for a moment and then grew frightened. When she grew frightened the hand stopped. The pencil fell out of it and rolled to the floor.

Shaking a little, Anna picked up the written sheets—she could not read a word of the writing—And yet, it did not look quite like gibberish either. Much perturbed, she spoke of her curious experience to the Rev. Jasper next day. He was much excited.

"Automatic writing!" he exclaimed. "An undoubtedly genuine case. The Society will be delighted. We shall go ahead very rapidly now."

"But," said Anna, "no one can read the writing."

"That is not unusual in the first experiments. You will see that the characters greatly improve with practice. Presently we shall be able to read it with facility.

"But," said Anna, "what is it?"

This was a poser for her patron. He did not know just what it was. "That," he said, "is one of the things we wish to discover. Some say that it is a part of the 'self' of the medium which writes—a part which is ordinarily below the level of every-day consciousness, a kind of inner or subconscious 'self' which is mysteriously aware of many things hidden from the ordinary conscious mind."

"Oh," said Anna looking puzzled.

"Others believe," he continued, "that the writing hand is controlled more or less directly by some intelli-



gence other than that of the medium; by a disembodied spirit, in fact, and that this is another agency by which we may be able to get in touch with those who have gone before. In other words it is simply a different manifestation of the same power which takes advantage of your trances to communicate by the spoken word."

"I was not in a trance," said Anna.

"That is a sign of progress," he assured her. "We may soon be able to dispense with the trance altogether. To be frank I have noticed lately that the trances have been much lighter and less productive than formerly."

Quick fear leaped into Anna's eyes. She, too, had been uneasily conscious of failing forces. If the power were to leave her altogether it would take her living with it. Once again she and little Anna would be left to face the world. She said nothing but from that moment there entered into Anna Plumber's "mediumship" an element which had not been there before. Anna began to "fake".

To the eyes of the Rev. Jasper she seemed to improve in facility. The automatic writing came more often and became more readable. But somehow the sitters did not get "results". The communications, though easier to obtain, were more stereotyped and useless. Only once in a while a gleam broke through.

The Rev. Jasper's interest waned. It was time for a new fad anyway and he was not a constant person. Sincere enough in his way he was one of those who pursue strange gods. Psychical research had been a strange god, but now familiarity had bred if not contempt at least dissillusion. He became bored.

Anna saw it. She made desperate attempts to hold his interest, but without success. The day came when the circle decided to sit no more and Anna's services were definitely dispensed with. It was done kindly, for the Rev. Jasper was generous according to his lights. He gave her money, which he assured her she had earned, and he gave her letters setting forth

his unshaken faith in her occult powers.

After this Anna had drifted. She tried washing again but could not stand it and the minister's letter provided an easier way. She left Canada for the States and moved from one city to another, sometimes received as a prophetess and sometimes fined as a fortune-teller. It was a life which did not encourage spiritual discrimination. Her real power dwindled, her power of faking increased. Yet through it all she held herself aloof from the "profession". She never availed herself of its friendship or its aid. The crowd of sharpers, card-readers, palmists, clairvoyants and tricksters of all kinds which infest cities were repulsive to her. She was afraid of them. She disliked them. She went her own way, saving money as she could and looking forward to a day when she could retire and live the simple life she liked.

Somehow the day seemed long in coming. Little Anna grew up, a pretty, headstrong girl, extravagant, loud and selfish—her father over again. Her mother often looked at her in puzzled wonder. *Could* this be the baby who had been a bit of heaven? *Could* this be the tiny child whose untroubled eyes had been as pure and remote as summer stars? Where had it fled, the sweetness, the innocence of babyhood? Had it been her fault? Would the girl have been different if the child had been brought up in a settled home under different circumstances? Had Anna, the mother, kept on washing for a living would Anna, the daughter, have obtained a sweeter soul? Who could answer these questions—certainly not poor troubled Anna Plumber.

An end had come to this also. Anna-the-second married. As might have been expected she did not marry wisely; but the man had some money and for a year or two the couple rambled through life, having, according to the young wife "a whale of a time", until nature ordered a temporary stop for purposes of her own.



Anna-the-second was furious. Stop she would not, let nature understand that! Nature did understand it and was outraged. Instead of a temporary check she ordered a period. The unwilling mother went out of life as her baby came in.

Anna Plumber, now, since several years, Madam Rameses, took her tiny grandchild in her arms and went back to Canada. She decided to be known as a medium no more. She had saved enough to live upon if she lived carefully. Fortune had surely done her worst and would leave her alone hereafter. She could settle down.

But when the now long professional Madam Rameses sat down to take stock of her soul, she found a curious state of affairs. She had lived with deceit so long that she had ended by being sure of nothing not even of herself. She hardly knew now what was honest "sight" and what was not. From looking at the rubbish written by her automatic hand with a kind of wondering dislike she had come to view it with a superstition almost as simple as that of her "seekers". Say what you would, it was a mystery how it happened. Even admitting that at times when it had refused to work she had faked its messages, it was still true that sometimes it did work of itself and messages of all sorts, mostly nonsense, "came through". Madam Rameses was afraid of those unsolicited messages. It was as if some one had set up a bogie to frighten a child and the bogie had suddenly *winked*.

So it happened that when, after her daughter's death, she had settled down in a pleasant house in Toronto with the intention of keeping a few "paying guests", to provide her with interest and occupation and to help with the expense, the hand suddenly "brought through" a message to the effect that her "helpers on the other plane" demanded that she should "keep the light burning"—in plain words that she should continue to act as medium.

The demand was a shock to Madam.

It confused her terribly. Had she been mistaken in the belief that she was faking? Were the messages, so many of them products of careful fishing, and close observation, real messages after all? Was there in the small remainder of messages which were not faked and whose origin she did not know, some mysterious avenue of communication with the unknown? Was this the "light" which must not die out? She worried about it for months and, in the end, compromised. She would hold to her decision to retire, that is, she would no longer be a professional. She would no longer give regular sittings for the purpose of making money. But, that the directions in the message be obeyed, she would still sit privately for seekers. It is one thing to be a professional clairvoyant and quite another to be a psychic researcher with mediumistic power. Little Lucie, the grandchild, need not be ashamed of that.

The meeting of Madam Rameses and Rosme had been a fortunate thing for both of them. Rosme had called one morning, in the early days of the struggle for independence, at the office of a ladies' agency whither Madam Rameses had also gone in search of a nurse for the infant. The girl was tired and just a little apprehensive after her initial failure as a school-teacher but no one would have dreamed of anything save content and well-being from the face she chose to turn upon the world. No one, that is, save Madam Rameses.

Rosme, as she waited, became conscious of Madam first as a disturbing influence. There was a drawing power in the gaze of the masculine lady opposite which was almost annoying. The girl grew restless, shifted her position and finally raised her own eyes resentfully—to meet a glance so kind that resentment gave place instantly to wonder.

"My dear," said the masculine lady, "shall you mind if I speak to you?"

A few moments before, Rosme would have minded, minded very



much, but the delightful voice and the kind, blue eyes disarmed her. She even smiled as the lady came toward her and, still smiling, she made room upon her sofa.

Rosme always said afterwards that she was kidnapped, and Madam did not contradict her. Certain it is that when Madam left the agency, having entirely forgotten the business which brought her there, she took Rosme with her. The girl hardly knew how it happened nor does Madam's explanation of her sudden and strong interest in some one she had never seen before seem very illuminating.

"I saw that we were sympathetic, my dear," she said, "and I knew you were alone—as I was once."

What else she may have seen of possible danger or distress or what loneliness she may have sensed under the girl's smile she never said; but the confidence which was established that day had never been regretted by either of them. Rosme slipped into the quiet house of Madam like a bit of the happy youth Anna had longed for and never had; and, in return, the girl found the one thing independence had not given, the comfort and security of home.

*(To be continued)*

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## MY DREAMS OF YOU

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

OF light I plucked from fingers  
Which trembling held the dawn,  
I have woven my dreams of you;  
Of white air, white with daisies,  
Pale till the night is gone,  
I have fashioned my dreams of you.

Of noon beside the river,  
Where the still lilies are,  
I have woven my dreams of you;  
Of iris blossoms blowing  
Over a gold sand bar,  
I have fashioned my dreams of you.

Of night's first silent purple,  
Of stars with glimmering,  
I have woven my dreams of you;  
And of the silver monlight  
Where gleams a fire-fly's wing,  
I have fashioned my dreams of you.

# ANITA AND THE SEVEN BOYS

BY ANNE WARNER

**I**MUST begin a little back—about seventeen or eighteen years back.

The missionaries came up the river first and built a chapel; then the fur-traders came next and built a shed for storing skins out of the rain until they could be carried eastward; then the soldiers came and built, first a blockhouse, and then a stone fort; then came the law and the steamboats; and then the settlers—the first townspeople.

They were young married people mainly, people whose lives and plans had been uprooted and whirled abroad by the war. There was quite a colony of them, men of all professions with pretty sweet-faced girl-wives, each seeking *their* fortune, as some one put it.

In January of the following year Anita came, and along through the twelfth month succeeding came the seven boys. Anita and the seven boys were the most important of all the new arrivals, for they were the first white children born in the young state.

Anita and the seven boys were of course intimate friends from the first minute of their respective advents. Their first teeth and their first steps were civic events, their last long clothes and their first short clothes were cherished heirlooms later on. When Anita's great-grandmother in Boston sent her the newest thing in

velvet hoods the mothers of the seven boys all met in a solemn conclave at the residence of Anita's mother and "took the pattern off" so that all the eight babies might be hooded alike. They were also strap-slippered alike, white embroidered-caped alike, baby-cabbed alike, ivory-ringed alike, and—in the second year—they all birth-dayed alike one after another. It was all pretty and delightful—and somewhat pathetic too, for it spoke very plainly of the dreadful dearth of interest in life, when that life could find no wider center than the clothing and feeding of eight babies, whose intelligence was as yet in a very embryonic state of development.

But Time was soon to rectify all that. When Anita had two candles on her birthday cake she had already been entered in the census as one of the nine hundred citizens of her place of birth. When she had five candles she was one of three thousand. Then there was an enormous boom of western emigration and the little girl's twelfth birthday saw her living in a city—a city of paved streets, tall buildings, fine parks, and all other modern advantages. No one would have recognized the sites of the chapel, the shed for storing skins, and the blockhouse; no one would have recognized Anita and the seven boys.

Of course they had all grown. Twelve years has always produced tremendous changes in babies. John had grown so fast that his mother was



very nervous over him, he being her only child. Eddy had grown mainly widthways; Tom and Dick were taller than Anita; and Harry and Will were shorter than she was; Francis George (whose mother was a poet) was just her height.

But they still celebrated their birthdays together, Anita always leading off in January. And just as Anita's hood had set the fashion in hoods in days gone by, so now Anita's style of birthday celebration always set the style of all the other birthday celebrations for that year. When Anita testified to the number of her years by a circle of sugar cats instead of candles, Tom (whose fête came next) testified to his by a circle of sugar dogs, Eddy followed with sugar elephants, and so on for that year.

The next year Anita had the requisite number of big pink roses, and Tom followed with red roses, and so on to Francis George (whose mother always liked to produce a novel effect), who had towering spikes of hollyhocks.

Upon the following year Anita suddenly abandoned her cake and gave a dancing party with a monogram and the date and her age done in gold on the back of the programmes. Here was an innovation, but the other seven mothers rose nobly to the occasion—or occasions—and seven dancing parties each with a monogram and age on the programme, all took place in turn.

The next year Anita went away to boarding-school and thus terminated all the happy series of events which had so prettily and pleasantly chained the lives of the eight together. Of course it was inevitable and of course it was sad.

The seven boys stuck together more or less, went to school daily, shot snipe in twos and threes in the snipe season, played football (all but John whose mother preferred that he shouldn't—he being her only child), played tennis, played all sorts of things, and grew up assiduously.

When Anita came home the next summer she was a great surprise to her old comrades.

"Why, she's pretty!" Harry said to Will in most utter surprise.

"How awful old she seems," Eddy confessed to Dick, as they returned from having made an especially awkward call on the especially composed young lady.

"I don't like her as much as I did," Tom thought—but not aloud.

Francis George's mother had him lose no time in sending some flowers with his name and compliments neatly written out on the card attached.

Anita was very sweet and gracious—not to say condescending—to the boys. She talked pleasantly to them when they called, sought for topics of conversation not too abstruse for their limited intellects, and made lemonade for them whenever her mother reminded her to do so. Still, it was not a happy time, and there was no special wrenching of heartstrings when she returned to boarding-school. The sizing-up of the summer was terse and uncomplimentary.

"She's stuck up," Harry said to Will in great disgust, "she thought more of her clothes than of us."

"I wonder if she'll ever change back to like she used to be!" Tom meditated sadly; then remembered with a sudden rush of joy that they were going to have ducks for dinner—and ceased to consider the good or bad possibilities of Anita.

But the next summer was a greater surprise yet, for Anita didn't come home at all. Instead she went to visit a school friend, and then abroad. Such doings! The boys really did not know whether they approved or not.

That January Anita was seventeen. They were all looking forward to being seventeen soon after and going to college the next year. It is pretty hard and absorbing work, that last year before college with its exams and conditions (oh, poor Eddy!)—and very little brain power was spared for Anita and her affairs.



Still they were all glad when they heard that she was coming home the next summer, and when the day and hour of arrival came they went cheerfully to the station *en bloc*, just as they had always gone whenever she was to be welcomed back ever since they were babies together.

Such a lovely Anita as descended from the Pullman! Such a charming, dainty, bright, happy little figure!—not even a trace of the prim young lady who had *froisseed* them all so horribly two years before.

Instead she was all smiles—and even some sparkling tears, and as her feet touched the platform, she threw her arms around her father's neck (he was nearest, first, and dearest, naturally) and kissed him, and then—Wonder of Wonders!—she turned with a little laugh to Tom who was next, and embraced and kissed *him*, and then she absolutely embraced and kissed *them all*.

The effect of this was very curious. First, they fell dead in love with her, and second, they suddenly disliked one another. They each rushed up to call that evening and, so as to be sure to be first in the field, they all went at seven instead of eight. Anita hadn't finished dinner, and they had to wait together in the drawing-room, suffering from a mutual dearth of remarks, and a tendency to stare at Francis George who was wearing his first evening clothes for the first time.

But when Anita did come in she repaid them for all the agony, by being just too jolly and nice for words. She talked with them all, reminded them of loads of good times which they had forgotten, laughed over jokes which they finally became sufficiently unembarrassed to impart to her, and then when it was nearly ten o'clock and they had eaten seven pounds of French candy and had stuffed with lemonade and poundcake galore, she suddenly jumped up from her chair, ran across and squeezed herself in between Tom and Eddy on the sofa, and, taking a hand of each and looking

about at the rest, said, half-earnestly and half-smilingly:

"And now I want to tell you all the secret; I want you to know before anyone else knows. I'm to be married next month and please promise me to be my ushers."

At first they could hardly realize it. Tom bit his lip and Eddy sneezed. Francis George, whose poetic blood couldn't but show in some way, winked back tears, and Harry and Will, who had been coldly distant to one another ever since leaving the station four hours before, clasped hands involuntarily.

"I'm going to be married in the church," Anita continued, oblivious of the mortal blows she was dealing about her. "and I'm going to have five girls from school for my maids, and three men and yourselves for my ushers. We're going to Japan, and perhaps all the way around the world afterwards."

There was a short pause, and then Eddy said, rather haltingly:

"Is he—is he a very old fellow?"

"No," said Anita, "he is thirty-two"; then she added, "Would you like to see his picture?"

"Well. I wouldn't mind," Eddy admitted, and she drew out from her belt what they had all supposed to be her watch, and showed them a handsome gold locket containing a miniature of a good-looking man with a heavy brown moustache. They looked at it one after the other and all resented the moustache and its thickness.

Then Francis George rose solemnly and said:

"Well, I must be going. I'll be very pleased to help you any way I can," he said.

"Oh, yes, we all will," they said.

"That will be so nice and dear of you," said Anita, rising as she spoke. The rest of the company rose at the same time.

"And I—I'm sure I congratulate you," said Francis George, mournfully trying to live up to the dignity of his costume.



"Yes, he—he looks like a real good sort," said Eddy.

"Thank you so much," said Anita.

She offered them more candy, but they refused firmly. The zest had been taken from their appetites. They could only bid their hostess and one another good-bye and depart. The wedding took place the next month and the boys took part and did their duty splendidly, although Tom had a splitting headache and Francis George nearly wept at the altar. The seven mothers sat in the pews just back of the families, and they shared the emotions of Francis George when they saw all the eight together before them. As for Anita's mother, the tears just poured down her face throughout the ceremony, for Anita looked absolutely babyish in her white robe and she wept the more that it was now fully decided that, after Japan, they should go on around the world.

Following the church ceremony there was a splendid wedding breakfast and a big reception and the boys did themselves no end of credit straight through, up to, and including the trying minute when they each threw one of their own old baby shoes after the bride.

Then ensued an interval of peace—and college—for they all entered the next autumn, even to Eddy, who had become quite thin with constant coaching.

At Christmas they heard from Anita, who hadn't gone around the world after all, her husband having decided in San Francisco that he hadn't even time to go to Japan. Grooms do give their brides such little surprises occasionally, and Anita had made up for hers by having her mother visit her, and exhibiting all her happiness to the latter's maternal appreciation. It is really to be doubted which Anita's mother enjoyed most, her visit or the coming home and telling about it. Anita's mother was one of the dearest and sweetest of women but she could not forbear referring frequently in the company of her old

friends to Anita's trials in a house with twelve servants, or to Anita's husband's set ways in never under any circumstances allowing certain of the horses to be driven by the *second* coachman.

"However, I tell Anita," said Anita's mother to Harry's mother, "that no man is perfect, and she must not mind little things like that."

The next summer the world turned absolutely upside down for the boys! When they returned home Anita was already there and—as Heaven is above!—she had *a baby!*

Now of course they all knew that babies were common, ordinary everyday things, but for Anita to have one!—Anita.

"Did you ever think of Anita with a baby?" Harry asked Will.

"Naw—she said she was going around the world," Will replied.

Then they straggled, somewhat sheepishly, up to call on Anita, and were shown the baby, a cunning little tot, with eyes tightly shut, and a dimpled fist in its mouth.

Anita put her hand gently on Tom's shoulder, when it was he who was contemplating the little creature, and said:

"Do you know it seems to me as if he belonged to the eight of us together. Don't forget to set him a good example always, will you, dear, and remember, if lots of trouble ever comes to him or to me, I shall look to you to help us out. Remember."

Tom could not know that some of life's clouds had already begun to gather for his old playmate, but he did feel to put his own hand on hers and press it warmly, while a sharp stab struck him in a vital part and slew his boyhood then and there.

As the summer wore on the strangeness wore off and they all grew good friends with the baby, who in his turn learned to know them all, and reach out his arms to them all, and cry out with joy when they tossed him. Anita's husband did not appear; he was most frightfully rushed with



business, and his wife and child stayed until late October before he had time to arrange for their return.

It was that winter that the terrible financial crash came. Fortunes were lost in an hour, homes ruined, men committed suicide under pressure equalling any in hell, and poor little Anita, just nineteen, came creeping back to her mother in March with a white face, a black dress and veil, no money and her lovely, laughing baby.

By June the worst of the awful grief had been somewhat assimilated, and all the eight mothers were reunited, as they had not been in years, over the cradle that had once been Anita's. Eight great wells of maternal love and human kindness bubbled up around the poor little widowed girl and her child, and only one object seemed to animate them all—the object of lavishing all their best gifts upon the little one and his mother.

When the young men came home from college they found the new order of the day not only inaugurated and working well, but incumbent on every newcomer to adopt. Very cheerfully they adopted it and Anita's baby passed through his second summer without ever guessing that he was too poor to have a nursery maid.

Along toward September a curious phenomenon manifested itself. All the seven decided to quit college and go to work. For reasons best known to themselves two years more of study seemed utterly impossible to contemplate. Never was such a unanimous desire to labour. Tom went out to Denver on his own hook and started in railroading there. Harry studied bookkeeping at night. Francis George sent three poems to a magazine and was so artful as to inclose no address for fear that an address might betray his flights to his mother. Indeed they one and all threw out bait—more or less well-prepared—in independence.

The mothers were much agitated when this state of affairs became known, and John's mother said she

feared his health was giving way, which was just what she had always expected—he being her only child. John's father was not without alarm at this idea, and so John was freed from his educational shackles and made assistant manager in one of his rich uncle's mills. Tom's parents never had been able to manage him, and as he was harder than ever to do anything with now that he was in Denver, they didn't try, and of course he didn't go back to college.

Francis George's mother wanted him to be a diplomat and his father wanted him to be a produce merchant (like himself), and goodness knows what they would have said to this sudden turn in his career had they known of it. But before Francis George thought prudent to enlighten them he fell ill with typhoid fever and that disposed of him for a while.

In the end four didn't go back and three did, and the winter passed smoothly along with all the mothers, except Francis George's (she had her hands full of Francis George and his typhoid fever), very much interested in the baby's progress, and in taking Anita out to drive, and in reminding one another of how like old times it all was.

But poor little Anita didn't appear able to join in any of the pleasant happenings, and as spring began to grow sunshiny she began to grow even paler and whiter than ever—and then almost before anyone had noticed, she began to cough.

There is something furtive and awful about a cough. It may mean nothing or it may mean such a lot. Anita's mother was frightened half to death, the family doctor suggested Colorado, and Tom's mother (from whom he inherited his strength of will) suddenly declared that she was going out to see her boy and that she was going to take Anita with her.

It seemed the only thing to be done.

The morning of the day before they left Harry came and took her to drive.



During the drive he stuttered and stammered and finally succeeded in asking her if she thought—if she ever—if, in short—and so on.

Anita shook her head sadly. Harry said perhaps it was too soon and he should have waited. Anita said that that would never have made any difference. Then she wept and, with the finality of twenty years, told him that she was resolved never to marry again.

On the afternoon of the same day she went to say good-bye to Francis George, who was now convalescing. She found him awfully thin and very poetic. He suggested that as they both appeared doomed to an early death, they pass their remaining days together, but Anita refused this offer too.

The next morning she wrenched herself away from her parents and child and started west with Tom's mother.

Now Tom's mother was a pleasant, practical lady who didn't believe that Anita had incipient consumption at all. They were not many miles on their route before she told her young friend so, and that very frankly. There are few things more cheering than to be assured that you haven't consumption after having been obliged to fear that you have. Anita began to feel better already. She kept on feeling better. Better and better and better. They reached Colorado and they reached Tom. His chief lent him a private car for a week and his mother and Anita went out in it and saw railway construction at first hand. Then they came back and travelled about a bit sight-seeing. Tom joined them when he could for Saturday and Sunday. His mother was radiantly happy; as for Anita, she began to get back her colour.

They went back home for Christmas. The baby had grown, the boys were back from college, it was really a very happy time. Before it was over Will—who would have a fortune—asked Anita to share it, and she shook

her head as before. She saw now that they were all going to ask her the same question and it made her very sad; but there was apparently no help for it.

They all did—all but Tom. Eddy asked her at Easter, and the other two when they first got home in June. Francis George asked her for the second time in July and Harry asked her for the fourth time in August. Other men asked her, too. The truth was she was a dear, sweet little creature, and there was something about her pretty face under her crape bonnet which made all the world want her for his wife. I don't know what the acute charm of a widow's bonnet can be, but we all know how irresistible it is. Perhaps it is the knowledge that there walks another man's wife who is to be legitimately coveted.

Anyway, Anita grew more and more attractive and refused more and more good offers, until finally Tom came home. She had looked forward very eagerly to Tom's coming home, remembering their happy times in Colorado. But Tom came home quite changed. He was tanned, had a beard, and was in town two whole days before he came to her.

She was getting really hurt when he did come. And then when she knew that he was there she didn't want to go down to see him. It was very funny.

Then when she did go down there was no one but himself and herself in the room and he—well, he kissed her, and of course he shouldn't have done that. She had not kissed any of the boys since her wedding-day and never expected to kiss any of them again—not ever.

She blushed dreadfully, and she and Tom sat down on—well, on the sofa—and he took her hand. It was dreadful—but she let him—somehow.

And then he began to talk to her, and he talked to her a long time. And she let him.

And he held her hand all the time. And she let him.

And he told her that he loved her.  
And she let him.

And then he kissed her over and over. And she let him.

"I always meant to marry you sometime, Anita," he said; "it was so awful when you went and got married the way you did."

To this she made no reply.

"Of course we all were fond of you," Tom continued, "but none of the others ever thought of wanting to

marry you, and I can tell you honestly that I have never once thought of wanting to marry anyone else."

"That's so nice to know," she said.

"And we'll be married very soon," he added, "and I'll carry you away with me when I go back."

And she let him.

And the other six kept each his secret, and Anita kept *all* their secrets. So that her one husband and their six wives never, never knew.

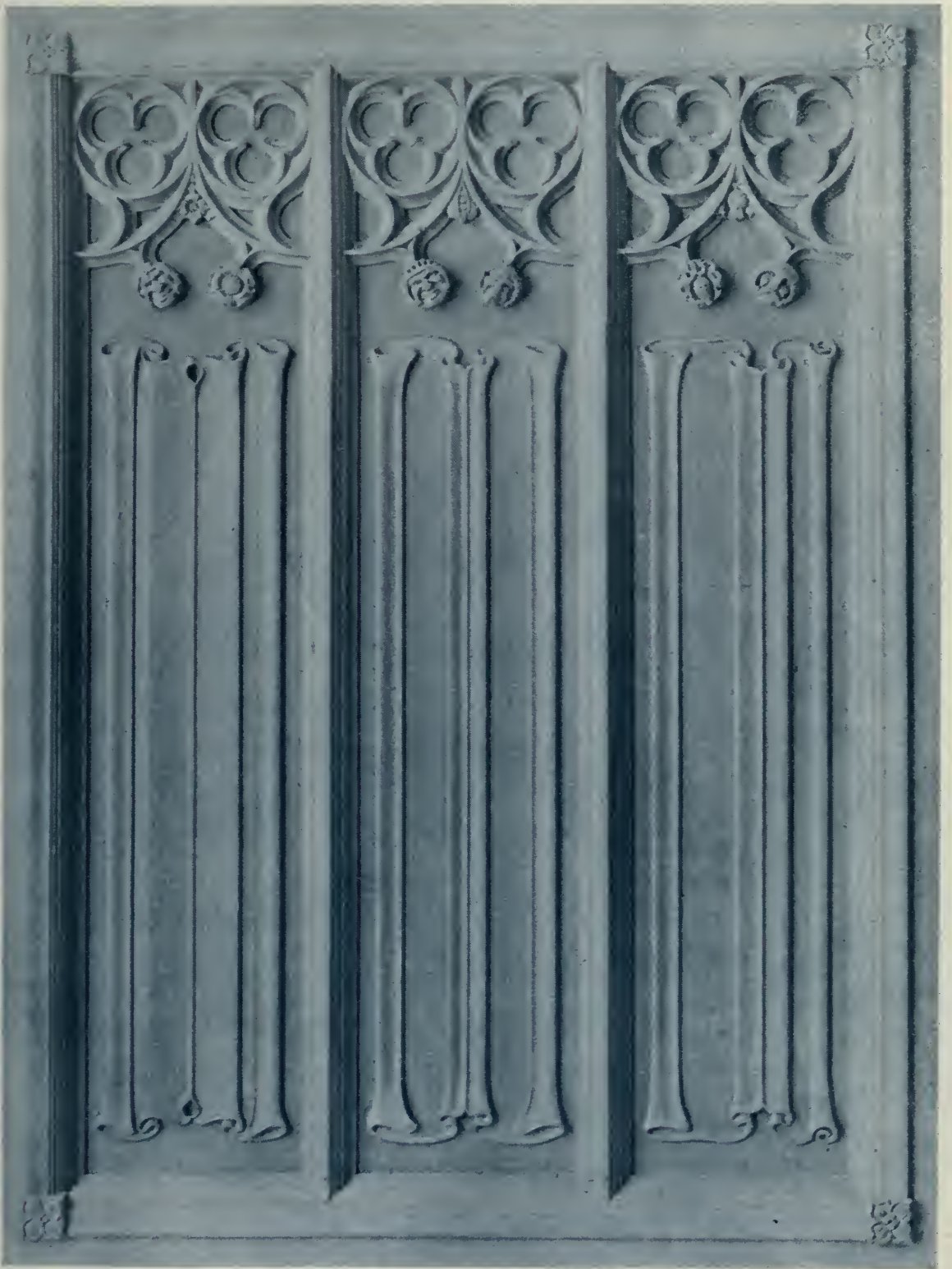
## RETROSPECT

By CLAUDE E. LEWIS

OFT with her who loved me  
I trod the prairies lone—  
We heeded not the cruel winds that moan—  
We plighted love forever,  
And we would part no never,  
Till Time had died, and Love had lied and flown.  
She clasped her hands above me,  
Then pressed her tender lips upon my own.

Years have come and parted;  
I sit me now alone—  
I cannot bear to hear the winds that moan—  
I sit in doleful sorrow,  
And dread each new to-morrow,  
That may recall a passion all my own;  
I sit me broken-hearted,  
Till I shall join the roses that have blown.





THE LINEN FOLD

Carved Oak Panels for  
Interior Doors of  
the new Parliament Buildings  
at Ottawa.





# INDIAN LORETTE

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON



LISH—squish!

Who is it comes so swiftly down the snowy highway? Who is it cuts “eights”, “eighty-eights” and Paisley patterns, among the snowbound trees of our northern Canadian forests? Who tames our wild, free, northern country into proper service? Who follows the fur-bearing animals to the death far in these same northern wilds? Who but the man on snow-shoes? And who makes snowshoes?

Dropping down last August for a week at Indian Lorette in the Province of Quebec we found “rooms” in a very quaint, steep-roofed, old house in the Indian village by the Falls of Lorette where dwell the last of the Hurons.

There, we came and went—idling the mid-summer days—down the little lanes in slow and friendly fashion—coming upon children at their games; women in door-yards sewing or embroidering moccasins — ornamenting them with fancy designs in dyed moose-hair and porcupine quills; stepping into rooms where small groups of men, and occasionally a woman, were building canoes; chancing into still other rooms where men were at work making—snow-shoes.

“*Oui, oui, m’sieu, madame*, the Hurons of Indian Lorette ’tis they who make the snow-shoes.”

And, who are these Hurons—makers of the moccasin, the canoe, the snow-shoe?

“Oh, *m’sieu, madame*, what will you in one leetle week?”

But at the same time, a week in Lorette is a long time if one gives every moment to it, as we did, scarcely stealing a moment for *déjeuner* or *dîner*.

The Indian Village that proves itself only partly French, despite its French name, since it utterly refuses to follow one long street, is not all French nor all Indian, but resembles some little escaped English garden romancing as the capital city of the Hurons—nine miles by the Lake St. John Road out of the city of Quebec.

The English lanes of Indian Lorette all seem to convene at the old church. And that too, strangely enough, gives one the impression of an English village church. Perhaps it is the green in front with the old George III. cannon, that village tradition says “came here after the Crimea”. At any rate “the English atmosphere” is there. But the resemblance blends into old Jesuit, once we cross the threshold. If Angletterre speaks in the cannon without *m’sieu*, the dulcet voice of France charms as sweetly within. First, we must see “the little house of the Angels”, let into the wall, high above the altar. It is not very big but great significance attaches to it, for this little house was used as an object lesson by diplomatic missionary priests of the early days to drive home to the Indian mind the sanctity of the home and the value of the centralizing agency of a house as against the tepee.

“It is a little figure of the house of our Saviour and Mary, his mother,” an elderly Huron woman told us in



A shady lane in Indian Lorette

a half-whisper, and some bad men stole it, one time, and the people prayed and prayed; and one morning, they got up, and the little house was back. The Angels had brought it in the night."

It is a dear little house in old dull blues, and somewhere about it, lines of ashes-of-roses melt in with the blue, and there's a little touch of real old gold to give values. A bit of art in its simplicity, is this little house from France, "house of the Angels", that won a tribe to architecture and—higher things.

I think the Angels did bring it!

I think, too, they tempered the wind to the shorn lamb in sending "Louis D'Ailleboust, Chevalier, *troisième gouverneur de la Nouvelle France*" to be, as the crested tablet on the opposite walls says, "*Ami et protecteur des Hurons*".

Born at Ancy in 1612, "the friend and protector of the Hurons" died down the road apiece at Ville Marie "*en la Nouvelle France, en Mai, 1660*". So reads the third Governor's life history as here quaintly but all too briefly written.





Making Snowshoes at Indian Lorette

One could spend hours in this little church so French within, so English without; weaving with its souvenirs pages of history! For there are many treasures locked up carefully in the sacristy—*anciennes pièces* of old hand-wrought church-silver from France, and many rich embroideries and a priest-robe wrought by the hand of court ladies and presented by the queen of Louis Quartore. “*Ah, oui, oui, madame, c’est magnifique!*” In detail—but who cares for detail? It is sufficient that these valuable relics of olden days are *here* for our modern eyes to look upon, willy nilly on a

summer day, greatly enriching our experience in the worth while. Nevertheless, who would expect this sort of treasure out in Indian Lorette?

To the left of the little “international” church lies the old burying ground where at dusk one parching summer evening we came upon the graceful figure of little Marie watering the precious flowers growing on her “family” graves. Graves with the curious “wooden” head-stones—so popular all through rural Quebec—made by the local carpenter or some member of the family who is also something in the way of a woodcarver.



Father and daughter building a Canoe at Indian Lorette

As all Lorette roads lead to *l'église*, so they ramble their lane-like ways away from it, wandering first by the little "village grocery" occupying a cottage—once an old homestead and neat as a new pin—picking a tree-lined way between little whitewashed *maisons* in yards, flower-filled, up to a large *grande maison* with steep pretentious French-roof, vine-covered porch and dormer windows—a house that was once a H.B.C. Post, according to village tradition. One can readily believe it. To speak briefly, it shows the "hall-mark". Nevertheless its pretentious dimensions are as much of a surprise to happen upon here in Indian Lorette as the exquisite embroideries of *l'église*, to which all

that this house suggests of frontier life when this was the frontier appears so entirely opposed and yet, of course, was not.

For in the "olde days" a strange unity often existed between phases of life apparently wide apart, giving zest and ambition to adventure and investing commerce and the early church with the halo of a dramatic interest that still clings.

All over the British Empire are nooks with these touches—the union of the truly great of time and circumstance with little places. Canada appears especially rich and happy in the possession of innumerable villages and towns of this description. One has but to follow





A street in Indian Lorette

"the trail" to discover them everywhere.

The atmosphere of Indian Lorette is not all of the dead and gone variety. "Non, m'sieu, Lorette is still — a stage in the limelight."

It is "a stage" that has moved forward its appointments in a truly marvellous and skilful fashion so as to link up "the Canada of all time". For nothing we could name so bespeaks the true spirit of Canada in one breath as do the things found here in Indian Lorette in the full swing of production—the snowshoe, the moccasin and—the canoe.

The canoe, especially is a motif—a giant pattern gliding powerfully through the very warp and woof of the land. To go back—modifications of the canoe were here long before the

Norsemen or Cabot or Columbus. To go forward—who can foresee the canoeless day?

So, stepping up to a Lorette door and over the threshold to happen upon a bright, berry-eyed, deft-fingered woman with sure and certain strokes tacking a canvas over the frame of a canoe, the boat that typifies Canada, was like coming unannounced upon the spirit personality of the land itself.

Ma'am'selle was all graciousness. At the same time artist enough not to lay down her tools but kept at work as she talked—tapping punctuations with her little hammer that had a character of its own taken on by age and much use.

"*Mais oui.*" Many years she had worked at the canoe-making "*avec*



Old Hudson's Bay Company House at Indian Lorette

*mon père.*" "*Mais certainement*" she liked it.

*Difficile?* "*Mais non.*"

The canvas went on as we watched—then the stern bands. Ma'am'selle worked quickly but without haste after the manner of an old hand. The stem-bands in place ma'am'selle rested and began to talk again.

"Would we not see the beginnings?"

"*Oui?*" "The upstairs, upstairs mesdames." This invitation was accompanied by a slight bow and a sweep with the hammer in hand towards a little pine board stairs. And up we went to make the acquaintance of *le bateau* itself in its "beginnings".

Have you seen a canoe in the making?

The swift manipulations, the decided, skilled movements, in which every stroke counts? Have you seen the surety of the French-Huron hand at work at this inherited trade? How their fingers, guided as if by magic, lay the thin, slim boards in place? How the knives swish through the wood at the desired length? How the little plane disappears in the maze of shavings it has created? A tap here, a nail there and the last plank is on? A moment ago it was a board lying on a bench. Now it is—a canoe!

If you have thus watched, then you know the sensation, as we do, of having beheld a clever trick performed, seen it done but can't tell how. For to say the least, canoe-making at Indian Lorette is a fascinating bit of





The Church at Indian Lorette

sleight of hand! Ma'am'selle says it takes two days to build a canoe. But "the preparations" oh yes, that takes much longer.

We inquired as to the market, where they were sold.

At this ma'am'selle contracted her shoulders in a French shrug, threw out her hands—in the right still holding the hammer—and cried, "*Mais oui*—all over Canada."

Hand-and-glove with canoes and snowshoes goes the moccasin. The moccasin in Indian Lorette is an old, old story—as well as an elaborate one—real and flourishing to-day. It was a surprise to us to find that the Hurons still wear them, in lieu of "shoes", about the daily business. Men and women pass *silently*, up and down these little lanes, with no

need of rubber heels, where the sole is like velvet.

The tannery lies across the bridge above the famous "Falls of Lorette". In the tannery yards moose hides from our Canadian northland flap in the wind side by side with "hides" from Singapore. (For moccasin making here is a business big enough to call for imported skins.) And yet "the factory" is *small*, because most of the moccasin making is done in the homes. The cutting, cutters and machines are at "the shop" but the artistic embroideries in coloured beads and porcupine quills grow under the skillful touch of women and girls sitting on their vine-clad, tree-shaded balconies or while making purchases from butcher's or baker's cart in the shady lanes, moccasin in hand.



Little Marie watering flowers on ancestral graves in the churchyard at Indian Lorette

In this way moccasins enter into the home life of this "remnant of the Hurons" in a most intimate fashion. Even in the days of their prosperity as "a tribe" the number of moccasins made never equalled "the trade" of to-day. Nor was the "market" so large or so far-flung. One hears half a million pairs spoken of with equanimity. One is surprised that so many moccasins find their way to the woods and boudoirs of Canada and the United States. Surprised too, that Indians have "made good" to such an extent from the commercial angle, creating, as it were, their own market.

Followed through all its quills and fancies, it is a pretty, homely story. But after all it is a story that but brings one back to the people themselves. The chief is Monsieur Picard, residing in the old Hudson's Bay Company house. He is a young man who saw service in France. The ex-grand chief—M. Maurice Bastien of maturer years—is actually perhaps the ruling power. Chief Bastien belongs to "the old school" is very dignified, quiet, stands on ceremony, is the real head of the moccasin industry and has the gift of entertaining. He has an exceedingly pleasing personality and can carry solemn



functions through to a successful issue. All the responsibility of doing "the honours" of the tribe to distinguished visitors falls to him. It is he who owns the precious wampum and the invaluable silver medals, gifts of distinguished royal sovereigns to himself and predecessors in office—one medal from King George III, one from Louis Quinze of France, one from King George IV, two from the late Queen Victoria.

Monsieur Bastien lives in a fine house tastefully furnished. On the table in the parlour stands a photograph of Philippe, Comte de Paris, in a blue vellum frame, a simple gold fleur de lys at the top. The Comte presented his photograph to Chief Bastien's father who was the grand-chief on the occasion of the Comte's visit to Lorette.

There are many other valuable souvenirs but we liked best an old oil painting of the pioneer days showing Hurons approaching as visitors to the Ursuline Convent in Quebec. As a work of art it is probably of little value, but its theme—its theme, *m'sieu, il parle*.

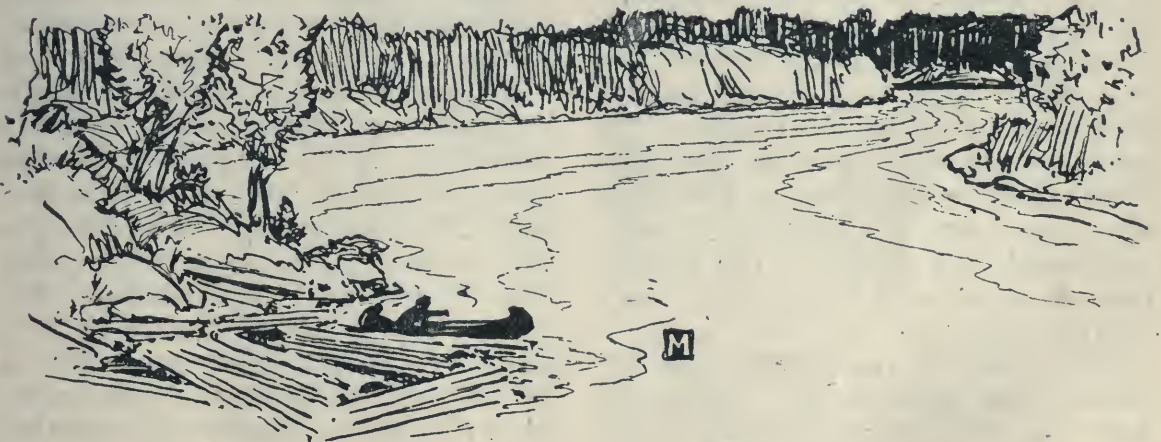
As Monsieur Bastien talks of the past while graciously showing his visitors all these souvenirs including his own feathered head-dress and the

blue coat with its time faded brocade which he wears on state occasions, he he has the true story-teller's art of making the times and occasions live again, so that through the ages you see the long procession of great families—Sionis, Vincents, Picards, Bastines—from the earliest time down to the present—hunters, makers of the moccasin, the canoe, the snowshoe.

You see them off in the northern wilds of the Laurentides hunting the skins that enabled them to fill British Government contracts every fall for several years after 1759 for several thousands pairs of snowshoes, caribou moccasins and mittens for the English regiments garrisoning the citadel of Quebec.

A Sioni is still the central figure in the making of snowshoe frames. Sionis and Vincents are still keen on the chase. 'Tis they who in season guide "the sportsman" from over "the border" to the haunts of the moose and *truite rouge* ensuring plenty of sport.

But at this season of the year the Huron of Indian Lorette is off on his homemade snowshoes far away in the silences of the great fur country and the timber lands of Northern Quebec working for a living—"hunting the fur and the big log, *m'sieu*".



# CHARLES LINDSEY

AN ORNAMENT OF CANADIAN JOURNALISM

BY L. A. M. LOVEKIN



SOME time ago a task was committed to me which necessitated the close examination of the files of the newspapers of the old Province of Lower Canada. The search covered the various issues for many years, as far back as the days when *The Mercury* (Quebec) was in its zenith and a power in its particular locality. I was much impressed by the masterly and academic tone which characterized the political arguments of the old writers. The articles reminded the reader of the dignified writings seen in the pages of the highest class of British publication and yet, while argumentative and courteous, they were not sparing in necessary expressive force. I could not help being impressed, also, with the contrast between these writings and the free-and-easy, at times vituperative, attempts of later champions of this or that party. In conversation with the late Mr. Carey, of *Mercury* association, I learned that the writers for that paper were men of the highest scholastic and social position. It may be noted in passing that *The Mercury* was established in 1805 by a Mr. Carey, and it remained a family possession for a century. *The Quebec Gazette* ante-dated it by half a century.

"The tone of the journals of the period was undoubtedly higher at the time you refer to" said the late Mgr. Laflamme, of Laval University, "and rightly so. There is no reason why our press should not be as dig-

nified a calling as it has always been in France, where it is an acknowledged profession and led many of its members to the highest positions. Thiers, Simon, Gambetta, Ferry and a host of others foremost on the page of French history were journalists."

The present year is the centennial of the birth of one of the brightest ornaments of Canadian journalism, one who did more to implant the true spirit of his profession in Canada and keep it in the straight path than any man of modern times—the late Mr. Charles Lindsey. His name and fame belong to the country and not to any locality. His fellow workers, pupils perhaps they should be called, and personal associates are, alas, now becoming fewer and fewer.

It was my privilege to meet Mr. Lindsey shortly after his departure from the editorial chair of *The Leader*, and I can recall with gratitude his readiness to aid, advise and inform a green and callow youth, just entering with "rash assurance" the thorny path of newspaperdom. I well remember his emphasizing the need of a journalist, if he honestly wished to do his duty, ever placing principle before him as a lode star and adhering thereto. "Follow light and do the right," is a maxim that will never lead a boy wrong," said he, and added what I thought a very beautiful simile: "You have seen a railway station where the signal arms at night are brilliant with coloured lights. But the engine driver's eye is fixed on one only, until he sees what it indicates, and not till then



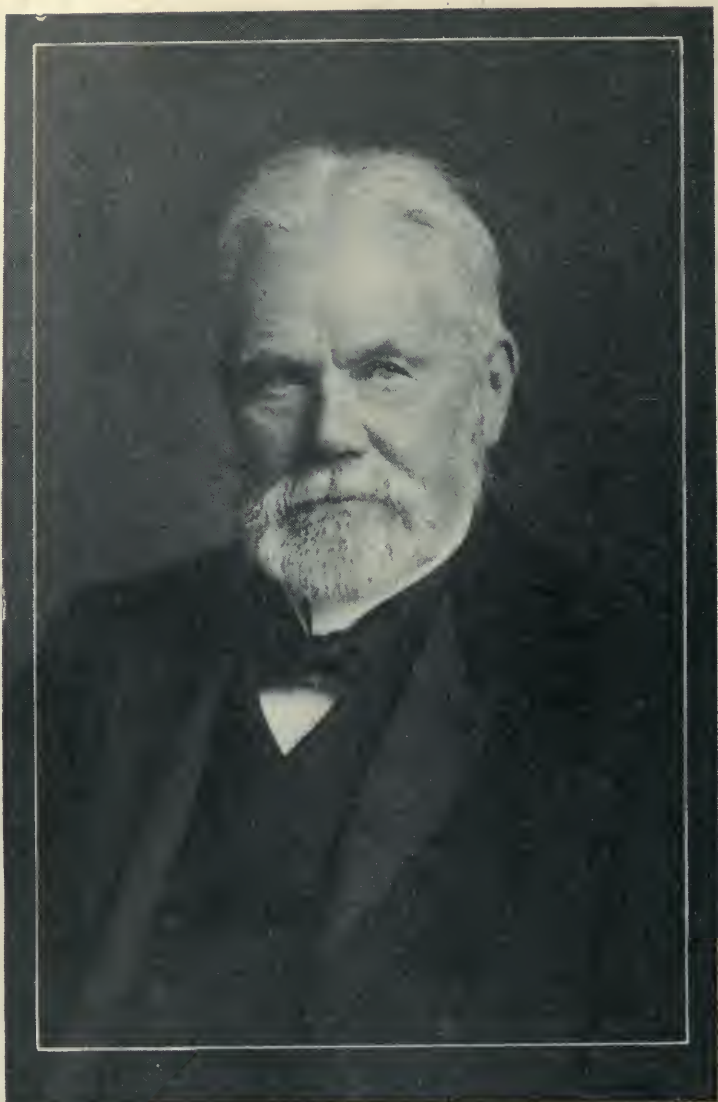
does he move his train. Want of steadfastness would produce disaster and probably loss of life to many." I have never forgotten this lesson from one justly termed the "Nestor of journalism", by a writer, himself a master of literature, but who was glad to drink at the springs of knowledge possessed by Mr. Lindsey. It is no secret that Mr. Goldwin Smith, unversed in the intricacies of Canadian political history, obtained from him much of the information on which was based the able and philosophic conclusions of "A Bystander" and seen in scholarly essays in various other publications.

Mr. Lindsey was born in the year 1820, in Lincolnshire, and educated there, moving to Canada at an eventful period, 1842. The "Union" had just been accomplished, the old Parliament of Canada commenced its experimental career, and years of political turbulence were looming ahead. He found, already in the field, *The Examiner*, a paper established by Mr. (afterwards Sir Francis) Hincks, in 1838. On the latter taking office in the ministry of the day, he retired from the proprietorship of the paper and Mr. James Leslie acquired it and Mr. Lindsey assumed the editorship. But his great career of public usefulness in journalism and elsewhere commenced in 1853 when he accepted the editorship of *The Leader*, a paper established by Mr. James Beaty, a leather merchant, an Irishman of scant education, good intentions, keen business instincts and strong convictions. This position he held, with marked effect and results, until 1867 when the late Hon. J. Sandfield Macdonald paid him the fitting compliment of transmitting to him "as a Christmas present" the commission of Registrar of Deeds at Toronto.

The paper gradually weakened after Confederation though the last editor was able to champion the cause of the National Policy, hail the triumph of Sir John Macdonald, and to see the paper expire in 1878. The

master hand had left the helm. Under his direction *The Leader* was the leader, in fact as well as in name, of the Conservative party, and it is well known that Mr. Lindsey was often consulted by its chiefs who were glad to take the advice of one of so statesmanlike a frame of mind as he.

He assumed his editorial office at a transition period. There were visible political changes afoot alike in the minds of public men and the adherents of party. There had, in fact, practically been as, a modern writer has correctly said, "an annihilation of the two parties which had so long contended for the control of public affairs in Canada, and the dominant party underwent such an organization that it retained few vestiges of the Toryism which had been a distinguishing feature of the Government. The remodelled party by degrees absorbed the more conservative elements in the old Liberal party which had acknowledged the leadership of Baldwin and Lafontaine". The naturally impartial and judicial mind of Mr. Lindsey promptly grasped the situation and saw that the only way which led to the settlement of differences and the attainment of true and patriotic nationalism was opened. *The Leader* supported the coalition of the time and when the Taché-Macdonald Government took office in 1856 it supported this wing of the previous coalition. His editorial counsel at the time bade his readers look forward. He saw that the old lines separating parties were being gradually effaced and that a new order must inevitably be the outcome of the condition of affairs, and that the consolidation of the Canadian Commonwealth upon solid political and commercial foundations was a loftier aim than the gratification of sectional prejudice or any mere local ascendancy. He proclaimed at the time decidedly advanced, but undoubtedly patriotic, sentiments and they were emphasized by him several years later in what may be correctly described as a masterly



CHARLES LINDSEY

whose example helped to raise the tone of journalism in Canada

state paper, which formed the dedicatory address of *The Toronto Mail* newspaper, printed in its initial number. It is applicable to-day as at the moment he penned it. Who can wonder, now, that with a writer of so judicial a mind and possessed of so great a knowledge of political economy, of which he was a profound student, familiar with every known work on the subject in English and French, *The Leader* should have wielded so great and acknowledged an influence for public good? Or that it should have been so bright a beacon during the times when the ship of state was sorely tossed about and the minds of men exercised with

such issues as racial and provincial differences, the clergy reserves, the separate school question, militia, confederation, seigneurial rights, double majorities, representation by population and the like?

Mr. Lindsey steered his ship clear of unthinking partisanship; he made the unthinking think, and proved himself throughout the most critical years of Canadian political life to be an editor of the rare type described as a "literary statesman guiding his paper according to his own opinions though in accord with his political party". He never descended to either the vituperative or the "muck raking" plane; other papers might in-



dulge in such graceful compliments as "viper", "bats", "wretches", "base hound", etc., etc., but he studiously refrained from vehemence in advocacy and unfairness in attack, trusting to argument and lucid exposition. And his first weapon was generally unanswerable and his second too clear to be disputed. Nor did he lay down his pen, albeit for a well deserved respite, until he had seen the Dominion consolidated and safely on her way to the attainment of national greatness.

Regret was freely expressed at Mr. Lindsey's acceptance of office and apparent withdrawal at so early an age from public activities, the more so as the suggestion had been made that he should enter the parliamentary arena. Unquestionably, he was well fitted for the duties. But, though he accepted the position of Registrar of Deeds, he did so without any restrictions and he left himself at liberty to bring his matured judgment and experience into play for the public benefit. And he was soon called upon to do so for a matter of grave importance to the country came under discussion, and into the arena of litigation. The question of the western boundary of Ontario arose. This was an interesting subject historically as it necessitated a careful examination of the old French régime and also of the somewhat nebulous charter granted to the Hudson's Bay Company by King Charles. The services of Mr. Lindsey were secured by the Government as his thorough knowledge of the French language, history and literature were well known. He dealt with the subject in a valuable article in *The Canadian Monthly* and his formal report to the Government stands today a book of inestimable value to the student of Canadian history. It certainly had a great influence on the final rulings of the courts, which gave to Ontario a remarkable extension of territory. Mr. Lindsey also published a history of the Clergy Reserves at the time they formed a subject of dispute. He also made a personal in-

vestigation of the prohibitory liquor laws in the United States and found that, according to his observations, they were a noxious farce and productive of much evil. Another subject, alike very grave and very delicate for those outside the Province of Quebec, arose a few years ago when a very marked assertion of the privileges of the Church, as opposed to the civic power, was advanced. Mr. Lindsey dealt with the subject in a book entitled "Rome in Canada" in a thoughtful and non-provocative manner, and which was approved by influential and representative members of the ecclesiastical authorities. The book cleared the air of misconceptions on the part of extremists on the one side, and showed the undesirable consequences that would arise if the principles of the extremists on the other side were put into practice; and it had a pacifying influence.

But it may be said the chief work from Mr. Lindsey's pen was "The Life and Times of William Lyon MacKenzie". That book occupies the position of a Canadian classic and deals with a momentous phase of Canadian history as, probably, no other could have presented it. As a son-in-law of the Canadian patriot, Mr. Lindsey naturally had access to facts which would not have been within the reach of any ordinary writer.

Although in what has been termed retirement, and though his office was no sinecure and was more strictly administered under his direction than previously, Mr. Lindsey found quiet hours which enabled him to contribute articles to *The Nation*, *The Monetary Times*, *The Canadian Monthly*, and elsewhere, all of which exercised the influence inseparable from their source, and as representative of the Government at the Paris Exhibition he did the Dominion a very great service.

His death in 1908 was generally deplored, and the editors of journals of every party and class closed their eyes to local differences and united in their eulogies of the deceased

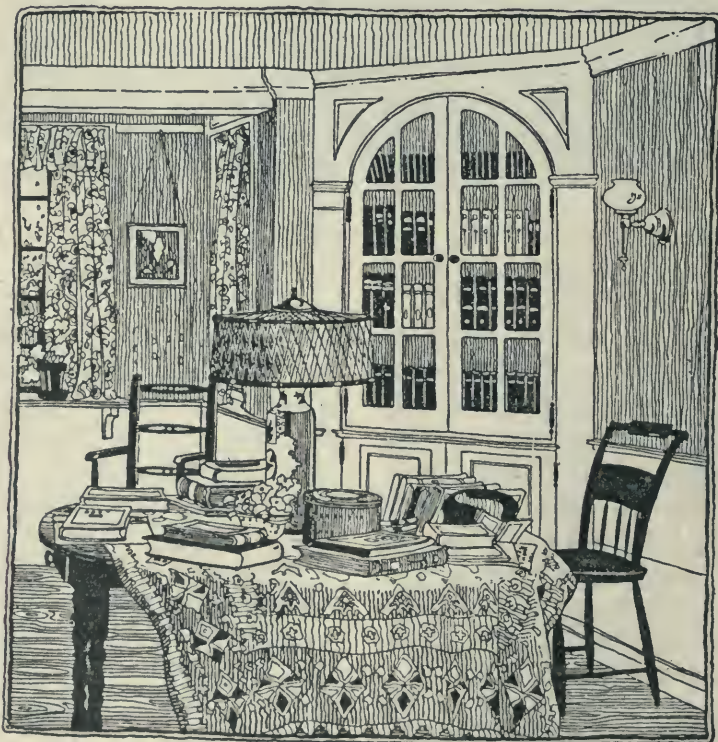


statesman, scholar and littérateur, who had done so much to elevate Canadian journalism and to make purer and cleaner the field of politics. In this, the centennial year of his birth, the lessons he taught may well be re-studied by public writers and politicians. Many conditions which he seems to have foreseen are now in full operation necessitating more than ever an observance of his principle of steering clear of unthinking partisanship while honestly endeavouring to do justice to the claims of new ideas and the force of progress. But he knew that mere change is not pro-

gress and too often the reverse. Such "progress" is very much the subject of vulgar advocacy and clamour to-day, and Mr. Lindsey seems to have anticipated the present, when, nearly fifty years ago, he penned the Foreword in the first number of *The Mail* (Toronto), and placed as its keynote the warning of Francis Bacon: "It is good not to try experiments in states except the necessity be urgent or the utility evident and well to beware that it be the reformation that draweth on the change and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reformation."\*

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\*This quotation is from Bacon's Essay entitled "Of Innovations". In full it is as follows: "It is good also not to try experiments in states except the necessity be urgent or the utility evident; and well to beware that it be the reformation that draweth on the change and not the desire of change that pretendeth (i.e. made a pretext) the reformation; and lastly that the novelty, though it be not rejected yet be held for a suspect and as the scripture saith: 'That we make a stand upon the ancient way, and then look about us and discover what is the straight and right way and so to walk in it.' (Jeremiah VI, 16)."





# RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

THE IRISH ELEMENT



THE Irish forty years ago, as I have said, formed a very large proportion of the population, the labouring classes at that time being almost all of that nationality. They added very much to the humour of the proceedings in the Court when I first occupied the Bench.

Many years ago there was a street called March Street. It was one of the slums of the city, and had acquired a very unsavoury reputation. In order to improve its standing, the City Council changed its name to Stanley Street. The old saying that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet was verified in the opposite sense, for Stanley street smelt as bad as March Street. Another attempt was made to improve it by naming it Lombard Street, and I think that then it was worse than ever, for the old wooden shanties were continually becoming more decrepit.

It was inhabited by Irish labourers, carters, woodsawyers, etc. A well known character named Dan Dwan, a labourer on the docks, was popularly known as the Mayor of Stanley Street, for he had great influence among the residents, and was an active politician. He was a witty, humorous fellow, and well known in the city. I met him once many years ago, long before I was on the Bench and said to him:

"Good morning, Dan. I hope you may live long, and always be "able to

keep a pig, and always have a barrel of whiskey in the corner."

"Well, sir," he replied, "what's one barrel of whiskey in a large family and no cow?"

The jail is situated to the east of the Don River, and prisoners going from court to jail crossed the Don Bridge. About fifty years ago there was a very popular music hall song called "One more River to Cross". One day a couple of young dandies were walking along the street singing it.

Dan looked at them and said:

"Yes, boys, and I know the river, it's the Don."

Another day he was talking to a stranger when the van called "Black Maria" was being driven down to the jail with the prisoners convicted for drunkenness, etc., the usual term being thirty days.

Dan said to the man:

"Do you see that team? That's Curnel Dinnison's team, and they are the fastest in the city."

"They do not look very fast," said the stranger.

"But they are," said Dan. "They would take you as far in half an hour, as it would take you thirty days to get back."

\*

## JACK O'LEARY'S TRIAL

When I was quite a young barrister I was asked to defend a man named Jack O'Leary for burglary. He was almost caught in the act, being found in a lane in his shirtsleeves,



at the back of the shop that had been broken into, and in the shop was found his coat. There was but little chance of getting him off, but I did the best I could with the jury, making a strong point of the fact that the Crown had not proved that the coat was his, and that there was no evidence that it was his coat. To my amazement the jury acquitted him. I left the Court and O'Leary came after me, and asked me to apply to Chief Justice Draper for the restitution of the coat. I refused most emphatically, and told him to say nothing about it, and advised him to leave the city at once.

The next morning I was passing through the Court House when Dan Dwan came up to me and said:

"Good morning, Mr. Dinnison," and he went on to say, "I was in the Court yesterday. I heard ye pleading for Jack O'Leary. Be japers! Ye did it well. Ye mulvathered that jury till they didn't know where they were at. For he was bloody guilty."

"I am afraid he was," said I.

"Yes," said Dan. "But you know, he had no business to ask for his coat."

I replied: "I refused to apply for it." He then told me that O'Leary had gone in himself, just as the Court was opening that morning, and had asked the Chief Justice to order the return of his coat.

The Chief Justice said: "But you said that it was not your coat."

"No, my Lord, I did not."

"Well your Counsel did."

"No," said O'Leary, "he did not. He only said that they did not prove it was my coat, but I can prove it is my coat."

The Chief Justice said:

"I think this is the most impudent request ever made to me," and he ordered the coat to be sold, and the proceeds given to a charitable institution and ordered O'Leary to be removed from the Court.

I do not think I ever defended another prisoner. I was not pleased with my experience in that case.

#### MEETING IN DALY'S BACK YARD

Lombard Street reminds me of another famous settlement of fifty-five years ago, principally composed of Irish emigrants from the County of Clare, and popularly known as Claretown. It was situated on what are now known as Ryerson, Wolseley and Carr Streets. The principal man in the settlement was Pat Gibson, a railway labourer, who was known as the Mayor of Claretown. He was a tall, well built, powerful man more than six feet in height.

A man named Standish Wilson, who kept a tavern on the opposite side of Queen Street, was the bailiff or agent of the owner of Claretown. He was a stout old man, with a large way of talking, and sometimes used Latin quotations in a very amusing way. I remember him once telling of a row that occurred between two neighbours in the settlement, and he told me that from what he overheard about the trouble, he was under the impression "that there had been a prior fracas among them, but that they "were of a very pugnacious disposition intirely".

Not far from Standish Wilson's tavern was another small tavern kept by a rival named Paddy Daly.

There was a general election for the old Parliament of Canada about the year 1862. I was then a very young man and was one of the Committee for the Conservative candidate, and John Canavan, a young Irish lawyer, a friend of mine, was another. In those days elections were very different from what they are now. The polling lasted two days, there was open voting, open treating, and almost open bribing. Our opponents in this election had called a meeting of electors to be held at Paddy Daly's, to be addressed by the candidate and other prominent politicians. Canavan conceived the idea of breaking up the meeting and I agreed to help him. Daly's tavern was too small for a meeting, but he had a fair-sized yard at the back of his place with the usual wood shed running along one side of



it. Standish Wilson, and Pat Gibson the Mayor, brought down the male population of Claretown, and they filed into the yard, and took up an advantageous position on the roof of the wood shed. It was a fine summer evening and Paddy Daly had brought out the kitchen table, and placed two candles on it, with a pair of snuffers between them. and two or three chairs for the Chairman and Secretary. The yard was packed, and when the meeting had got fairly started, Canavan stood upon a chair by the table and began to speak and to move a resolution in favour of our candidate. The other side had brought a well-known mob leader named Bob Moody from the St. John's Ward district, with a number of his followers, and as soon as Canavan began to speak, there was a great uproar and Moody got upon the other side of the table. Canavan got up on his and the noise and yelling was so furious, that not a word could be heard from either of them. I was standing right behind Canavan holding him from falling from the table, when Pat Gibson, who was standing at the back of the roof of the shed, said to his Claretown boys, "Make a way for me boys", and he ran down the roof and made a flying leap over the heads of those near and landed on the table, seized Moody in his arms, and they both fell into the crowd beyond. The table was broken and tumbled over, Canavan and I were thrown aside. The chairman ran through the house and away went the candidate after him. The Claretown people cleared the yard in a few minutes, and Canavan invited everybody to go to Standish Wilson's, where he would treat them. When we went up there the place was jammed. Wilson's wife and family were handing out the liquor as fast as it could be done, and Wilson in his shirt sleeves standing with his thumbs in his waistcoat arm holes, smiling benignantly upon the scene. He came up to me and said:

"Mr. Dinnison, did you ever see a

meeting more beautifully cleaned out than that?"

I said I had not.

He replied: "I do not believe, Mr. Dinnison, that in the whole course of my political experience, I ever saw a meeting so illigantly disturbed as that was", and he went on to speak very highly to me about Canavan.

"Canavan is a smart little chap, but I think he is too abusive intirely. He reiterates his abuse "ad nauseam".

Wilson afterwards asked us to get him some kind of employment under the Government, and we tried to do so. About four years or more afterwards I met him one morning in the street with a bundle of papers in his hand. He had been appointed a census enumerator. He held the papers up for me to see and said:

"There, Mr. Dinnison, after waiting four years '*ridiculus mus nascitur*'."

This all happened when I was quite a young man long before I was a Magistrate, but I have described the event as throwing light upon a method of electioneering which has long since disappeared.

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#### JOHN MAHER

A WELL known Irish character some years ago was John Maher. He had been employed in a book shop on King Street, and I often saw him there. I think his people in Ireland had partly educated him for the Catholic priesthood, but from his after career, I do not think that that was his natural calling. He began to drink too much, and soon lost his employment, and was often sent to jail for drunkenness. In time he came to look upon the jail as his home. The jailer treated him very well, for as I have said he was fairly well educated, and pleasant in his manner. When in jail, he was generally employed as a clerk in the office, and was very useful.

When he would come out of jail on the conclusion of his term, his friends would treat him too well, and



in two or three days he would go down again. After a time he would sometimes not take the trouble to get drunk, but would give himself up as a vagrant, and ask to be sent down. I would always ask him how long he would like, and give him the number of months he indicated. Sometimes he would be out for a day or two and would be up again for drunkenness, and would say:

"Give me another chance this time, Colonel. I have a few friends I want to see."

I always gave him the chance.

When he would come up for drunkenness, he generally made some very humorous remarks. On one occasion when I asked him if he had been drunk, he said:

"I was, Colonel, but I could not help it. They had set me to make out the Criminal Statistics returns, and I worked hard at them for a long time, and it was the driest job I ever had. You have no idea how dry they are, and when I came out I naturally had to take a few drinks. I plead guilty."

"Well, Maher," said I, "you will not have any more statistics for awhile to work at, so you can go but try to keep sober," which he did for a day or two.

On another occasion, when I asked him when he came up if he was drunk or not, he replied,

"Yes, Colonel, I was. I happened to get a copy of that last article of yours in *The Westminster Review*, and I got so worked up over it that I took a few drinks and here you see I am."

I said, "Well Maher, I don't blame you, that article was enough to drive any man to drink. You can go, you are discharged."

About eighteen years ago, I published a volume of my military reminiscences, under the title of "Soldiering in Canada". Maher had been in the Toronto Field Battery in his early days; I first knew of him in that capacity, for my corps was brigaded with the Battery, in the old Active

Mounted Force of Toronto. While in jail Maher happened to see a review of my book, so he wrote me a note saying that he was very anxious to read it, and asked me if I would lend him a copy, which after reading he could return to me by the policeman driving the van. I sent a copy to him, which he returned in a couple of weeks with a warm note of thanks. The police and the jail people were much surprised at the friendly relations between the magistrate and probably the most impecunious tramp in the city.

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#### HARRY HENRY

ANOTHER very well known character in the olden days was Harry Henry, whose record of convictions far surpassed that of any other offender. For a great many years he was constantly spending his time in jail. He would serve his thirty days, get out for a day or two, and go down again year after year for more than forty years.

When I first went on the Bench he was still coming regularly. He had hundreds of convictions recorded against him, 300 or 400. The first time I sent him down he told me that he had many times been sent down by my grandfather, and my father, both of whom in their day, as Justices of the Peace, had often sat on the Bench before the days of Police Magistrates. Harry Henry really looked upon the jail as his home, and was always employed by Governor Allen of the jail as a butler, and the strange thing about him was, that he was absolutely reliable for he had charge of the Governor's sideboard and liquors. The Governor used to send him into town sometimes on messages, and he would carry out his errands with strict care and return promptly. On one occasion Governor Allen sent him into the city with a new turnkey, or guard, to make some purchases and bring them back to the jail. The guard was very uneasy and anxious, and watched Harry with such close care, that Henry became annoyed, and



watching his chance, gave him the slip, and made his way back to the jail as fast as he could go. The guard was very disturbed, and hunted about and searched for him for some hours, being afraid to return without him. When he did return he found his escaped prisoner quietly waiting to welcome him.

A few years after my appointment some of his friends made arrangements for Henry to be cared for, and the last two or three years of his life he was quite comfortable, and lived as a respectable citizen. A short account of his life was published, and I believe had a large circulation. Harry Henry and Doc Sheppard were the only two of my regular customers who were distinguished by having their biographies published in their lifetime.

\*

#### MAURICE COSMER

COMING out of my office one day, an Irish labourer named Maurice Cosmer spoke to me and said he was anxious to get a man out of jail.

"What is he in jail for?" I asked.

"Well, sir, it was for threatenin'."

"I suppose he was ordered to find sureties to keep the peace," said I.

"Yes sir, he was to find one surety in \$100.00."

"Well, if you get a man who will go surety, I will arrange it."

"Would your Worship take me for bail for Rooney?"

I replied, "I would like to know who he was threatening?"

"It was me, sir, he was threatening."

"And you will go bail for him?"

"Yes," he replied.

I took him into the Clerk's office, had a bail bond drawn out, took his bail, gave him a warrant of deliverance, and told him to take it to the jail, and the jailer would let Rooney out, but I said, "Remember if he beats you now, you will get the beating, and may have to pay the \$100."

"Well, sir, I don't care if I do. Rooney has a wife and childer, and

they want him, and I would rather take the bating than see them "wanting", and he went off and released his enemy.

Some months after Cosmer was up before me for being drunk, and pleaded guilty. I said to him, "I remember you, Cosmer, you are too good hearted a fellow to send to jail, go home and try and keep sober in future."

\*

#### THE FAIRBANK MURDER

A CASE that impressed me very much was a charge against Edward Handcock and his wife for the murder of their daughter, which occurred on the 16th of July, 1891, in the village of Fairbank, about three miles north of the then limits of Toronto. Sophia Handcock was found in the little shop which was the front room of the residence, dead with a wound in the head, that looked as if it had been cut open with a lath hammer, the skull being cut open in a break about two or two and a half inches long. The father said he had been working in the garden, and on coming into the house had found his daughter lying dead on the floor. He had seen no one passing along the road, and had heard no noise, but this might be explained by the fact that he was rather deaf.

An inquest was held which did not result in any satisfactory solution of the mystery. Then the newspaper reporters went on investigating, and the detectives took up the case with the result that the father and mother were arrested for the murder. When Handcock was arrested he said, "Well, I can't help it, God has taken care of me in the past, and will in the future. I am not guilty." When he was brought into the Governor's office in the jail he said: "This is a terrible business but the Lord knows that we are innocent and He will not desert us now."

A number of points of evidence were brought up, and it was shown that there was an insurance on the



young woman's life. When all the evidence was in, there was enough for me to commit the man for trial—but I remember how puzzled I was. I asked Deputy Chief Stuart, who had a lifetime's experience in criminal cases, what he thought about it. His reply was that he was quite puzzled. I said, "My feeling is very curious. I can generally feel that after I have heard the evidence I lean a little to one side or the other in criminal cases, but this is almost the only one I remember where I could not say which side I could lean on." The Deputy said, "The same idea has impressed me."

A very careful search had been made to find a lather's hammer, but it could not be found. After the man was committed for trial, Mr. Murdock, who was employed to defend him, obtained an order for the exhumation of the remains, and had a very minute examination made of the

skull. The break was found to have on the edges two or three small traces of lead showing that the blow was not done with an iron weapon. Then the question of a pistol shot was considered, and it was found that a glancing shot on the head might have ploughed the break in the skull. A careful examination of the room then resulted in the discovery of a pistol bullet imbedded in the plaster of the ceiling at the back end of the room. This indicated that a pistol was fired at the woman from just inside the doorway—which broke her skull, and glanced upward into the ceiling. The result of the trial was the acquittal of the prisoner. It was the general belief that a tramp who had been seen in the neighborhood had walked into the shop and shot the girl, who was alone in it, and having taken what was in the till, got off without being seen, for it was at that time a lonely locality.





# A RIVER OF ONTARIO

BY M. O. HAMMOND



THE Grand River epitomizes Old Ontario. Lacking the unruly temper and wild beauty of its northern brothers, it goes more evenly upon its way, first through lazy swamps, then over limestone ridges, and finally waters the fat lands of the wealthy southern counties. On its banks a cross-section of the history of Ontario has been written. The story runs from the days of the aborigines and the French explorers, on to the settler's cabin, the pioneer's mill, and to a new era. Here you find deserted villages, and there thriving towns and cities, full of the life of a new industrial age. Like the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa and the Richelieu, it was the great highway before the railway; when came the steel chariot the glory of the Grand departed, and its song to this day seems a lament for past glories. If its currents at times seek lost mill wheels, its valley is traversed by uncanny poles and wires bearing the energy of a mightier river, and turning a thousand wheels in a newer life of industry. Once its banks were lined with little mills, making the leather, the clothing or the whiskey for a neighbourhood. Now within the limestone walls of great factories are made the reapers, the boots, or the woollens which go half round the world to markets beyond the dreams of the pioneers.

On its banks near the site of the present city of Brantford, Louis Joliet discoverer of the Mississippi, met La Salle, his rival, in 1669, and their meeting place, near where stands the

Mohawk Church, built in 1785, carries the association down to the present with heightened interest. La Salle was on his way west, but turned and his movements are lost for a time. Joliet was returning from discovering Sault Ste. Marie, his home journey leading him through Lakes Huron and Erie, to the mouth of the Grand, which he ascended. La Salle had coasted Lake Ontario to Burlington Bay, where he heard from the Indians of the presence of Joliet. Galinee, detaching himself from La Salle, spent the winter at what is now Port Dover, subsisting on nuts, plums and game, and next year explored the Erie shore to Detroit. Thus the earliest record of the Grand is connected with three noted explorers of the French régime. Outside the adventurous lives of the Hurons and their missionaries, beyond the source of the Grand, its history is then left to darkness until the American Revolution peopled its lower valley with the Six Nations Indians, who for their loyalty to Britain in the crisis were given by Governor Haldimand in 1784 a strip of land twelve miles wide, from the mouth of the Grand to its source. This was one of many instances of excessive generosity with lands in the early history of Canada. There were not enough Indians to use this great tract of 693,000 acres, and it was not long before large areas were sold for a song to speculators, or surrendered back to the Government.

To-day the descendants of these red men, surrounded and crowded by the more aggressive whites, are hived in a reserve between Caledonia and Brant-





Aeroplane view of the Grand River at Paris

ford. They make a brave attempt at agriculture, and some labour far afield in the fruit season. They are the last remnant of the race of Iroquois, who, from their former camps in the Mohawk valley south of Lake Ontario, made savage warfare on the Hurons and Algonquins of French Canada. They are of the race of Joseph Brant, who held his head with the most exalted whites and sat with kings. They gave to Canadian literature Pauline Johnson, who not only wrote the red man's protest in passionate verse, but interpreted the Canadian river and plain in lines that all the world reads. Four of their chiefs visited England in 1710, and Queen Anne gave to them a communion service of solid silver which has passed through succeeding generations in their old home and their new, and is still used in Mohawk Church. This oldest of Ontario church buildings, small, wooden and almost hidden by locust trees, is precious to the red men of the Six Nations. Brant is buried here, fittingly, for he built the church with funds raised on a visit to England. When the writer visited the scene, a mourning dove was sounding his dole-

ful notes from a nearby wood, as if to emphasize the sorrow of a vanishing race.

Three miles to the south-east, lodged in a sweeping bend of the Grand, is Bow Park Farm, where George Brown retired after Confederation from the storms of active politics and gave of his surplus energy to the making of a fine herd of Shorthorns. The cottage in which he spent here many days still stands, and its modesty gives hint of the greatness and simplicity of the man. Farther to the west a few miles, on Tutela Heights, Alexander Graham Bell made the first experiments resulting in the invention of the telephone in 1876. Here, he,

"With a cunning nearer the divine,  
Let out across the void man's living  
voice."

Looking to-day at the shallows and windings of the Grand, it is difficult to believe that steamers once ran from Lake Erie to Brantford. It was an instance of the old era overlapping the new. Settlers had followed the red men into the valley of the Grand, and hamlets on both banks reflected the developing life of the pioneers.





Aeroplane view of the Grand River at Brantford

Lumbermen sought the pines of the southern townships and the hardwood of the higher altitudes. Port records of the fifties tell of the commerce for British and foreign markets, which grew as the forests yielded to the white man's axe. The Welland Canal was commenced in 1824, and a few years later the Grand River Navigation Co., in which the Six Nations Indians held most of the stock, undertook extensive improvements to enable vessels to reach Brantford. Eight locks were built to cover the fall of about sixty feet in sixty miles to Lake Erie, and around these clustered villages which have fallen into ruin or been obliterated; some of them forgotten. While the Welland Canal was made over later, and is now being again replaced by a still larger channel, the death knell of the Grand River system came with the building of the railway from Hamilton through Brantford in 1853. The Welland was national; the Grand was local; the railway might fight both, but the national need could not be overcome.

In the heyday of Grand River navigation, business flourished and hopes soared. Seneca, York and Indiana

were examples of the villages then boasting flour mills, sawmills, and cloth factories, and which have almost disappeared.

North from Brantford was a new land with a character of its own. Settlers had begun to arrive soon after 1800, and the Canada Company played a large part in its early development. John Galt, the Scottish novelist, was for years Superintendent of the company, and in addition to impressing the character of the valley with sturdy Scottish settlers, he bestowed names on many of the townships and villages. His novel, "Lawrie Todd", records his exploration of the Grand River. Galt, Elora, Fergus occur as the river is ascended, and recall the Scottish foundations of the townships. The character of the river changes in its northern course. It is tortuous, and its fall of 600 feet below Elora led Galinee to name it La Rivière Rapide. Limestone beds for a distance above Galt give place in its upper reaches to fens and dark forests in Dufferin, where it rises with a perfect nest of rivers in the hills skirting Dufferin and Grey, more than 1,600 feet above the sea.



The Grand River as it passes through Galt



The winding course of the Grand River—between Galt and Kitchener





The Grand River at Dunnville



The Grand River at Doon

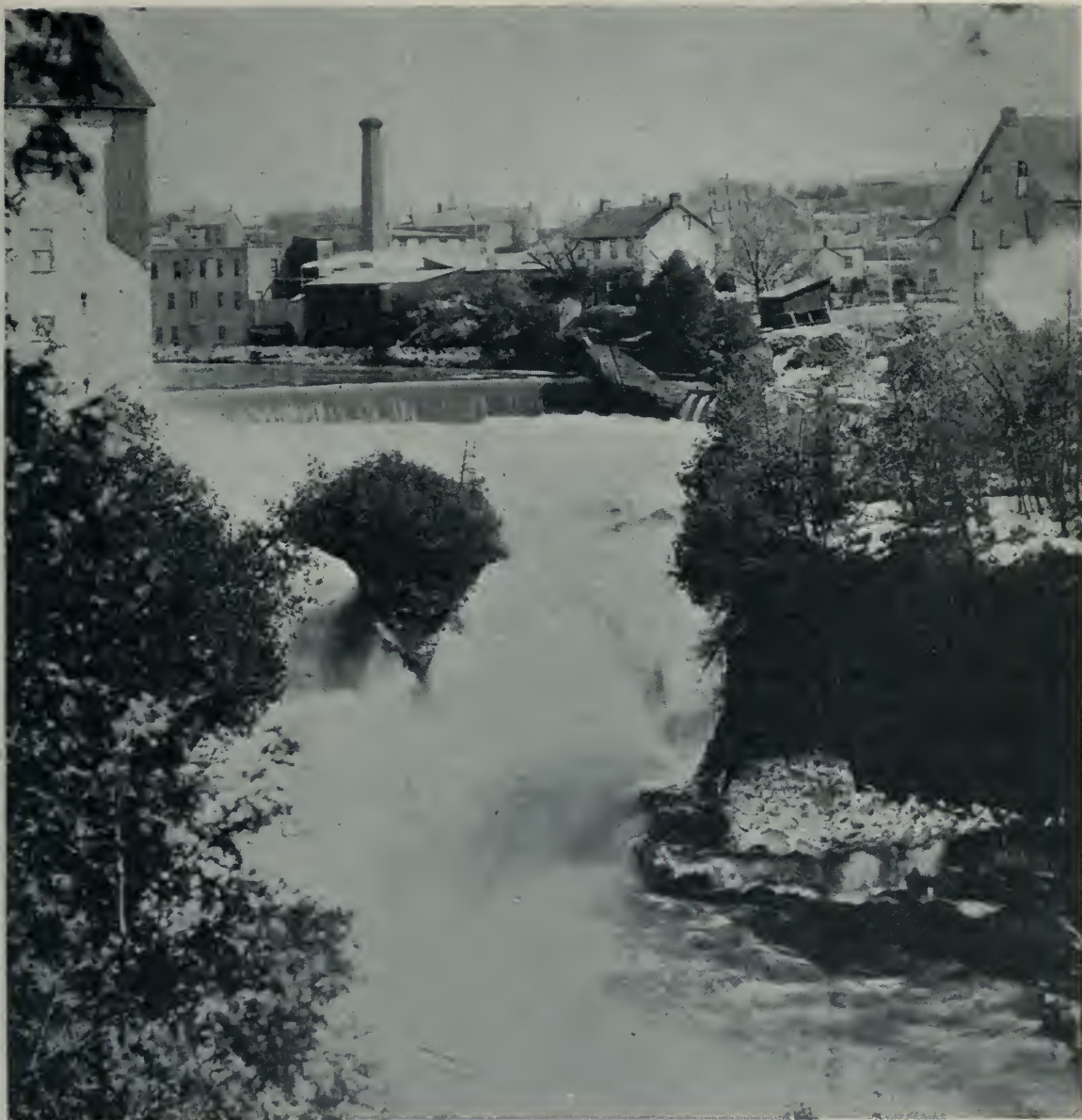


The Grand River—near Elora

To-day the Grand takes its winding course through a rich developing and changing belt of Western Ontario. In the north it has the modest beginnings of all rivers at the highest point in the Province, and curves with the dimensions of a creek, scarcely distinguishable from other streams with not half its claim to fame, through the swamps of Dufferin. The tamaracs soon give place to the open country of North Wellington, and at Grand Valley we see broad lands between low hills, with a sweep worthy of an artist's canvas. But this easy pace soon changes to the gorges below Elora, where the springs and freshets have chiselled endless caverns and recesses. There is a drop of 270 feet between Grand Valley and Elora, and another 300 to Breslau in Waterloo. Limestone cliffs hem in the river, and rocky islands break its course. This fretful portion of the river's journey is soon passed, and it wanders in the

utmost peace and often isolation through rich pastureland and grain fields. Great herds of cattle pasture in its flats, and at mid-day seek the cool waters in relief from myriads of flies. The observer will read on its banks the story of its past as well as the prosperity of its present. Ruins of old mills, sometimes of whole villages, tell of the pioneers and their little industries. Glance at Glenmorris, as the trolley hurries by, and you can discern in its crumbling limestone foundations the tale of a life that has passed. If a sandhill crane rises from the river at the sound of the car, you realize the quiet and remoteness of the valley. Everywhere the pioneers have gone, but they have bequeathed a rich countryside through the wise location of their settlements, and the patient toil with which they laid the foundations for a great Province. Their message has been transmitted to succeeding gener-





The Grand River as it passes through Elora

ations by men who understood, like Alexander McLachlan, the Scottish poet, who lived near the Grand in Dufferin, and Homer Watson, President of the Royal Canadian Academy, whose paintings, made by the Grand at Doon, tell the story of early toil of the founders of the valley.

In autumn the valley of the Grand is seen in all its "mellow fruitfulness." Its woods are a very tapestry of colour, from the upper reaches, on past the wonderful Attiwandron Park, between Doon and Kitchener, to the flat lands of the Erie shore. Falling leaves reveal the fruits of the field and orchard, tomatoes are ripen-

ing on the back stoops, and even the golden rod lingers with its opulent brush. The silos stretch out their mouths for winter stores, and the farmer feels more than ever confidence in his own future, despite the world's unrest. Even the towns and cities are changing, and, if in the lower miles of the river, industry has not yet been firmly established on its modern basis, the factories of Brant and Waterloo are humming with the prosperity of a new electric energy and the discovery that the world needs the products which their raw materials and their trained hands and brains can supply.

# GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

IX.—REV. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON



PUNSHON was born in England. He grew to manhood and laid the foundations of his fame in the land of his nativity. His claim to rank among the orators of our Dominion is due to the fact that long after he had established a permanent reputation in England, he forsook the land of his birth and for a brief, yet memorable, period came to dwell in Canada. To the people of this country he gave the very flower of his greatest days, and he reared in the land of his adoption memorials of his genius which are destined to endure for many years.

English works of reference contain extensive accounts of his career beyond the seas. On this side of the Atlantic he has long since been accorded the rights of a native, and he has given in our annals a position quite equal to that which is generally reserved for Canada's greatest sons.

He was born in Doncaster, in Yorkshire, on the twenty-ninth day of May, 1824. His father was a lumber merchant, and carried on a lucrative and extensive business. His mother belonged to an excellent family of the name of Morley, a name which has always been highly respectable in England.

In the year 1845 he received the appointment as a probationary Minister of the Gospel. The term of probation in those years was protracted, continuing for four years, although a much shorter period has been found adequate for the same purpose in

later years. Punshon's four years were spent, one half in Whitehaven, and the other half at Carlisle, renowned as being the scene of a great portion of Scott's famous romance, *Marmion*. On the first day of March, 1849, Punshon received ordination. At once he leaped into renown. Instead of developing his genius as did Douglas in obscure and unknown places, until the heart had become sickened with prospects deferred, and the mind had languished in congenial atmospheres, great charges of English Methodism engaged in an unusual but friendly rivalry for Punshon's services.

It was when Punshon's reputation was at the height, that his powers were destined to become familiar to the Canadian people. A custom existed in those days, whereby the Methodist Church in England appointed one of its members to the office of President of the body in Canada. In 1868 Punshon received the appointment. By that time, as had been seen, his fame in his native country was upon the meridian, and he also enjoyed a favourable reputation afar. His coming to Canada was hailed as an event of exceeding importance, and the Canadian people, then a much more compact nation than they have since become, awaited his arrival with much expectancy. His first appearance in the new world dispelled all doubts regarding the powers which he possessed, and for nearly six years his marvellous genius blazed forth, with a fascinating and sustained splendour in many parts of the American con-





WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON  
A Great Canadian Orator

continent. He was a prince of both the pulpit and the platform, and his vast audiences were electrified by the magnetism of his oratory. Public speaking in those days meant much for mankind. The newspapers were not numerous, nor were they very widely

circulated. The electric telegraph was little more than a novelty. The telephone was unknown. Even the express train had merely reached a certainty. England too was experiencing one of its fitful recurrences of oratory. Peel had expired in a

blaze of oratorical splendour. Lyndhurst and Shiel had risen to great eminences in parliamentary debate. Macaulay had moved with wizard brilliance across the oratorical arena. The lightning flashes of Palmerston, Cobden, Derby, Brougham, Disraeli and Gladstone were illuminating more than fitfully the whole of England. There was a massive potency, a literary culture, a finished refinement, about the oratory of these men, which are not to be found in the unmethodical platform efforts of the last quarter of a century. The oratory of these men is imperishable English literature. The oratory of their successors Churchill, Asquith, Carson and Redmond is just one elevation above mediocrity. Punshon had caught the spirit of his generation, and the high plane of his stately eloquence charmed the hearts of countless refined and educated people, who eagerly heard him. These people welcomed to Canada a master of the royal art of speech, whose mind moved along exalted literary pathways, to which they had been long unaccustomed, and which had almost wholly perished from prolonged abasement or disuse.

He also preached and lectured in the United States, where he was constantly greeted by audiences similar to those with which he had been familiar both in England and in Canada. He created an immense impression in the land of Sumner, Webster, Conkling and Beecher, and won, with his accustomed ease, and by virtue of his genius, the hearts of the people of the great American Republic.

On five successive occasions he was re-elected President of the Canadian Methodist Conference. While in Canada he induced his people to purchase the happily located block of land upon which the Metropolitan Church now stands, and proceeded at once with the erection upon the newly secured site of that most elegant and artistic sanctuary. It was completed during his residence in Canada, and he was the first occupant of its pulpit. There he preached during the closing years

of his Canadian career, and there thousands gathered and listened with rejoicing to the silvery tones of his pleasant voice.

Those were marvellous days in Toronto when Punshon saw the shining towers of the new house of worship swiftly springing from the ground as if they eventually aspired to hide their carven summits just beneath the canopy of the skies. A majestic building is that church, conceived in a style of architecture which was popular in the golden days gone by, when the exigencies of business had not yet overwhelmed the sacredness of art, and when there was still left some room in a great metropolis for the enthroning of loveliness and beauty. There, a little way back from Queen Street, within the massive iron fence surrounding its four acres of land, it nobly stands, immune to change, while almost revolutionary changes have transpired on all sides of it, while merchants have driven residents from its vicinity, and while factories, office buildings, industries and hospitals have established themselves on every hand. There it stands, and those whose eyes are not blinded by the prosaic commerce of this exacting age, may view its graceful pillars and its bending arches, and behold in their picturesque curves and stately outlines some of the perfect poetry of an almost vanished art, when builders strove to delight as well as to construct, and when men translated lifeless limestone and inanimate bricks and mortar into almost articulate symmetry, and a harmony that nearly lives and breathes.

And there within those elegant walls Punshon preached to anxious multitudes an unsensational gospel. There the souls of men, who hungered for spiritual nourishment were sublimely satisfied. There, too, truths were taught with impressive sincerity. There likewise the old religion, unadulterated with the fleeting folly of a speculative higher criticism, entered gloriously into the hearts of men, to create a transformation in their lives,



and lastingly influence great numbers of people because of their beneficial transformation.

In 1873 Punshon returned to England, where his fame was unforgetten, and his popularity still abounded. The high dignity of the Presidency of the British Conference was conferred upon him in the year after his return to his native land. In 1875, much older than his years, because of the tireless demands which he had made upon his powers, he withdrew from the pulpit, and became Secretary to the Methodist Missionary Society of England. His brilliant lecture on "The Huguenots" produced sufficient money to free one of the oldest Methodist Churches in old London from its weighty burden of a longstanding indebtedness.

Punshon did not know his physical limitations. He toiled on with tireless industry and a perfect heedlessness of consequence. No labour was too arduous, and no demand was too exacting for his always ready and willing spirit. But the penalty for undertaking more than he could accomplish had to be paid, and the debt was exacted all too suddenly. With the achievements of a much greater lifetime than his own compressed into fifty-seven years, he died in the year 1881, while the reverberations of his thrilling eloquence were still echoing throughout the land. In his death a mighty man moved off the scene, and the people of two continents bitterly lamented his passing away from them. After a lapse of nearly forty years, men, still living both in England and in America, and who heard him in his greatest days and in his most phenomenal triumphs, delight in recalling that powerful oratory, born in sincerity, and used for lofty purposes, which flowed in a lava-like stream from his lips and which repeatedly held many thousands of people as if they had been bound by a mystic spell.

After Punshon ended his pastorate of the Metropolitan Church in Toronto, he was succeeded by John Potts, an Irish-Canadian preacher and ora-

tor of high renown, although not the equal upon the public platform of his illustrious predecessor. Potts remained in that charge for three years, and when at length he retired, Rev. William Kettlewell, a man of many high personal and mental endowments, for a short time occupied the famous pulpit. Punshon and Kettlewell were intimate friends, and the latter's recollections of the great orator, as follows, are of peculiar interest:

"Morley Punshon is universally recognized as the most finished pulpit and platform orator that British Methodism has produced. He had a somewhat massive presence, a strong personality, and a voice that in its first sentences was a little husky and a disappointment to those who heard him for the first time, but before many sentences were uttered his voice became flexible and resonant, lending itself to all the various emotions of the speaker, and his hearers felt themselves under the spell of a master. He memorized all his productions, made sparing use of gesture, had nothing of the theatrical in his style, his dramatic power resting almost entirely in his faultless elocution, his unrivalled choice of language, the beauty and rhythm of his periods, and his ability to rise to matchless heights of climax. When in his prime Exeter Hall was the supreme test of an orator's powers and it was there that Punshon had his greatest triumphs. I think that probably he has been the only Methodist minister in Great Britain since the time of Wesley that could command to any extent the patronage of statesmen and of the English nobility. He seldom lectured in a Provincial town without attracting scores upon scores of the aristocratic families from the country seats for miles around."

"Punshon was of the thunderous type of orator. His set speeches were commenced in a quiet and slow, but distinct and emphatic manner, aggressive, convincing and earnest. As he proceeded his voice grew louder, and his utterance more rapid. In the more important parts



of his orations, which he desired most emphasized, his voice swelled with thunderous sound, as Macaulay says Chatham's tones resounded in his orations on the Stamp Act and against the coercion of America, or as Chief Justice Pratt says Webster's notes pealed forth when he delivered his world renowned reply to Hayne, or when he defended Dartmouth University against the attempts of his enemies to destroy it. But although Punshon's voice rolled and thundered through nearly a thousand churches, lecture halls and auditoriums, he never lost control of himself for a moment. For his most memorable rhetorical efforts were not only methodically prepared, but were carefully memorized. In his mightiest flights of oratory, and in his peerless perorations, the swelling and the subduing of the tones were, not the unconscious inspiration of the passion stirred advocate, maddened by the injustices which he was arraigning, or delighted by the truths whose triumphs he saw at hand. They were the dramatically staged performances of the skilful elocutionist, who knew every advantage of his art that might be taken in order to move to kingly action the wills and the feelings of great audiences."

There remain to be considered the style and literary finish of this great man's pulpit and platform performances. Very few of the world's illustrious orators have left behind them a style that is wholly free from objections. Almost every famous orator has at some time or other in his career grandly risen to lordly heights of sparkling oratory and dazzling eloquence. Almost every renowned orator, either with burning spontaneity or with studied deliberation has occasionally spoken literature, which is destined to live on in other generations when feebler performances shall have drifted into dust. Chatham, Pitt, Emmet, Burke, Grattan, Flood, Shiel, Erskine, Macaulay, Bright and Gladstone have uttered before great audiences, marvellous passages of almost unrivalled sublimity

and splendour. The English language on the lips of these and of other illustrious orators has budded and blossomed into loveliness and beauty like the flowers of a garden when transfigured by the dawn. These men have painted joy and passion with the colours of the rainbow, and have enshrined the soul's deep raptures in a wealth of gorgeous speech. The wondrous tongue of Shakespeare and Milton grew magical with almost transcendent possibilities, when the captivating eloquence of these tribunes rang through the vaulted auditoriums of the world. Paragraphs which, upon occasions freighted with inspiration, these marvellous men delivered, and which are all luminous with the blinding flashes of genius, seem to be passing like flaming revelations down the aisles of sunless centuries to give light and knowledge to generations yet unborn. Punshon had his moments of literary inspiration when he rose to dizzy pinnacles of oratorical achievement. He was a student of the oratory of other centuries. Macaulay with his splendid diction was a model and a master whom Punshon worshipped and adored. The pupil's oratorical style bore much resemblance to the style of the teacher. The classic language, the stately structure of the sentences, the rhythm of the movement, the choice selection of the word, the pungent touch of satire and the withering blast of scorn, the buoyancy of the mirth, the echo of the laughter, the loftiness of the ideas, the elevated tone of the entire theme are common to both Punshon and Macaulay. The true orator was present in the great preacher, who for all too brief a span of years was a splendid sojourner in our land. Thousands bowed in willing homage before that man, who, in the pulpit and on the platform, lifted multitudes of people to ideal heights of being, and left behind him an influence, which, after the lapse of many years is still as fresh and green as in the golden days of yore, when his silvery voice rang out upon Canadian air.





LAURENTIAN HOMESTEAD  
—WINTER

From the Painting by  
Clarence A. Gagnon.  
Exhibited by the Royal  
Canadian Academy of Arts.





# FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

## I

**T**HE United Farmers display genius for political organization. Even in providing for the cost of elections they are teaching wisdom to the "effête old parties." In the famous bye-election in Assiniboia a few months ago groups of ten farmers each of whom had contributed towards the expenses of the contest were permitted to choose a delegate to the nominating convention. Only farmers who had contributed were eligible for selection. In this way a fund of at least ten thousand dollars was provided. Three months ago it was announced that the Grain Growers of Saskatchewan had collected \$50,000 for political purposes and according to the secretary for the Provincial organization "it would take all winter to complete the canvass." A dispatch from Winnipeg states that the Grain Growers of Manitoba have entered upon a canvass which it is expected will realize \$300,000. It is explained that every member of the Association will be assessed \$6 and that \$200,000 of the amount collected will be devoted to organization for the next federal election.

A Fund for  
Farmers

The estimate for Manitoba may be excessive but it is probable that the United Farmers of the three Prairie Provinces will provide a political fund of \$400,000 or \$500,000. If Ontario and the Atlantic Provinces contribute proportionately they should have at least \$1,000,000 for the federal election. The amount will be even larger if Quebec and British Columbia give any general support to the farmers' movement. If the Unionist and Liberal parties should be as well equipped the expenditure in the next election will be \$3,000,000 or \$4,000,000. Adding to the general fund the spendings of many individual candidates which cannot be controlled by any central organization, the total probably will run to \$5,000,000 or beyond.

No sound objection can be taken to the method of raising money which the Farmers have adopted. In Canada as in many other countries the bulk of the people have refused to bear any portion of the cost of elections. They have expected a central organization to levy upon contractors, corporations and special interests, upon the few who have wealth, the few who are freehanded, upon those who give for sheer "love of the party" and those who give in expectation of a generous return. Even Senatorships have been made to provide revenue. Titles also in a few cases, perhaps, but like lieutenant-governorships titles are not an asset but a liability. There

can be no doubt that if the people do not provide money for elections directly they are required to make the provision indirectly. And the indirect method is often corrupt and always costly.

The method of the Farmers is consonant with democracy although in cases an obligation may be created not altogether compatible with freedom of action on the day of polling. If one should finally cast his vote against his contribution he might feel that he had thrown away his money. Possibly in cases individual farmers may feel that they cannot afford to deny support to the candidate of the class to which they belong, although in the secrecy of the polling-booth they may vote otherwise. But at least it is better to exact \$5 for the campaign fund than to draw \$5 out of the fund for "the freeman's vote" which we are told is "the crowning fact, the kingliest act, of Freedom."

There is forehandedness in the early accumulation of an adequate fund for the federal contest. With such a fund all necessary literature for the education of the people can be provided and the most complete organization of the party effected. Apparently the United Farmers even in what the older school of politicians called the "sinews of war" will be as well equipped as the other parties and they will have an army of voluntary workers such as Liberals or Unionists cannot hope to equal. The Farmers discover that a great deal of money can be spent legitimately in a general election. And a good deal can be used for "contingencies". There have been heavy expenditures in more than one federal contest in Canada by both the old parties but few of us have such faith as to believe that all was spent for "legitimate purposes".

## II

### British and American relations

**A**LTHOUGH it was not expected that the United States Senate would refuse to ratify the nomination of Mr. Bainbridge Colby as Secretary of State there are many evidences that the appointment is unpopular alike with Democrats and Republicans. It has been said that a public man can change his political allegiance once but that to change twice is dangerous and often fatal. It is said, too, that a man who deserts a party in office may be a patriot but one who goes over to a party in power is a mercenary. But Mr. Colby has defied all the traditions and all the maxims. He began as a Republican, became a Progressive with Roosevelt, was appointed to the United States Shipping Board three years ago as an Independent, and now apparently is a Democrat. At times Mr. Colby has manifested sympathy with William Randolph Hearst and as a member of the Shipping Board opposed selling vessels to Great Britain. Even now a writer in *The New York Times* suggests that his political creed is as much a matter of debate as that of Mr. Hoover and both Democratic and Republican Primaries seem willing to accept Mr. Hoover as a Presidential candidate. Compared with William H. Seward, for instance, or James G. Blaine or John Hay neither Mr. Colby nor Mr. Lansing whom he succeeds seems to be of



adequate stature for the great office which has the immediate direction under the President of American foreign policy.

It is whispered that Mr. Colby is in sympathy with Hearst's attitude towards Great Britain but in a public address at New York city a few weeks ago he said: "The great trade of England in every sea and in every land is not the result of her great merchant fleet, but the occasion of it. The foundations of that trade are laid in the culture of England, are laid in the roaming propensities of her people, in the brave and self-reliant way in which she sent her best brawn and blood to the uttermost corners of the earth, there to drive in their stakes, to study alien people, learn their wants, identify themselves with the life of those distant people and those distant climes, and first by establishing agencies, and then by accurate reports, and then by establishing banking facilities and connections, finally developing a commerce which required carriers to conduct it, and then passing into that political and commercial interdependence that completed the warp and woof of that extraordinary empire."

Mr. Colby on  
Great Britain

There seems to be no doubt that Mr. Colby is in complete agreement with President Wilson's demand for ratification of the League of Nations and, therefore, on the supreme question of foreign policy is not hostile to Great Britain, nor in alliance with the forces in the United States which would create bad feeling between Washington and Westminster. There was apprehension when Roosevelt became President that he would be dangerously aggressive and perhaps unfriendly in dealings with Great Britain but his Administration was distinguished for increasing confidence and understanding between the Republic and the Empire and he was foremost in leading the United States to the support of the Allies in the great conflict in Europe. Cleveland had in peculiar degree the respect and confidence of British statesmen but he issued the Venezuela message. There is no ground of quarrel between the British and the American people. There is a mighty reserve of sanity in the United States as every crisis in its history has revealed. Mischief makers may excite the gallery now and again but the great silent and responsible forces have honest respect for Great Britain and even an affection deeper than they display. It is better to trust than to doubt for surely sooner or later the English speaking peoples will establish an understanding, if not an actual alliance, more effective than all other conceivable influences to hold the nations in peace and security. In the field of international relations the British people practice restraint as it is practiced by no other nation and Canada can follow no better example.

### III

**I**N the American press there is general censure of President Wilson for his harsh and discourteous dismissal of Mr. Lansing, whom Mr. Colby succeeds. There is no doubt a deeper displeasure among Democrats than is expressed. But on the eve of a presidential election discipline is maintained in the general interest. It would seem that during the President's illness Cabinet Councils were necessary if there was to be any

Autocracy at  
Washington

Mr. Wilson  
an autocrat

effective and continuous administration of public affairs and it is inconceivable that Mr. Lansing's relation to such Councils could justify his dismissal. Possibly in time other and graver reasons for Mr. Wilson's action may be disclosed. But whatever may be his virtues and services Mr. Wilson in office seems to be even more autocratic than was Cleveland and apparently demands from his colleagues a submission which approaches subserviency. In his "Reminiscences" Mr. Henry Watterson says, "Taken to task by thick and thin Democratic partisans for my criticism of the only two Democratic Presidents we have had since the War of Sections, Cleveland and Wilson, I have answered by asserting the right and duty of the journalist to talk out in meeting, flatly repudiating the claims as well as the obligations of the organ-grinder they had sought to put upon me, and closing with the knife grinder's retort:

Things have come to a hell of a pass

When a man can't wallop his own jackass."

Mr. Watterson says of Mr. Cleveland that "He was a hard man to get on with, over-credulous, though by no means excessive in his likes, very tenacious in his dislikes, suspicious withal, he grew during his second term in the White House exceedingly 'high and mighty'." He declares that Cleveland "posed rather as an idol to be worshipped than a leader to be trusted and loved. He was in truth a strong man, who, sufficiently mindful of his limitations in the beginning, grew by unexampled and continued success over confident and over conscious in his own conceit. He had a real desire to serve the country. But he was apt to think that he alone could effectively serve it." In "The Education of Henry Adams" it is said that a Senator described Mr. Cleveland as one of the loftiest natures and noblest characters of ancient or modern time but added "I prefer to look on at his proceedings from the safe summit of some neighbouring hill." Adams himself says of Harrison and Cleveland that "whatever harm they might do their enemies was as nothing when compared to the mortality they inflicted on their friends."

Of President Wilson Mr. Watterson says, "When the history of these times comes to be written it may be said of Woodrow Wilson: He rose to world celebrity by circumstances rather than by character. He was favoured of the gods. He possessed a bright, forceful mind. His achievements were thrust upon him. Though it sometimes ran away with him his pen possessed extraordinary facility. Thus he was ever able to put his best foot foremost. Never in the larger sense a leader of men as were Chatham and Fox, as were Washington, Clay and Lincoln; nor of ideas as were Rousseau, Voltaire and Franklin, he had the subtle tenacity of Louis the Eleventh of France, the keen foresight of Richelieu with a talent for the surprising which would have raised him to eminence in journalism. In short he was an opportunist void of conviction and indifferent to consistency. The pen is mightier than the sword only when it has behind it a heart as well as a brain. He who wields it must be brave, upright and steadfast. We are giving our Chief Executive enormous powers. As a rule



his wishes prevail. His name becomes the symbol of party loyalty. Yet it is after all a figure of speech not a personality that appeals to our sense of duty without necessarily engaging our affection."

How far this may be the ultimate judgment of history one need not speculate. There are those who think that the great old Southern journalist who has just passed his eightieth birthday has himself some of the quality of an autocrat. He separated from Cleveland; he has not been obedient to Wilson. But it is remarkable that the only two Democratic Presidents since the Civil War in an office which confers autocracy and breeds autocracy should be peculiarly distinguished for the characteristics which are naturally associated with absolute personal sovereignty. Almost unconsciously one turns to Mr. Taft, deserted by Roosevelt and defeated by Wilson, but serving his country and serving mankind with simplicity, dignity and a great magnanimity. A week before the polling in the Presidential contest of 1912 I sat in a hotel at Denver and heard three rough whiskered natives of Colorado discuss the Republican candidate. One said, "Why do you vote for Taft?" The second answered "Because he is a good man." The third remarked with judicial deliberation and gravity, "Yes, he is a good man, but he is the damnedest excuse for a vote-getter the world ever saw." The election seemed to support this judgment and yet it is doubtful if any other man living holds in greater degree the respect and affection of the American people.

#### IV

MR. THOMAS O'HAGAN in a contribution to *The Canadian Magazine* and in a letter to *The Globe* challenges a statement in my "Reminiscences" that "in Ontario if a school section contained only a single Roman Catholic child it could attend the public school without impediment or embarrassment; in Quebec there were and there are still whole counties where absolutely no provision exists for the education of isolated Protestant families." What was said in the "Reminiscences" was not written in the temper of controversy nor was it intended to attack the educational system of Quebec. There is a sentence which Mr. O'Hagan might have quoted, "The compact with the Protestant minority has been generally observed and respected by the Legislature of Quebec." The public schools of Ontario are neutral, the schools of the majority in Quebec are denominational. In those schools Roman Catholic doctrine is taught, and against that condition there was no intention to protest. No doubt English Protestants could be admitted to the classes and yet not be required to attend religious instruction. But these schools are also French and even English speaking Roman Catholics find that the language constitutes an "impediment" and an "embarrassment". A Separate School in Prescott or Russell with French teachers, French textbooks, French teaching and Catholic religious exercises could not be regarded as a provision for the education of isolated Protestant families. One would not expect Protestants to attend Separate Schools

School in  
Quebec and  
Ontario

in Ontario nor should Roman Catholics be required to attend purely Protestant schools. In the schools in the French districts of Ontario bilingual teaching is provided. There are 30,000 Roman Catholic children in the public schools of Ontario and many Roman Catholic teachers are employed. These facts are stated in the interest of historical accuracy and not as constituting a reproach to Quebec or a grievance for Quebec Protestants.

## V

**Farmers and  
daylight**

IT is a pity that the farmers of the United States and Canada have taken such resolute ground against "daylight saving". There is no doubt that the indoor workers of the towns and cities greatly valued the additional hour of daylight for recreation and gardening, for leisure in the open spaces, for relief from the roar of the downtown streets and the noise of the factories. It may be admitted that the farmers are less affected by these considerations and that they suffer some inconveniences by early train services and early marketing. Probably many of the towns and cities will be disposed to adopt "daylight saving" even if the rural communities resist the regulation. But experience goes to show that unless uniform time is maintained by town and country inconvenience and confusion result which largely offset the advantages. If the towns are not too contemptuous and arrogant possibly there may yet be a general acceptance of daylight saving. Coercion breeds only hostility and resistance.

*The New York Times* gives a woman's protest against daylight saving in which there is a real sense of grievance and a viewpoint not to be wholly ignored. She says: "Our neighbours won't turn their clocks along; we have to, for the man of the house has to go to town at 7. We have a small farm. I know people in the cities don't think much of it. One woman said she goes to work before daylight and gets home at 6.30. It makes me ugly. The Lord's time is plenty good enough. They can't change the stars, the sun or the moon. I can't see any use in making so much trouble."

*The Times* also quotes a few sentences from a speech delivered in Congress by Mr. Candler of Mississippi, who has, it thinks, a suggestive name for a reluctant daylight saver: "God's time is true. Man-made time is false. You make the clocks by this law proclaim a falsehood. Let us repeal this law and have the clocks proclaim God's time and tell the truth. Truth is always mighty and should prevail. God alone can create daylight."

Unconvinced the writer in *The Times* asks if Mr. Candler has never heard that the farmers in Eastern Ohio keep their clocks an hour ahead of the farmers in Western Ohio, that there are four of these zones which differentiate time in different sections of the country, and that near neighbours on the borders of these zones get up and go to bed and have done so for many years by clocks that do not agree by sixty minutes. But one suspects that for 1920 neither the Parliament of Canada nor the Congress of the United States will sanction daylight saving.



# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## THE UNSOLVED RIDDLE OF SOCIAL JUSTICE

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.



HE author of "Literary Lapses", "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," and other works satirical and serious, who is also Professor of Political Economy at McGill University, in this book makes an attempt to analyze what is happening socially in many parts of the world at the present moment and to estimate what is possible and what is not possible in the social reform. Economists, as is perhaps quite natural in the circumstances, have been prone to regard him as a first-class humorist, while humorists accept without hesitation any statement upholding him as an eminent economist. Like the circus performer, he has had to ride two horses, and he has ridden them successfully for fifteen years, even if at times one of them seems to get a little ahead of the other. But, like many another humorist, at times he becomes very grave and very serious and sees some things other than the highlights of life. In this particular book he makes a clear exposition of social conditions generally to-day, dismisses the Utopia of the Socialist as a beautiful dream, and repudiates with equal assurance the doctrines of every man for himself. He looks forward to the time when every child will have adequate food, clothing, education, and opportunity, when the conditions of existence generally will be ameliorated, when widespread misery will be

alleviated if not entirely obliterated. He sums up as follows:

"But the inordinate and fortuitous gains from land are really only one example from a general class. The war discovered the 'profiteer'. The law-makers of the world are busy now with smoking him out of his lair. But he was there all the time. Inordinate and fortuitous gain, resting on such things as monopoly, or trickery, or the mere hazards of abundance or scarcity, complying with the letter of the law but violating its spirit, are fit subjects for appropriate taxation. The ways and means are difficult, but the social principle is clear.

"We may thus form some sort of vision of the social future into which we are passing. The details are indistinct, but the outline at best in which it is framed is clear enough. The safety of the future lies in a progressive movement of social control alleviating the misery which it cannot obliterate and based upon the broad general principle of equality of opportunity. The chief immediate direction of social effort should be towards the attempt to give every human being in childhood adequate food, clothing, education and an opportunity in life. This will prove to be the beginning of many things."

It is one thing to diagnose the case. Will some one now come along with the cure?

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## THE HARVEST HOME

BY JAMES B. KENYON. New York: James T. White and Company.

IN the foregoing review of Mr. Gosse's latest book mention is made of the author's remarks on the changes in literary fashions. Here in this book we find another instance, and although it is not so remarkable as this instance of Sully-Prudhomme, it bears out the argument. For the author of this volume of what is indeed authentic poetry is not of the present



school; in other words, he cannot be classed with the poets who are being noticed to-day, especially by themselves, in either Great Britain or the United States. For there is nothing in his work that would be placed in the category of *vers libre* and unless one write this so-called free-verse nowadays one is old-fashioned and looked on with disdain by the "new poets" and their following. Nevertheless even though Mr. Kenyon might rightfully be rated as Victorian in style, he is a poet, an admirer and dispenser of beauty and the greatness of love. For many years his work has been before the American public in magazines and books, and now this volume brings practically it all within one covering. The book is one that can be read with genuine pleasure by all who are not too advanced to enjoy rhyme, beauty of phrase and sentiment and real lyric quality.

A poem that stands as a fine example of Mr. Kenyon's nature verse, and which has his characteristic felicity and fanciful touch, is "An Oaten Pipe":

"The summer's surf against my feet  
In leagues of foam-white daisies beat;  
Along the bank-side where I lay  
Poured down the golden tides of day;  
A vine above me wove its screen  
Of leafy shadows, cool and green,  
While, faintly as a fairy bee,  
Upon the murmurous silence fell  
The babbling of a slender stream  
In the sweet trouble of its dream.  
Then as the popped noon did steep  
The breathing world in fumes of sleep,  
I shaped with fingers drowsed and slow  
An oaten pipe whereon to blow,  
And in the chequered light and shade  
Its wild, untutored notes essayed;  
But in the larger music 'round  
My slender pipings all were drowned."

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### LEGEND

BY CLEMENCE DANE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

A WOMAN of genius, big of heart and mind, impulsive, prodigal of herself and her wonderful gifts, here has her posthumous life story told and her visualization made clear through the eyes of others. The

reader is not permitted to see this woman of great charm, even great genius. He imagines her by what others say of her. An ingenious method for a novelist, one must admit, a very effective method. For Madala Grey is a very vivid character, even though another woman, jealous of her qualities, endeavours to smudge the legend—her personal history.

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### SOME DIVERSIONS OF A MAN OF LETTERS

BY EDMUND GOSSE. London: William Heinemann.

FOR the one who is interested in literature, or indeed, the one who is interested at all in art and in life, few more entertaining books than this could be recommended. For to this book Mr. Gosse brings all the appreciation of his fifty years as a literary critic and writer. He discusses in a most delightful style and intimate knowledge many notable literary figures and literary movements. The first chapter, which is in a sense an introduction to the others, or at least is a preface, he considers fluctuations of taste and sets the question, or rather, repeats Mr. Balfour's question, "Is there any fixed or permanent element in beauty?" Mr. Balfour's conclusion is that there is not. Mr. Gosse gives one outstanding instance of change in public opinion, the instance of Sully-Prudhomme, who in his own day was rated by critics in unison as the greatest of all living lyrics, but who, immediately following his death, was berated or disdained by the younger generation. "If Théophile Gautier was right in 1867," observes Mr. Goose, "Remy de Gourmont must have been wrong in 1907; yet they both were honourable men in the world of criticism. Nor is it merely the *dictum* of a single man, which, however ingenious, may be paradoxical. It is worse than that; it is the fact that one whole generation seems to have agreed with Gautier and that another whole generation is of the



same mind as Rémy de Gourmont." Mr. Gosse records his own opinion:

"It must be admitted that there seems to be no fixed rule of taste, not even a uniformity of practice or general tendency to agreement in particular cases. But the whole study of the five arts would lead to despair if we allowed ourselves to accept this admission as implying that no conceivable principle of taste exists. We may not be able to produce it like a yard-measure, and submit works of imagination to it, once and for all, in the eyes of a consternated public. But when we observe, as we must allow, that art is no better at one age than at another, but only different, that it is subject to modification, but certainly not to development; may we not safely accept this stationary quality as a proof that there does exist, out of sight, unattained and unattainable, a positive norm of poetic beauty? We cannot define it, but in each generation all excellence must be the result of a relation to it. It is the moon, heavily wrapt up in clouds, and impossible exactly to locate, yet revealed by the light it throws on distant portions of the sky. At all events, it appears to me that this is the only theory by which we can justify a continued interest in literature when it is attacked, now on one side, now on another, by the vicissitudes of fashion."

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### PEACE IN FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE

BY ZONA GALE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

MISS GALE'S return to Friendship Village for the scene of her new book will be welcomed by the many people who have derived pleasure from her earlier pictures of life in this town.

Calliope Marsh, pleasantly remembered from other volumes, tells the story in her inimitable fashion; and besides Calliope there are other people, first met in other books of Miss Gale's, with whom it is a pleasure to renew acquaintanceship.

Vividly and accurately has Miss Gale portrayed life in a small town. With keen sympathy has she caught its humour and its pathos. It is a book which only one who has lived in a little village on intimate and friendly relations with its inhabitants could have written, but which has an appeal that is universal.

### STORIES OF THE SHIPS

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN, R.N.V.R.  
Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

OF the many books that have been written about the British Navy this is one of the most readable, written by the official press representative with the Grand Fleet. It describes life in the Fleet, gives a vivid picture of a battleship at sea as well as a recital of incidents attending a North Sea sweep. Considerable attention is given to the American ships, and an attempt is made to tell what the British bluejacket thinks of the Americans and of what the American bluejacket thinks of Britain and the British.

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### THE GOVERNMENT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

BY EDWARD JENKS. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS is an admirable book for many persons who would like to have an intelligent idea of British institutions and yet who have neither the leisure nor the inclination to study the subject to the length that is demanded by most of the standard works on it. It begins with a consideration of the place and powers of the King-Emperor, and continues with chapters on "The United Kingdom and the Self-Governing Dominions", "The Crown Colonies and British India", "The Imperial Cabinet", "The Imperial Parliament", "The Fighting Services", and the various branches of the Government, including the government of counties and boroughs.

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### A CANADIAN CALENDAR

BY JOHN MURRAY GIBBON. St. Anne de Bellevue: The Canadian Bookman.

THIS is the first of a series to be known as "Canada Chapbooks." It certainly is a good beginning. Mr. Gibbon, who was already a writer of established reputation, with two excellent novels, "Hearts and Faces" and "Drums Afar", reveals himself



as a poet of fine discrimination and exquisite fancy. There is a poem for each of the twelve months. Rhyme has been avoided, but there is rhythm and veritable poetry. We quote the poem on April:

Bobolink and thrush,  
Aerial pilgrims,  
Chant in the orchard  
Plainsong of spring.

Is there in the South  
Altar more beautiful  
Than apple branches  
Twined in reredos  
Of lilac and maroon?

And now the river  
Bursting forth its cerements of ice  
Reverberates  
Gospel of resurrection.

Here, here  
In April  
Are the stairs of Heaven.

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## THE WORLD OF WONDERFUL REALITY

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON. Toronto:  
The Copp, Clark Company.

THE author of "The City of Beautiful Nonsense" it at once suggested by the title of this present book, which has been described as the "Peter Pan" of youth.

John Grey, poet, idealist and struggling young author, is deeply in love with Jill Dealtry. Jill loves him too, but—John is terribly poor, and Jill, well-brought-up daughter of a once wealthy family, knows that her parents are dependent upon her marrying money in the person of Mr. Skipwith, a kindly, vulgar old soul, her father's friend. Won by John's tenderness and the intensity of his love, Jill promises to marry him, but she is haunted by the thought of her duty to her family. John pleads for love and freedom with golden words and all youth's passion. With inimitable skill, Mr. Thurston traces the battle in the girl's soul, showing how materialism and idealism fought for supremacy, while events shaped them-

selves for the inevitable climax. Throughout the book, like a golden thread, runs the voice of John speaking for that "wonderful reality" of life which youth glimpses so clearly and which most of us have lost or forgotten until a story like this brings it all back again.

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## THE SEA BRIDE

BY BEN AMES WILLIAMS. Toronto:  
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

MANY readers will remember Mr. Williams's excellent sea story, "All the Brothers were Valiant". This book is in the same class, a story of the sea, having to do with the stirring events that took place on a whaling voyage. Captain Noll is a hard-hearted, unprincipled tyrant. He rules his crew no less than his wife with a cruel hand. Ultimately, however, comes Brander, a sailor picked up by the ship on an island. Honest and fearless, he saves the situation and works out a solution which is as satisfactory to Faith, the captain's bride, as it is to the reader.

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## THE BLACK DROP

BY ALICE BROWN. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

AS there is a black sheep in many families, so there is in many persons a drop of black blood. In a family all of whose members are cultivated, kindly, and loyal, there is one, perhaps the strongest personality in ability and force, who is unprincipled, ambitious for money and station, and a dangerous enemy of society. It is he who precipitates the problem of this novel. His nefarious scheming gives rise to a series of dramatic incidents, which lead inevitably to a climax involving a brother, a father and mother, a wife and grandfather. It is a moving climax; and Miss Brown, who is known for her appealing situations, has seldom equalled this one in intensity and absorbing interest.



# THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

**T**HIRTY years ago the storekeepers used to throw in a pair of braces with every suit of clothes. If the suit cost as much as fifteen or twenty dollars you stood a chance of getting a necktie into the bargain or a pair of kid gloves for the missis. Of course that was in the days when braces were not a luxury and when real kid gloves at a dollar a pair could be seen on the street every Sunday. If the missis bought stuff for a dress, silk or cashmere or henrietta, it was common knowledge that the thread and buttons and the lining and the binding for the bottom of the skirt would be thrown in. As to that, there never was any wrangling. Whatever wrangling took place it was during the negotiations for the purchase of the stuff itself. It was your privilege, and in particular the privilege of every woman, to beat down the price. If the storekeeper asked a dollar and a quarter for silk that could not be bought to-day for three dollars you would be regarded as a pretty easy mark if you could not haggle until the price would be reduced to one-fifteen, which very likely, after all, would be the storekeeper's inside figure.

Those were the days when everybody asked more and took less. All kinds of small merchandise were thrown in to clinch a bargain or to induce you to come back again. If it wasn't a box of paper collars, it might be a straw hat or a silk handkerchief with an initial letter done in colours on one corner. But everybody hoped to get something for nothing, and I am not sure that everybody's hope has changed from that time to this. For that reason I regard the trifles I write here as something thrown in, something of an unexpected or unnecessary character, something that may be valued because it costs nothing—little conceits that once in a while may cling unobtrusively to the almost complete investiture of the important writers who go before.

*The Good  
Old Days*

Perhaps it is the high cost of living to-day that causes me to think of the value of commodities of trade thirty to

*Values then  
and Now*

*Butter and  
Eggs the  
Standard*

forty years ago. In Huron county, which was, I suppose, an average county in Ontario, we used to believe that butter at sixteen cents a pound was almost as high as sometimes it smelt. Eggs were common tender at one cent apiece. Indeed, butter and eggs set the standard of values. A dozen eggs would buy a yard of shirting, and a pound of butter was worth three pounds of granulated sugar. Now, however, a dozen eggs will buy almost two yards of shirting, and a pound of butter is worth four pounds of sugar. All these everyday commodities have advanced greatly in price, but the butter and the eggs have advanced more than the shirting or the sugar.

I am reminded of the old Scotsman whose wife sent him to the store to get an egg's worth of darning-needles. In those days the general store prevailed, and the stock in trade frequently included whiskey and other strong liquors. The storekeeper whom the Scotsman approached had "given out" that he would treat every customer. Sandy obtained the needles, then waited with some patience for the treat. At length he was constrained to remark:

"I'm hearin' ye're giein' a treat to every customer."

"You'd hardly expect a treat with an egg's worth of darning-needles," the storekeeper replied.

"Ah, weel, bit ye canna draw the line too close—a customer's a customer."

"All right. What'll you have?"

"I'll take a bit whiskey."

The storekeeper poured out a horn of whiskey and laid it on the counter.

"I'm used to haein' a bit sugar in it," said Sandy, smacking his lips.

The storekeeper opened the bin and dropped a lump of sugar into the glass.

Sandy looked at the concoction, hesitated a moment, and then spoke again.

"I'm used to haein' an egg in it," he ventured.

The storekeeper reached behind and took from a shelf the very egg that Sandy had traded. He broke the shell and let the contents drop into the glass. And, wonderful to behold, there were two yolks. Sandy looked on, and a smile of satisfaction came to his face as he raised the glass to his lips.

*He was from  
Aberdeen.*

"I'm thinkin'," he said, "there's anither egg's worth o' needles comin' to me."



I suppose there are good reasons why the things that came into town for use and consumption by the townspeople and farmers have not advanced in price proportionately as much as the things that were hauled in by the farmers. The economic system has changed, as well as the means of transportation and the facilities for shipment abroad. In those days a few farmers sold milk to the cheese factories, but the exchange for it, either in cheese or cash or whey, but mostly in all three, was just enough to be an aggravation. Creameries such as operate to-day all over the country were unknown, and their splendid products were yet to bless a later generation. And while butter was common barter, there was no standard of quality. All went at one price, for no storekeeper could give Mrs. Jones fifteen cents in trade for butter, and Mrs. Brown only fourteen cents, and go on keeping store. Whether Mrs. Brown's butter was the best or the worst, she received fifteen cents for it in barter, just the same as all the others. The theory was, literally, that all butter is born equal, which is the same as to say that all customers must be treated as if equal. Here, then, in a crude sense, was the equality factor in Socialism put into practice. But it was a practice that could not last, for while it prevails to a very slight extent in some places, even to-day, it is not the basis of trade in our towns as it used to be.

*All Butter  
Born Equal*

I have remarked that the butter was not all of standard quality. Some of it was not as good as it looked. I recall one woman who used all her own butter on her own table. But one unfortunate day she discovered a dead mouse in the crock of cream. Not daunted, however, she did the usual churning and produced a fine-looking roll of butter. But she couldn't eat it herself. She knew the butter was really all right and would taste good to anyone who did not know about the mouse. So she took it to the storekeeper, told him the truth, and asked whether he would exchange it for a roll from his cellar.

"You know," she said, making a slight misquotation, "for what the mind doesn't know the heart won't grieve for."

"Oh, that's all right," said the obliging storekeeper, "I'm pleased to accommodate you."

He disappeared into the cellar and a moment later reappeared with a roll of butter that you scarcely could tell from the one he had taken down.

*A Mouse in  
the Cream*

*Where  
ignorance is  
Bliss*

The woman thanked him and departed. A few days later she was in the store again.

"How did you like the butter I gave you the other day?" the storekeeper asked.

"It was just lovely," said the woman, "just lovely. I couldn't have told it from my own."

"Neither could I," said the storekeeper. "You know that what the mind doesn't know the heart doesn't grieve about. That butter *was* your own."

The farmers, or usually their wives, used to drive into town with their butter and eggs, which were known as "produce". They would stop in front of some store, dry goods or grocery, as indeed they sometimes do nowadays, and have the crock of butter or basket of eggs carried in, to be weighed or counted. Then, having agreed to the weight or count and the price, they would proceed to "take it out in trade". Now the trading, both as to price and method, was so different from what it is now that one scarcely can refrain from reviewing it.

A dozen eggs, as we have remarked, would buy a yard of shirting. It was shirting of cotton material, mostly blue on a white ground, in either plaids or stripes, and the usual price was a York shilling a yard. The price for the shirting now is fifty cents a yard, and the eggs fetch more than that a dozen, so that the advantage is still with the farmer.

The trading was not done in those days with the same facility as it is to-day. Half a cent a yard was worth haggling over. And haggle they did, the customer framing a variety of reasons why she should not buy at the price, and going so far as to say, as I heard one woman say, that the shirting did not look like her Henry. The merchant, of course, had his arguments well seasoned, the chief ones being that the goods were the best that could be produced for the money and that while any shirting was bound to fade sooner or later, the kind under consideration would hold its colour almost as long as the shirt would last.

A pound and a half of butter would buy a yard of cottonade at twenty-five cents a yard. The same goods now sell at seventy-five cents a yard, and the butter at sixty. So that we see again the advantage with the farmer. Printed cotton used to be a great thing for summer dresses. A dozen eggs would buy a yard that was guaranteed not to fade. Now the same dozen would buy two yards at thirty-five cents a yard. Again the farmers gets the draw.

*The Farmer  
gets the  
Draw*



That fine old historic stuff gingham used to sell at twelve and a half cents a yards, and naturally one dozen eggs would buy one yard. Now it sells at forty cents, and a dozen eggs buys almost two yards.

*Gingham at  
Twelve Cents*

Every little while someone would want a bundle or two of cotton warp. It was used mostly in coarse weaving and as a binding for rag carpets and mats and sold at a dollar a bundle. Now it is worth at least four dollars a bundle. Here, then, we have an item that has advanced to the disadvantage of the farmer, but as practically none of it is used nowadays the result is as nothing.

We should remember that I am writing in the month of March, in the "winter of our discontent", and that the farmer does not get as much for his butter and eggs in the summer months as he does now.

What a splendid place "cashmere" took in the economy of those days! Do we remember the stuff that used to sell at sixty cents a yard and that was of exquisite quality at a dollar? A black cashmere dress always was in proper place, even at a picnic, and it was very handy in case of death in the family. It is almost off the market now, and if a woman to-day buys the kind that used to cost her a dollar a yard she pays four dollars for it. But she doesn't buy any, so where's the difference? Cashmere stockings that used to cost forty cents a pair now cost \$1.25, and one almost has to wear them these winter months.

But we are harking back to the good old days when flannel was in the heyday of its respectability. A silk stocking or a silk "undie" was mentioned only in connection with royalty, and one silk dress was supposed to last a life time. But what a change! For now everybody wears silk wherever it can be worn, and the lady, especially the young one, who appears formally in anything but silk unmentionables is regarded as far from being smart and indeed almost as *outré* as if she were to appear in evening dress wearing a wrist watch.

But flannel! Who would be so careless as to wear it for any practical purpose nowadays? Still it has had its day of glory. Who can remember the lovely soft cream-coloured flannel that used to cost only from forty to sixty cents a yard? It was smooth enough for the baby and costs to-day from a dollar to a dollar and a half a yard. And all-wool gray flannel that might shrink a little you could get for forty cents a yard or in exchange for two and a half pounds

*The Heyday  
of Flannel*

*Red Flannel  
and Lumbago*

of butter. It was good for all members of the family, not quite so good, however as the red kind, which had a soothing influence on sore throat, rheumatism and lumbago. It was good also for chest and lung troubles, and if worn next to the skin had acknowledged curative properties.

But silk, at last, has come into its own. Silk nighties, silk petticoats, silk camisoles, silk combinations and silk shirts are as common as linen or cotton and flannel used to be. Proportionately silk does not cost as much, and who is so unhuman as not to like the soft feel of it, its swish and its beautiful sheen?

It used to take eight dozen eggs to buy a yard of good silk. To-day four dozen will do the trick. Do you wonder, then, that the farmer's wife turns to silk stockings if she can get a pair for two dozen eggs when thirty years ago the same pair would have cost a whole summer's laying? You were among the best customers and in easy circumstances, if not in affluence, if you paid as high as \$1.25 for a corset or a pair of kid gloves. Whether rich or poor, your ticking cost twenty-five cents where to-day it costs seventy-five. Your towelling cost twelve and a half cents where to-day it costs forty-five. Your sewing cotton cost four cents where to-day it costs ten. Your man's "ganzy" cost \$1.25 where to-day it costs \$3.25. Your floor oilcloth cost fifty cents where to-day it costs \$1.50. Your ribbons cost twenty-five cents where to-day they cost seventy-five. Your table linen cost one dollar where to-day it costs four. Tobacco was ten cents a plug, with a clay pipe thrown in.

In most of these things, as you can see, the comparative increase is in favour of the butter and eggs. But if I were a farmer I should be just as annoyed as all farmers must be who read this article. For nothing has been said about the chief products of the farm, about grains and fruits and vegetables and roots and live stock. But I have the defense that these important things were not in those days, nor are they to-day, articles of direct barter. They were given in exchange for the common legal tender, and therefore do not enter our present consideration. Anyone can see, nevertheless, that if all farm products have advanced in the same proportion as eggs and butter, the farmer should not fare very badly, even now. After all, everything falls back on the ultimate consumer. He is the one who takes the brunt in all instances of high prices, present company, of course, excepted.





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